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LITERATURE.

THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

(TRANSLATED FROM DE LAMARTINE.)

High on a rock lashed by the plaintive wave,
From far the mariner discerns a grave,
Time has not yet the narrow stone defaced;
But thorns and ivy have their tendrils bound,
Beneath the verdant covering woven round,
A broken sceptre's traced.

Here lies—without a name his relics rest,
But 'tis in characters of blood impress'd,
On every conquered region of the world,
On bronze and marble, on each bosom brave,
And on the heart of every trembling slave
Beneath his chariot hurled.

Three little steps may measure the low mound,
And not a murmur from the grave resound;
The warrior may be spurned by rival's feet,
Insects may buzz around that lofty brow;
For his imperial shade hears only now
The surge unceasing beat.

Proudly disdaing what the world admired;
Dominion only his stern soul required;
All obstacles, all foes his might o'ercame,
Straight to the goal, swift as the winged dart
Flew his command, though through a friend's warm heart,
And reached its deadly aim.

Never to cheer him was the banquet spread,
Nor wine all crimson in the goblet shed;
Streams of another purple pleased his eye;
Fixed as the soldier watching braced in arms
He had no smiles for gentle beauty's charms,
Nor for her tears a sigh.

His joys were the clang of arms, the battle peal,
The flash of morning on the polished steel;
His hand alone carressed his war-horse fleet,
Whilst like a wind the white descending mane
Furrowed the bloody dust, and all the slain
Lay crushed beneath his feet.

To be the thought and life of a whole age,
To blunt the poignard—enmity assuage—
To shake, and then establish tottering state;
And by the lightning his own cannons pour
To win the game of empires o'er and o'er,—
Proud dream!—Resplendent fate!

'Tis said that in his last long dying moan,
Before eternity subdued alone,
A troubled glance did up to heaven ascend.
That mercy's sign had touched the scornful man,
That his proud life a holy name began,
Began—but dared not end!

Complete the word!—pronounce the sacred Name,
Our deeds and heroes are not weighed the same.
God pardons or condemns, He crowns, he reigns;
Speak without dread,—He comprehends thy thought,
Tyrants or slaves each to account are brought
For sceptres or for chains!

THE "MAL D'AMOUR."

What more beautiful *séjour* could you choose, if you wish to escape from the noise and bustle of Parisian life, than the country situated between Morfontain and Ermenonville? Morfontaine!—delicious spot, where Royalty has so often come to throw off, for a time, the restraints and formalities of a throne, and to seek, amid its umbrageous shades, or by its murmuring waterfalls, a few hours of calm, of repose, and happiness. Ermenonville! whose name alone recals to memory the great writer, the celebrated philosopher, whose tomb is an object for the frequent pilgrimage of the Frenchman as well as the stranger.

Thus it was with a feeling of calm and tranquil happiness that the poet Delvigny had retired to the charming dwelling, whose *agrémens* I would not venture to describe to you, as any description would give but a pale and feeble image of the reality. I may mention briefly that there was nothing wanting which could, in the country, add to the charms of existence. It had its pretty drawing room, with a pianoforte; its *grand salle*, with a billiard table; a beautiful garden, with its grottoes, its shady walks, and a broad sheet of water, with every requisite for fishing: for while dwelling in the country, it would be unwise to renounce all those recreations which embellish or enliven our existence in this transitory life. "The true sage," says the philosopher, "is he who uses everything, but abuses nothing."

Delvigny had quitted the city on the loss of a wife whom he adored; still young, he was unable to console himself for the loss of her whom he had hoped to have had for a companion and friend to the end of his career This proves to you that there are still some husbands left who lament their wives. It is true that he was a poet, and that certainly exalts the imagination. One son was the only pledge of love that Hymen had left to Delvigny—one son, beautiful as his mother, and who gave promise of possessing, also, her sweet and affectionate disposition. The little Adolphe was the idol of his father, who already anticipated making him a celebrated artist, and who beheld on the child's fair forehead all the organs of science, of genius, and the arts. With a *very* slight stretch of the imagination, it is by no means a difficult matter to find these phrenological excrescences on oneself, one's children, or one's friends.

But death, which annihilates all our projects, permitted not Delvigny to accomplish his plans for the education of his son. The poet died three years after his wife, leaving none to watch over the little Adolphe, save two worthy aunts, who had quitted their home in a distant province in order to nurse the poet during his last illness.

Behold, then, our little hero, at five years of age, left to the care of two old women, one of whom had never had a passion but for *confitures*, and the other but a very decided *penchant* for the game of *oie!* You must not imagine, for all that, that the child was unhappy—quite the contrary; these two aunts cherished him; idolized him—he was their joy, their plaything. For the little Adolphe aunt Ursula would sometimes forget to eat her *confitures*, and aunt Babolette would neglect her game at *oie*.

Delvigny had left to his son a thousand crowns a year—this is not bad for a poet—each aunt possessed a like amount, which would all one day revert to the little Adolphe. He was then rich enough to live happily, and endeavour alone to discard from his mind every vicious inclination, every ambitious thought, in order that he might content himself with that lot which fortune had set apart for him. The two worthy aunts brought up our little hero like a girl; they would not permit him to read the Grecian history, in dread lest he should conceive a taste for war; they hid from him the Roman history, for fear of his imbibing rude and barbarous thoughts; they would not give him the heathen mythology, because the history of the gods and goddesses seemed to them rather too scandalous; and they did not wish him to become an artist, because then he would have been obliged to have studied in the schools of painting The two old ladies suppressed a whole crowd of things which they deemed in their wisdom useless or dangerous for their little Adolphe; but in return, the pretty little boy learned to sing, and to read in the most respectable old works. He learned how to make tapestry, to wind silk, and to make network; and, to crown all, they inculcated him at a fortunote moment with a love of *confitures* and the game of *oie!*

Meanwhile, Adolphe grew apace, he was beautiful as love, gentle as a young girl, or rather as a lamb (for all young girls are not gentle); he would cast down his eyes if any one looked at him, and blushed when he was spoken to. He was certainly neither very learned nor a great worker, but in return he adored *confitures*,—he ate this trash as fast as they made it—and would pass willingly an hour or two playing at *oie*, laughing like a madman when his aunt Babolette fell into the *prison* or the *well*.*

These two old aunts were enchanted with their pupil. "He is a bijou—a perfect cherubim," they would say; "he knows well how to be happy, for happiness is comprised rather in ignorance than in wisdom" Thus time ran on, and Adolphe attained the age of eighteen years, never stirring out but to accompany his relatives in their strolls in the neighbourhood. His worthy aunts fancied that their handsome nephew would pass thus through life, without having another idea, another thought, another desire; they, poor souls! had never loved aught save their *confitures* and their game of *oie*, they thought that these and these alone ought to suffice for happiness. But one day a fête was given at the village of Ermenonville; a peasant had spoken of it before Adolphe, and he begged his aunts to take him there. They did not imagine that at a village fête their nephew could imbibe any new ideas. But what says the good La Fontaine? "On ne s'avise jamais de tout."

Adolphe opened wide his eyes at beholding for the first time this little glimpse of the world, the *boutiques*, the dance: he opened them still wider at the sight of the pretty young villagers decked in their holiday attire; suddenly he lowered them, blushing with emotion and pleasure before a little face, so sweet, so innocent, and so graceful, that it seemed rather the ideal creation of a painter's dream than a work of nature. This charming little face was that of Clotilde, and Clotilde was but a little peasant, the daughter of a poor but honest labourer. She was the sole prop, the sole hope of an aged father; she worked hard day and night, and had the entire management of their little household; and when, upon a fête day, Clotilde could put on her pretty little robe of *toile rose*, and taking the arm of her old father under hers, would proceed to the village green—oh! then, indeed, did this young girl feel as happy as a queen; it is very probable she was much more. After a little, Adolphe plucked up courage to look upon this charming little face, the first sight of which had caused within him so vivid an emotion. By a singular chance it happened that, at this moment, Clotilde beheld also the handsome young man who stood beside her. Master Cupid causes many of these chances; that mischievous young rogue! Clotilde blushed also, and sighed without knowing why; but that the most innocent girl can sigh we all know. Adolphe could not leave the side of the gentle beauty. The dance began; he did not wish to dance, for the little peasant did not, because she would not quit her old father. The latter, meantime, begged her to take part in the pleasures of the scene. Adolphe, hearing this, hastened to invite Clotilde to dance with him, saying that they would take care to place themselves near her old father. This was not such bad behaviour for a young gentleman who had been taught to wind silk.

Clotilde accepted, trembling, the hand of the young *monsieur;* during the dance, they exchanged but few words; Adolphe learned solely that the little peasant's father was named Dumont, and was very pooor; Clotilde, that her cavalier was called Adolphe Delvigny, and that he was rich. The young girl sighed anew, and more profoundly; perhaps *this time* she knew why.

The dance lasted a long time—that is to say, that Adolphe began again the figure, many times, with his pretty little partner, whom he had the spirit to retain in advance of all competitors. Meantime, the fête approached its end; the two aunts wished to return, and led off the young man, accustomed to obey them in everything; but in leaving Clotilde, Adolphe turned back often to taking a parting glance, and each time the little peasant did the same on her side Was it altogether chance that made her do this? Perhaps it was.

The following day, Adolphe ate but little breakfast, and less dinner; he seemed sad, restless; he did not wish to do anything; finally, he refused to play at *oie*, and to eat some newly made *confitures*. "Our poor boy is ill, then," said his two worthy relatives, and they overwhelmed Adolphe with questions.

"What ails you, my love? In which way do you feel it? Where do you feel pain?"

To all these questions, Adolphe contented himself by replying—"I don't feel pain anywhere; I am not ill at all."

"Then why are you so sad?"

"I don't know."

"How comes it that you do not wish to taste your confitures?"

"I have no appetite."

"Oh! you are certainly ill, my dear love."

Many days elapsed; Adolphe changed visibly; his cheeks lost their colour, his eyes their brightness, and a languor, mixed with sadness, had replaced his former habitual gaiety. His two worthy aunts were distracted, and called in the cleverest physician in the neighbourhood.

The doctor examined the young man, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, made him show his tongue, but shook his head as he muttered, "It is very astonishing; there is nothing the matter with this young man."

"And notwithstanding, doctor, he falls off daily—he changes visibly," said aunt Ursula, weeping.

"He never sings now, he never eats, and never wishes to play at anything," said Babolette, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"There must be some hidden cause for this," said the doctor.

"But why would he not mention it to us, to us, his aunts, who love him so, who refuse him nothing."

At the end of a few weeks, Adolphe became so feeble that he was obliged to keep his bed. His aunts asked him without ceasing if he wished for anything. No; Adolphe wished for nothing—only he often asked when the fête-day at Ermenonville would come round again. In a year, they told him. Then the poor boy would sigh and murmur to himself, "A year! it is a long time; I wonder if I shall ever go there again!" Poor little Adolphe!

But the physician one day heard his patient asking his usnal question; a light seemed to break in upon him; he asked Adolphe what he had done at this fête.

"I danced with Clotilde Dumont," replied Adolphe in a faltering voice.

The physician hastily sought the two aunts. "I believe I have found out the secret which preys on your nephew's mind," exclaimed he, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, good doctor!—you will save him then?"

"No."

"No!"

"That is, it is not I myself who shall save him, but a young girl of Ermenonville, named Clotilde Dumont."

"What are you talking about, doctor?"

"That your nephew is, I'll engage, in love with this young peasant, and it is this passion which undermines his health, and will lead him to the tomb, if he is unable to unite himself to her whom he loves."

"Our nephew in love! Come, come, doctor, that is impossible; he sees none but us, and ——"

"I know very well," interrupted the doctor, "that he is not in love with you, but make Clotilde Dumont come here, and you will save your nephew." The two worthy souls regarded each other for a moment in silence; but Adolphe suffered—they could not hesitate long.

The following morning the young man was in bed; his aunts and the doctor were standing around him, when the servant announced a visitor. It was Clotilde, who had come with her old father, in compliance with the invitation she had received, and, as yet, ignorant why she had been sent for, but who stood motionless and trembling on finding herself in the chamber of the young patient. On perceiving the little peasant, Adolphe started up as though he would have sprung toward her. He fell back upon his pillow, but his heart beat violently, and his eyes had regained some of their long lost brightness.

"I was not deceived," said the doctor; "your nephew was love sick, and as this disease is only treated homœopathically, it is by love alone that he can be cured."

The two aunts would have sacrificed everything for their nephew's happiness. They demanded from old Dumont the hand of his daughter for Adolphe; and as they presented the pretty little girl to the sick man they said—

"Here, Adolphe, is the physician by whom we hope you will be cured."

And the cure was not far distant, for the *mal d'amour* goes as quickly as it comes.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE THEODORE HOOK.

From the last Quarterly Review.

ART. III.—*Peregrine Bunce.* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings" &c., &c. 3 vols. London, 1842.

It was with no common curiosity that we took up this work, announced as the sole literary legacy of a very popular writer. But whatever we had allowed ourselves to expect, we have been disappointed. The execution is in no part good; a very large proportion we cannot believe to be Mr Hook's at all. Toward the beginning there are a few flashes of his old merriment, but the general effect is poor and dull. Above all, we look in vain for any of those pithy *obiter dicta*, or brief rapid sketches of character, which in the better day startled us ever and anon in the midst of his broadest extravaganzas, marking with what acute sagacity life had been analyzed by one who passed with many for a mere sportive satirist of its surface. We had hoped, in short, to gather from these posthumous volumes some additional materials for estimating this prodigal son of genius; but we must be contented with those that had been supplied by earlier publications, and what we may contrive to glean from the perusal (kindly permitted) of some hasty diaries and other MS. remains. Our own acquaintance with him commenced twenty years ago, and had long been familiar, but it never reached intimacy; and these papers have opened many new lights both of the character and of the history of Theodore Edward Hook.

He was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22nd of September, 1788, the son of a musical composer, who enjoyed in his time success and celebrity, by his first wife, (Miss Madden,) a woman distinguished for beauty, talent, accomplishments, and genuine worth. There was but one other child of that marriage, the late Dr. James Hook, Dean of Worcester, and he, being Theodore's senior by not less than eighteen years, had of course left the parental roof long before the latter was sent to school.

The Dean, with a great deal of the wit and humour that made his brother famous,* and with perhaps much the same original cast of disposition and temper generally, had possessed one great advantage over him at the start of life. His excellent mother watched over him all through the years of youth and early manhood. Theodore could only remember her, and fondly and tenderly he did so to the last, as the gentle parent of a happy child He had just approached the first era of peril when this considerate and firm-minded woman was lost to her family. The composer soon afterward married again, but Theodore found not, what in spite of a thousand proverbs many men have found under such circumstances—a second mother. But for that deprivation we can hardly doubt that he might, like his more fortunate brother, have learned to regulate his passions and control his spirits and risen to fill with grace some high position in an honourable profession. The calamitous loss of his mother is shadowed very distinctly in one of his novels; and the unlucky hero, Gilbert Gurney, is represented as having a single prosperous brother, exactly eighteen years older than himself. But indeed that novel is very largely autobiographical: when his diary alludes to it as in progress, the usual phrase is "working at my life."

Born in the same year with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, he was their schoolfellow at Harrow, but not in the same memorable form, nor do we see any trace of his having been personally acquainted in those days with either of them, though he often alluded to the coincidence of dates with an obvious mixture of pride and regret, perhaps we ought to say, remorse. We have met with no account of him whatever by any one who knew him familiarly at that period. That he was as careless and inattentive to the proper studies of the place as he represents his Gurney to have been will not be thought improbable by most of his readers. But his early performances, how forgotten, display many otiose quotations from the classics, and even from the modern Latin poets; and these specimens of juvenile pedantry must be allowed to indicate a vein of ambition which could hardly have failed, with a mind of such alacrity, to produce some not inconsiderable measures of attainment. The author of the "Sayings and Doings" had, no doubt, outlived all his Greek and most of his Latin. But how many men are there of good, even of great talents, who, long before they reach middle life, have forgotten far more than he ever knew of either! Let any scholar of mature standing run over a list of his contemporaries at the *University*, and think how few of them could now construe a strophe of Æschylus, or even a page of Livy, were some lost Decade to be dug up to morrow at Pompeii, or a Trilogy deciphered on a Palimpsest of Moscow.

Mrs. Hook died in 1802, and the widower, a clever but weak man, was easily persuaded not to send Theodore back to Harrow. He was proud already of his boy, found his company at home a great solace at first, and even before the house received its new mistress, had begun to discover that one of his precocious talents might be turned to some account financially. Theodore had an exquisite ear, and was already, living from the cradle in a musical atmosphere, an expert player on the piano-forte: his voice was rich, sweet, and powerful: he could sing a pathetic song well, a comic one charmingly. One evening he enchanted the father especially by his singing, to his own accompaniment, two new ballads, one grave and one gay. Whence the airs—whence the words? It turned out that the verse and music were alike his own: in the music the composer perceived much that might be mended; but the verses were, to him, faultless—meaning probably not much, but nothing more soft than the liquid flow of the vocables, nothing more easy than the balance of the lines. Here was a mine for the veteran artist; hitherto he had been forced to import his words: now the whole manufacture might go on at home Snug, comfortable, amiable, domestic arrangement! The boy was delighted with the prospect—and at sixteen his fate was fixed.

"I remained at home," says Gurney, "and was my father's darling—he fancied nothing on earth was like me: I was the wittiest, if not the wisest, fellow breathing—and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes and antics till the tears run down his cheeks." This beardless merry-maker was now in fact a partner in his father's business; whatever there had been of authority was virtually at an end. Whenever Mr. Hook got his five guineas, two perhaps were of right Theodore's. He felt the joy, the pride, the exultation of independence: he could make money, he must of course be a man and entitled to a man's privileges. And what were the privileges he was most likely to covet and seize upon? His father's friends and boon companions were musicians and players, male and female. He was a comely youth, in all respects precocious. The talents of so mere a stripling were eagerly appreciated, rapturously commended; he had not written three songs that took on the stage before he was the little pet lion of the Green-room. Free admission before the curtain and behind it was a thing of course. Night after night he hung about the theatres; popular actors laughed at his jokes, and pretty actresses would have their bouquets handed them by nobody but Theodore.

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* Technical terms used in the game of *oie*.

Dr. Hook amused himself, about twenty years ago, by writing two novels, "Pen Owen," and "Percy Mallory," which at the time were commonly ascribed to Theodore, and which would hardly have done him any discredit. They have been lately republished, as they well deserve to be, in a cheap form. The picture of the Cato-street Conspiracy in one of them is most striking.

One effort was made to stop this headlong career. It was, we believe, on the very urgent remonstrance of his brother, already advancing in the Church, that his father agreed to continue his education with a view to the bar; and he went down with the future Dean to be entered accordingly at Oxford. But accustomed to be his own master with his father, he was not likely to treat a brother, though twice his own age, with much submission. He carried the spirit of rebellious frolic with him. When the Vice-Chancellor, noticing his boyish appearance, said, "You seem very young, Sir; are you prepared to sign the 39 Articles?" "Oh yes, Sir," answered Theodore briskly—"quite ready—40 if you please." The dignitary shut the book;—but the brother apologised—the boy looked contrite—and in the end the ceremony of matriculation was completed. The solemn monastic quadrangles, however, had made no very favourable impression on the juvenile intrant. He was not to reside until after the expiration of a couple of terms, to be devoted to a certain prescribed course of reading. He parted with his brother and returned to London—his head full of nothing in fact but an embryo farce. He had not been an inattentive lounger at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He had released his father from the necessity of fitting music to other people's words:—why might he not emancipate himself from the drudgery of adapting songs to other people's dialogues? "Few men of great abilities are modest," says Sydney Smith—"Few clever boys are modest," would, we think, have been a safer maxim. Theodore Hook in our opinion lived to be a modest man; but he considered himself at seventeen as quite on a level with the best melodramists of the time; and, after all, so the case turned out to be when he made his attempt. The truth is, the literature of the stage was forty years ago almost as bad as it is now: it could hardly have been worse.

The little back drawing-room was now allotted to Theodore, and we have before us an early associate's reminiscences of the sanctum of 1804—"tables, chairs, mantlepiece, piano, all covered with a litter of letters, MS. music, French, plays, notes, tickets, rhyming dictionaries—not a seat to be had." "Already," this gentleman continues, "he possessed all the powers of entertainment which had since made him so celebrated as a table-companion, and in the confined circle of the family he would exhibit them with the same zeal and effect as when in the most brilliant society, with the eyes of the gifted and the great upon him. His wit was never dependent upon excitement, but flowed spontaneously on every occasion, early or late. He was from the first enthusiastically loyal—and if during dinner a street-organ played God save the King, he would insist on everybody standing up, lead the chorus, and not sit down till the anthem was closed."

"To work I went," says Gurney, "bought three or four French vaudevilles, and filching an incident from each, made up my very effective drama." This was "The Soldier's Return, or What can Beauty do? a Comic Opera in Two Acts, as performed at the T. R. Drury Lane. The Overture and Music entirely new, composed by Mr. Hook." Theodore is not named on the title-page (1805)—but the success was totally unlike what is described in "Gurney"—it was great—the applause vociferous; and the author's secret was not kept for a day. The contempt, however, with which Mr. Gurney describes his *coup d'essai* was, we have no doubt, an exact transcript of Hook's own feelings on that subject in 1837. It would be as absurd to criticise such a piece as last year's pantomime—like that, it answered its purpose and its author's, and no more is to be said. At the same time, amidst all its mad impudent nonsense, there are here and there jokes which, if unborrowed, deserve the applause of the pit. A traveller coming up to an inn door, says, "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answers Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks." We might quote one or two more apparently genuine Theodores. The dialogue, such as it is, dances along, and the songs read themselves into singing.

Among other advantages this trifle brought Hook into contact with two bright theatrical stars, neither as yet advanced to the destined zenith; these were Mathews and Liston, both considerably his seniors, but both still wantoning in animal spirits almost as wild as his own. These first-rate comedians excelled in totally different styles, and the peculiar capacity and resources of neither were fully apparent until they trod the stage in juxta-position. It was for this purpose that Hook planned his second afterpiece, "Catch Him who Can," (1806), in which abundant opportunity was contrived for exhibiting the grave irresistible drollery of Liston in contrast with the equally matchless vivacity and versatility of the prince of mimics and ventriloquists. In the course of the farce Mathews figured in, we think, seven different disguises. Such acting would have insured the triumph of even a worse thing than the "Soldier's Return"—but this was better than that in every respect. One of Liston's songs was long in vogue, perhaps still survives—

"I sing the loves, the smiling loves,
Of Clutterbuck and Higgenbottom."

And there are not a few meritorious points in the dialogue. It is not, however, safe to depend on the originality of anything in these early pieces of Hook's. He steals as audaciously as any of his valets, and uses the plunder sometimes with a wonderful want of thought. Liston's sweetheart, for example, a tricky chambermaid, knocks him down with "Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding:"—Pope's famous saying, to which Pope's history lends no authrity.

"The Invisible Girl" soon followd—the idea taken from a newspaper account of a new French vaudeville, but cleverly worked out. The fun is, that with a crowd of dramatis personæ, a rapid succession of situations, and even considerable complication of intrigue, no character ever gets out more than *yes*, *no*, a *but*, a *hem*, or a *still*—except the indefatigable hero, Captain Allclack—for whose part it is difficult to believe that any English powers but Jack Bannister's in his heyday could ever have been adequate. This affair had a great run; and no wonder. If any body could play the Captain now, it would fill the Adelphi for a season.

We are not very sure about the chronology of various farces and melodramas that Hook poured out in hot succession during the next two or three seasons—"Music Mad"—"Darkness Visible"—"Trial by Jury"—"The Fortress"—"Tekeli"—which was more successful than any of its predecessors, but is now remembered only by some lines in Byron's early satire—

"Gods! o'er those boards shall folly rear her head
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?"

We might name, we believe, several others equally defunct—besides two that have been revived with approbation within these few years—"Exchange no Robbery," and "Killing no Murder." In the former Terry, another intimate associate from that time forth, had in Cranberry a character excellently adapted to his saturnine aspect and dry humour; and Liston was not less happily provided for in Lamotte. In the other, Liston as Apollo Belvi, and Mathews as Buskin, filled the town with merriment, such as had hardly, perhaps, been equalled since the days of Foote. Almost all these were written before Hook was twenty years of age. There can be no doubt that if he had gone on he must have rivalled any farce writer that ever wrote in any language.

In his twentieth year (1808) Theodore also made his first essay as a novelist, under the pseudonyme of Alfred Allendale, Esq. The work (3 vols. 12mo.) was a mere farce, though in a narrative shape—and as flimsy as any he had given to the stage. As if the set object had been to satirize the Minerva Press School, every thing, every individual turn in the fortunes of his *Musgrave* is brought about purely and entirely by accident. The sentimental hero elopes with his mistress. A hundred miles down the North Road they stop for a quarter of an hour—order dinner, and stroll into the garden. Behold, the dreaded rival happens to be lodging here—he is lounging in the garden at this moment. The whole plan is baulked. Some time afterward they elope again—and reach Gretna Green in safety.

"Cruel mothers—chattering friends and flattering rivals—all were distanced—the game was run down, he was in at the death, and the brush was his own.

"False delicacy at Gretna is exploded: a woman, when she goes into Lanchester's, is known to want millinery (people say something more); when she lounges at Gray's she is understood to stand in need of trinkets; when she stops at Gattie's she wants complexion; and when she goes to Gretna she wants a husband!

"That being the case, *not* to talk of marriage is as absurdly *outré* as not to call for supper, and therefore Musgrave, with a sly look at his blushing bride, ordered a couple of roasted fowls and a parson to be ready immediately. The waiter, perfect in his part, stepped over to the chandler's shop, hired the divine, and at half-past ten the hymenial rites were to be solemnized.'—vol. i. p. 84.

The fowls are put to the fire—the blacksmith appears—the ceremony has just reached the essential point, when a chaise dashes up to the door—out spring the heroine's mother and the rival again. Farther on, the hero comes late at night to an inn, and is put into a double-bedded room, in which the rival happens to be deposited, fast asleep. The rival gets up in the morning before the hero awakes, cuts his thumb in shaving, walks out, sees a creditor, jumps on the top of a passing stage-coach, and vanishes. The hero is supposed to have murdered him—the towel is bloody—he must have contrived to bury the body—he is tried, convicted, condemned—he escapes—an accident brings a constable to the cottage where he is sheltered—he is recaptured—pinioned; mounts the drop; he is in the act of speaking his last speech, when up dashes another post-chaise containing the rival, who had happened to see the trial just the morning before in an old newspaper And so on through three volumes. But the oddest part of the whole is that Hook himself, sixteen years afterward, thought it worth while to recast precisely the same absurd fable, even using a great deal of the language, in his 'Sayings and Doings'—series first, vol. iii. *Merton*. Of course the general execution of that tale is vastly superior to the original edition; but some of, all things considered, its most remarkable passages are transcribed almost *literatnm*. For instance—

"Self-opinionated, with complete self-possession, a sarcastic sneer, and a bewitching smile, a good person, and many accomplishments, this young woman was known as a *genius*. She was a connoisseur in painting, an amateur in music, a perfect dancer, an exquisite performer on the piano, and a Billington in singing. She wrote tales and poems, published on wove paper with broad margins in Bond-street, made designs for furniture, dressed in the most outré costume to set fashions, and, in short, was a *fine*, *dashing*, *animated* girl. But with all this blaze of notoriety, did anybody esteem her particularly? Was there any ONE man upon earth who on his pillow could say 'My God! what an angel is Fanny Wilding!' Had she ever refused an offer of marriage? No! for nobody ever had made her one. She was like a fine firework, entertaining to look at, but dangerous to come too near to; her bouncing and cracking in the open air gave a lustre to surrounding objects, but there was not a human being who could be tempted to take the exhibition into his own house.'—vol. i. pp. 231, 232.

But, above all, in the early novel we read as follows:—

"Are not the brightest talents made nothing worth by perpetual intoxication? Is not the statesman degraded, and the wit rendered contemptible, by a constant and habitual use of wine? Have we not examples before us, where every earthly qualification is marred by it, and where poverty and ignominy are the reward of exertions weakened by its influence, which, used with sobriety and temperance, would deserve, and might have received, the meed of honour and the wreath of fame?"—vol. i. p. 174.

And the same is repeated in the work of 1824! Who that knew him will not echo it in 1843?

Mr. Allendale's novel, we conclude, excited little or no attention, and remained unacknowledged. We never heard of it till very lately. It is worthless, except that in the filling up occasionally we have glimpses of the author's early habits and associations, such as he was in no danger of recalling from oblivion in the days of "Sayings and Doings." When the hero fell in love, for example, "Bond Street lounges became a bore to him—he sickened at the notion of a jollification under the Piazza—the charms of the pretty pastry cooks at Spring Gardens had lost their piquancy." A viscountess's fête at Wimbledon has all the appearance of having been sketched after a lark at Vauxhall with a bevy of singing women. In the recast, it is right to say, he omitted various gross indecencies, some rude personalities, and a very irreverent motto.

But the real farce at this time was Theodore's own life. It was one uninterrupted succession of boisterous buffooneries, especially of what the future lexicographer might almost be pardoned for supposing to have been called after him—*Hoaxes*. Of these his true "Sayings and Doings," his own talk *inter poeula* was the only adequate memorial. We may catch some outlines in his Gurney and Daly—but even his pen was too slow and cumbrous a machine for the vital reproduction of such scenes. They are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye—the deep gurgling glee of his voice—the electrical felicity of his pantomime—for in truth he was as great an actor as could have been produced by rolling up Liston and Terry and Mathews into one. So told, no mirth in this world ever surpassed the fascination of these early mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords, and superfine ladies, all alike overwhelmed and convulsed as he went over the minutest details of such an episode as that, for example, of his and Mathews, as they were rowing to Richmond, being suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden—'Nobody permitted to land here—offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law'—their instant disembarkation on the forbidden paradise—the fishing line converted into a surveyor's measuring tape—their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Mathews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf—the opening of the parlour window, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman—the comedian's cool indifferent reception of him and his indignant inquiries—the gradual announcement of their being the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasaunce—his alarm and horror, which call forth the unaffected regrets and commiserations of the unfortunate officials, "who are never more pained than with such a duty"—the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over—their anxious examination of watches, and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—"but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever,"—the entry of the dining room—the turkey just served—the pressing invitation to taste a morsel—the excellent dinner—the fine old madeira—the bottle of pink champagne, "a present from my lord mayor"—the discussion of half a dozen of claret and the projected branch of the canal—the city knight's arguments getting more and more weighty—"Really this business must be reconsidered"—"One bottle more, dear gentlemen—till at last it is getting dark—they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge—Hook bursts out into song, and narrates in extempore verse the whole transaction, winding up with—

"And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,
And I'm—Mr. Theodore Hook."—(*Exeunt.*)

That name was already enough to put any wig in Guildhall out of curl. But the crown and consummation of all this work was the "Berners Street Hoax," in 1809. It too is shadowed in "Gilbert Gurney," but very faintly—and no one need hope to supply the deficiency. It is recorded that in walking down that street one day, his companion called his attention to the particularly neat and modest appearance of a house, the residence, as appeared from the door-plate, of some decent shop-keepers widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that nice modest dwelling shall be the most famous in all London" The bet was taken—in the course of four or five days Hook had written and despatched *one thousand* letters, conveying orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. From waggons of coals and potatoes, (says Gurney,) to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry tarts—nothing in any way whatever available to any human being, but was commanded from scores of rival dealers scattered over our "province of bricks," from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. In 1809 Oxford Road was not approachable either from Westminster, or Mayfair, or from the city, otherwise than through a complicated series of lanes. It may be feebly and afar off guessed what the crash and jam and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated No. —; and there, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the development of the midday melodrame. But some of the dramatis personæ were seldom if ever alluded to in later times. He had no objection to bodying forth the arrival of the lord mayor and his chaplain, invited to take the deathbed confession of a peculating common councilman; but he would rather have buried in oblivion that precisely the same sort of liberty was taken with the Governor of the Bank, the chairman of the East India Company, a lord chief justice, a cabinet minister—above all, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. They all obeyed the summons—every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to; we are not sure that they all reached Berners street: but the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor widow's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Perhaps no assassination, no conspiracy, no royal demise or ministerial revolution of recent times was a greater godsend to the newspapers than this audacious piece of mischief. In Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, but no sign escaped either him or his confidants. The affair was beyond that circle a serious one. Fierce were the growlings of the doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of all kinds, male and female, hair dressers, tailors, popular preachers, and parliamentary philanthropists; had been victimized in person, and were in their various notes vociferous. But the tangible material damage done was itself no joking matter. There had been an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, and coach panels. Many a horse had fallen never to rise again. Beer barrels and wine barrels had been overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It had been a fine field-day for the pickpockets. There arose a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer.

Mr. Theodore, we believe, found it convenient to be laid up for a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted re-convalescence by a country tour. He is said to have on this occasion revisited Oxford and professed an intention of at length commencing residence under the discipline of Alma Mater. But if this was so it went no farther—by and by the storm blew over, as it would have done had Berners street been burnt to the ground and the Lord Mayor's coach blown up with all its cargo—and the Great Unknown re-appeared with tranquillity in the green room.

The gambol once shown, it was imitated *ad nauseam* in many English towns and also in Paris, with numberless unmeritorious variations. Gilbert Gurney expresses high scorn of these plagiarists.

Some two or three years later Hook performed another hoax more limited in scale, but to our mind, quite as inexcusable. The Regent gave a fête of surpassing magnificence at Carlton House, on the 17th of June. Romeo Coates was then in his glory—murdering Shakspeare at the Haymarket, and driving the bright pink cockle-shell with the life-large chanticleers in gilt brass about the streets and park. Theodore, who could imitate any handwriting, contrived to get one of the Chamberlain's tickets into his possession for an hour and produced a facsimile commanding the presence of Signor Romeo. He then equipped himself in some scarlet uniform and delivered in person the flattering missive. The delight of Romeo must be imagined. Hook was in attendance when the time for his sallying forth arrived, and had the satisfaction of seeing him swing into his chariot bedizened in all his finery, with a diamond hilted sword and the air of Louis le Grand. The line of carriages being an Alexandrine, Theodore was also by the "care colonne," when the amateur's vehicle reached its point—saw him mount up the stair and enter the vestibule. The stranger, it is known, passed into the interior without remark or question; but when he had to show his ticket to the private secretary that eye caught the imposture. Mr. Coates was politely informed that a mistake had occurred, and had to retrace his steps to the portico. The blazoned chariot had driven off—in wrath and confusion he must pick his steps as he might to the first stand of hackney coaches. Hook was at his elbow well muffled up. No such discomfiture since the Knight of the Woeful Countenance was unhorsed by the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco. We must not omit to say that the Prince, when aware of what had occured, signified extreme regret that any one of his household should have detected the trick, or acted on its detection. Mr. Coates was, as he said, an inoffensive gentleman, and his presence might have amused many of the guests, and could have done harm to no one. His Royal Highness sent his secretary next morning to apologize in person, and to signify that as the arrangements and ornaments were still entire, he hoped Mr. Coates would come and look at them. And Romeo went. In this performance Hook had no confidant. To do him justice, we believe he never told the story without some signs of compunction.

We must refer such as desire more of these achievements to the first volume of Gurney, where, partly as the hero himself, and partly as his Achates, Mr. Daly, the inveterate offender stands self-portrayed; or, better still, to the second volume of Mrs. Mathews's Memoirs of her husband, the chief crony and and most efficient accomplice of the period. The lady has painted many of these frolicks with a sort of pensive gusto, which we must call inimitable—at all events the parallel records in the "Gurney," seem to us far less attractive. We must not be tempted to quote any of her hoax chapters, but we are glad to produce her account of one of the most remarkable displays of Hook's talents as an *improvisatore*; for she had of course witnessed hundreds of similar exhibitions, and expresses without the slightest exaggeration what must have been felt on the great occasion in question by everybody in the room, from the prompter up to Sheridan. The Drury Lane company gave a dinner to their brilliant proprietor and irregular paymaster, in honour of one of his electioneering successes; and the young author of "Killing no Murder" was invited to attend, and presented to the great man of the evening:—

"In the course of it many persons sung, and Mr. Hook being in turn solicited, displayed, to the delight and surprise of all present, his wondrous talent in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr. Hook, but, without a moment's premeditation, he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during the dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for more wit; and even the singer's ignorance of the names and condition of many of the party, seemed to give greater facility to his brilliant hits than even acquaintance with them might have furnished Mr. Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible, had he not witnessed it. No description, he said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to be an unstudied effort had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for the exercise of this rare talent."—Life of Mathaws, vol. ii. p. 59.

As far as our knowledge goes, England never had a really successful performer in this way except Theodore Hook. Of course he failed occasionally—either early in the evening or very late he did it but indifferently. When the call was well-timed and the company such as excited his ambition, it is impossible to conceive anything more marvellous than the felicity he displayed. He accompanied himself on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures—but one favourits sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt; if he knew who were to be there, he might have come provided with a few palpable hits—but he did the thing far the best when stirred by presence of strangers, and as Mrs. Mathews observes, the staple was almost always what had occurred since he entered the room—what happened to occur while he was singing. A friend says—"The first time I ever witnessed it was at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate, when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the "Ancient Mariner" proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced—the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the "Lay Sermons" and the "Aids to Reflection." The room was becoming excessively hot—the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the window was a sieve in an instant—the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song—and window and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained * * * and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—*that* was his example." But this was many a long year after the reckless day of the mystifications.

Both in the "Life of Mathews" and in "Gilbert Gurney" considerable space is given to the most patient and long suffering of all their victims—the late Mr. Thomas Hill—the most innocent and ignorant of the bibliomaniacs—the *Hull* of the novel—the Tom Hill of all the realm of Cockayne. Hook has painted that good-natured, harmless little gossip to the life—we could add nothing to his delineation of the undoubted original of Paul Pry—but it is proper to say that the chapters in question were read in MS. to Mr. Hill himself in the presence of a friend of ours, when he interrupted him ever and anon with "Oh, Hook, what a memory you have! All true, every word correct!"—was, in short, delighted and flattered, and gave a joyful *imprimatur*.[*] The introduction to the sheriff took place, exactly as described, at Hill's cottage at Sydenham, and the invitation to eat marrow puddings at the Old Bailey is equally authentic—but we hope some of the judicial details of the ensuing day are overcharged. Hook, however, was further invited to attend the execution at which this sheriff presided the week afterward, and in the words given, "We hang at eight, breakfast at nine, sir;"—but he has omitted in the book what we have heard him mention as the circumstance that most affected him on that occasion. Among the prisoners led forth at the awful hour appeared, to his surprise and horror, a young mercantile man convicted of forgery, whom he had several times met in the society of his theatrical companions. The unhappy person recognised Theodore just as he was on the threshold of the Debtor's Door, and said placidly, "Good morning, Mr. Hook—good bye, sir. Hook, in great agitation, turned his back. "In about one minute," said he, "I looked again—he was swinging like a bit of timber within six feet of me, and a fly quietly feeding on his neck." This, we believe, was the first and the last time that he witnessed that spectacle.

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[*] Mr. Hill died a year or two ago—aged, we believe, not more than 83—though Hook and all his friends always effected to consider him as quite a Methuselah. James Smith once said that it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish register had been burnt in the fire of London—but Hook capped this: "Pooh, pooh! He's one of the Little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms." As a mere octogenarian he was wonderful enough. No human being would, from his appearance, gait, or habits, have guessed him to be 60. Till within three months of his death, he rose at five usually, and brought the materials of his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi from a walk to Billinsgate; and at dinner he would eat and drink like an adjutant of five-and-twenty. One secret was that a "banyan day" uniformly followed a festivity. He then nursed himself most carefully on tea and dry toast, tasted neither meat nor wine, and went to bed by eight o'clock. But perhaps the grand secret was, the imperturable serenity of his temper. He had been kind and generous in the day of his wealth, and though his evening was comparatively poor, his cheerful heart kept its even beat.

Besides his pieces for the public stage, he appears to have produced many in those days for the "private theatricals" of certain friends at their rural villas. Mrs. Matthews dwells particularly on those enacted at the residence of a Mr. Rolls:—

"It was at the 'Grange Theatre' that Mr. Theodore Hook, then a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls, made his 'first appearance upon any stage' and in no instance do I remember a more decided case of what is called *stage-fright*. He had been as bold and easy during the rehearsals as if he had been a practised stager. All the novices seemed fluttered but himself; but when he entered at night as *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, he turned pale at the first sight of the audience, and exhibited such palpable terror, that I almost supported him on my arm; his frame shook, his voice failed him, and not a word of his first scene, nor a note of the song he attempted at the pianoforte (which he had sung so well in the morning) were audible to anybody except myself.

"It was curious to see a person of Mr. Hook's wondrous nerve and self-possession suddenly subdued in such a way, as a mere *make-believe* in a room, containing only friends—invulnerable as he was to fear in all things else! Few, however, who witness in a theatre of any kind the timidity of a debutant, can form the remotest idea of the dreadful feeling of stage-fright. I know but one thing with which to compare it, and that is the first sensation of sea-sickness; and like that, with some people, it is never overcome. Mr Hook, however, recovered before the piece concluded, and afterward acted *Vapour*, in the farce of 'My Grandmother,' imitating Mr. Farley excellently; and a character in an admirable burlesque tragedy of his own writing, called 'Ass-Ass-ination,' previously to which he hoaxed the audience with a prologue, purposely unintelligible, but speciously delivered; the first and last word of each line were only to be distinguished, bearing in them all the *cant* and *rhymes* of such addresses (some heard and others guessed at, as the speaker's ingenuity served, for of course all was extempore) At the close of this, great applause followed; and one elderly, important gentleman was heard to whisper to another sitting next him, 'An excellent prologue, but abominably inarticulate!'"

Up to this time Hook, though his name was already blown far and wide, had seen little or nothing of what in his later days he would himself have been weak enough to call exclusively *society*. His wonderful conversational and convivial talents—far superior in fact to any that he ever exhibited in writing—had hitherto been the delight of theatrical circles only—in which we include of course the abundant hospitalities of many such play-going, green-room-haunting virtuosos as Tom Hill and his friend, the anonymous sheriff. In company with brother wits and wags he had explored many of the suburban regions, and made merry with their natives He was familiar with the banks of the Thames from Eel-pye Island to Margate—had gone the northern and western circuits with Mathews—and seen enough of Brighthelmstone to be fonder of it than he ever came to be of Brighton. But to the world of aristocracy, even of aristocratical pretensions, he had not been introduced. We believe he owed his first *entrée* to the impression made on Sheridan by his improvisation at the Piazza Tavern—he soon afterward became familiar with Sheridan's amiable and richly-gifted son Thomas, and through him with various young men of his own standing, who moved in the atmosphere of fashion. Some of these made mention of him to the Marchioness of Hertford, and after he had justified their eulogies by the display of his musical and metrical facility in her ladyship's presence, he was called upon to minister in like fashion to the amusement of the Regent at a supper in Manchester Square. We have heard him describe his presentation to the Prince—his awe at first was something quite terrible—but good-humoured condescension and plenty of champagne by and by restored him to himself, and the young man so delighted his Royal Highness, that as he was leaving the room he laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again." After a few more similar evenings at Lady Hertford's, and, we believe, a dinner or two elsewhere, the Regent made inquiry about his position, and, finding that he was without profession or fixed income of any sort, signified his opinion that "something must be done for Hook."

The delicate and fastidious, but on the whole very dull, world of fashion never wants more than a decent pretext to receive with alacrity a recruit possessing any considerable faculty of entertainment, not overbalanced by gross untowardness of aspect, manner, or temper. Hook's personal appearance was good, his demeanour naturally easy, his disposition sweet and gentle. With such quickness of parts and such inherent good-humour, he could hadly mix for a week in any new variety of social arrangement without learning how it was to be conciliated and instinctively exemplifying sure methods of attraction. The ladies' tact soon discovered that, though there might be something like petulance in his first address, there was no real presumptuousness in his composition. The wonder had passed rapidly into a favourite throughout Mayfair. He had seen its boudoirs as well as it saloons—and narrowly escaped various dangers incidental to that career—among the rest, from at least one duel, with (General Thornton) in which transaction, from first to last, he was allowed to show equal spirit and temper. We have some records of this airier existence also in the "Gilbert Gurney." The whole scene of the Countess of Wolverhampton's party, at the end of volume the first, is copied from what occurred at the late Lady Buckinghamshire's—not forgetting the bullock substituted for the cow, and the Royal Duke's supper devoured by the Pandeans. But the richness of the harvest he had gathered is apparent in the whole series of his novels. It was in the midst of these gaieties that the Regent smiled on him.

Whether any subsidiary influence had been brought into play, we know not—nor are we at all aware in how far Mr. Hook's education and early history and habits had been explained to his royal patron—but late in 1812 he received an appointment far more valuable than he could have ventured to hope for—that of Accomptant General and Treasurer to the Colony of the Mauritius, with a salary and allowances amounting to nearly 2000l. per annum. After a long voyage, including an entertaining and profitable halt at Madeira, he reached his destination in October, 1813.

Of the five years that he spent in that beautiful island we know but little. His "Journal," is before us, but it is filled chiefly with ludicrous descriptions of individuals concerned in the administration of the colony and their womankind, which we have no more wish to meddle with than with the smart caricature drawings that now and then decorate the page. He had evidently gone farther than most amateurs do in the use of the pencil—and indeed he could strike a likeness so happily, that many of his friends at first suspected him of being HB. A favourite subject was himself—and there certainly the true man did not equal him—for the solitary HB. in which Hook figured was a failure. Dr. James Hook had married a daughter of the late physician, Sir W. Farquhar. A general officer of that family was Governor of the Mauritius when Theodore arrived there, which must have afforded him additional advantages, if he had needed them, in his official *début*. But we have not the means to attempt any outline of his colonial existence. The reader must be contented with a few passages from a letter which he addressed to Mathews after he had been absent from England about a year—

"You have read enough of this island, I dare say, not to imagine that we live in huts on the sea coast, or that, like our gallant forefathers, we paint ourselves blue, and vote pantaloons a prejudice. We are here surrounded by every luxury which art can furnish or dissipation suggest, in a climate the most delightful, in a country the most beautiful, with society the most gay, and pursuits the most fascinating.

"This is, by heavens, a Paradise, and not without angels. The women are all handsome (not so handsome as English women,) all accomplished, their manners extremely good, wit brilliant, and good nature wonderful: this is picking out the best!

"In short, the whole island is like fairy-land; every hour seems happier than the last; the mildness of the air (the sweetness of which, as it passes over spice plantations and orange groves, is hardly conceivable,) the clearness of the atmosphere, the coolness of the evenings, and the loveliness of the place itself, all combine to render it fascination. The very thought of ever quitting it is like the apprehension of the death or long parting with some near relation, and if it were not that this feeling is counteracted by having some friends at home, there is no inducement that would draw me from such a perfect *Thule*.

"Make my kind remembrances to Mrs. Mathews, and tell her that I hope to shake hands with her when we are both twaddlers—that is, when she is as much of a twaddler as old age can make her; and that when I return upon crutches from foreign parts, I trust she will direct her *son* to pay me every attention due to my infirmities.

"We have operas in the winter, which sets in about July; our races, too, begin in July; we have an excellent beef-steak club, and the best Freemasons' lodge in the world We have subscription concerts, and balls, and the parties in private houses here are seldom less than from two to three hundred. At the last ball given at the Government-house, upward of seven hundred and fifty ladies were present, which, considering that the greater proportion of the female population are *not admissible*, proves the number of inhabitants, and the extent of the society.

"I dare say some of my fat-headed friends in that little island where the beef grows, fancy that I am making a fortune, considering that I am Treasurer! and Accountant-general! Fresh butter, my dear fellow, is ten shillings per pound; a coat costs thirty pounds English; a pair of gloves fifteen shillings; a bottle of claret, the best, ten-pence; and pine-apples a penny a piece. Thus, you see, while the articles necessary to existence are exhorbitant, luxuries are dirt cheap, and a pretty life we do lead. Breakfast at eight, always up by gun-fire, five o'clock; bathe and ride before breakfast, after breakfast lounge about; at one have a regular meal, yclep'd a tiffen—hot meats, vegetables, &c.—and at this we sit generally through the heat of the day, drinking our wine, and munching our fruit; at five, or half-past, the carriages comes to the door, and we go either in them or in palanquins to dress, which operation performed, we drive out to the race ground, and through the Champ de Mars, the Hyde-Park here, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine, where we remain till ten or eleven, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night: these things blended with business, make out the day and evening."—*Life of Mathews, vol. ii. p.* 270.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.—SMUGGING AN AUTHOR.

About the year 1819, the narrator being then stage-manager and author, of Astley's Amphitheatre, almost his first serious essay in theatricals, he was, toward the conclusion of the season, making his way to resume his nighty duties, after dining with a friend in Hatton-garden, when halfway over Blackfriars-bridge he encountered Elliston. After a friendly greeting on either side, an idea seemed suddenly to occur to the comedian.

"By the by, you must walk a short way back with me, my dear fellow," said he, "I have something of the most vital importance, upon which I wish to communicate with you, and I am forced this very night to proceed to Leicester, by the mail. Return with me as far as the Albion, I have a few words to say to my friend Phipps, and then, on our way to Lombard-street, I will make you acquainted with the matter in question."

To the Albion, at the corner of Bridge-street, they accordingly repaired, where its worthy secretary, the late Warner Phipps, Elliston's fast friend during life, then resided. Leaving the narrator to kick his heels in an office below, the actor was speedily closeted with the secretary in a drawing-room above, as it afterward appeared, over a bottle of the secretary's Madeira, which was *particularly* excellent. Seven o'clock arrived, and so did half-past seven, the narrator lierally sitting all the time on pins and needles, till at length it wanted but a quarter to eight, and he was at all risks about to make a hasty retreat, to fulfil his neglected duties at Astley's, when he heard Elliston gaily descending the secretary's stairs, and the moment after was seized by the arm, and hurried by the comedian toward the emporium of letters.

"There is no time for conversation, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "it will be as much as we can do to nick Lombard-street by eight. You know the mails start to a moment."

Dragged along through the crowded bustle of Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, and Cheapside, they reached the Bank, almost breathless, as the clock struck eight, where they found the mail waiting for the letter bags. It appeared, on inquiry, that Elliston happened on that night to be the only inside passenger.

"This is fortunate," said he, "step in, and by the time we get to the Angel I shall have an opportunity of detailing my business. A ride will do you good, and you can get a lift back to Astley's by one of the short stages; they pass the bottom of the New Cut on their way to the Elephant and Castle; I will pay the fare."

There was no refusing, Elliston lugged the narrator in, the bags were brought and deposited in the boot, the door was closed, the guard blew his horn, the coachman smacked his whip, and the mail merrily rattled over the stones down Cheapside And Elliston—what did Elliston do? Proceed to the relation of the important affair he had to communicate? No, he drew a Welsh wig from his pocket, adjusted it by way of nightcap on his pericranium, and very coolly composed himself to sleep in one corner of the mail, and three minutes afterward was most loudly snoring, to his own complete ease and his companion's discomfiture. In vain it was endeavouring to awake him, he snored more loudly at each fresh effort, and the attempt was finally resigned as hopeless. At length the mail stopped at the Angel, and the author, as the narrator will now designate himself, becoming desperate at the thought of neglecting his duty, succeeded in arousing his abductor with an urgent remonstrance against the awkward situation in which he was placing him, the two proprietors of Astley's being absent, the one in Paris, the other at his seat at Weybridge, and the theatre left in his sole charge.

"My dear fellow," returned the comedian, "it is dry talking, and I have been walking all day, and my friend Phipps's Madeira was rather potent; a glass of hot brandy and water and I shall be quite fresh again. You must proceed with me a short distance further, a few minutes will suffice, and there are plenty of conveyances back"

The brandy and water was brought and despatched, the mail resumed its progress, and the author very unwillingly yielding to Elliston's assurances, suffered himself to continue in it.

"Now, sir," said he, as soon as they had got out of the noise and bustle of Islington, and were quietly and rapidly proceeding down the Holloway-road, "what is this important affair? I shall be ruined if I do not get back to Astley's by half past nine at latest."

A loud flourish from Elliston's nasal organ was the only answer.

"Confound it!" muttered the author, "surely he is not gone to sleep again."

Asleep, however, and that very soundly, he certainly appeared to be on examination

"Oh hang it I can't stand this, Mr. Elliston,"—(a snore)—"sir,"—another snore—"really—" another snore obligato.

No answer except through the nose.

"Coachman, coachman, stop, let me out!"

The devil a bit, however, would the coachman hear any more than would Elliston; whether he had been bribed by the comedian or not to be deaf on this particular occasion was never discovered; it was, however, more than likely to have been the fact. As a broken neck was not to be hazarded by jumping out at the rapid rate at which the mail was then proceeding, there was no remedy but resignation.

"We shall soon arrive at the end of the stage," thought the author, "and then nothing shall stop me. Return I will—I am determined—it's scandalous—shameful!"

Indulging in such reflections as these the luckless author reached Barnet.

"Who-ho ho! Now Dick, bring out the prads. Let them go there."

"Here, guard, let down the steps."

Before the author, however, had time to open the door and jump out, Elliston most miraculously woke up and began to make a profusion of excuses.

"Bless my soul, what can have made me so sleepy? My dear fellow I really beg your pardon. Where are we? Barnet! Twelve miles from town already! What's the time!" Here he drew out his watch. "As I live, nearly half-past nine! Has the last London stage started for town, waiter!"

"Oh lord, sir, yes, on hour ago."

"Unfortunate, faith! but I think you could manage to get there in a post-chaise by a *little after* eleven."

"A little after eleven, my dear sir?" cried the author, in agony, "I shall be ruined! Why the theatre closes a little *before* eleven!"

"Egad you are quite right, so it does! It will be quite impossible, therefore, that you can get there in time to-night. What's to be done? I only see one way. You must proceed with me. You can return the first thing in the morning. It cannot be of the slightest consequence, they'll never miss you—tell them you were in the saloon. You'll be in plenty of time if you start to-morrow morning."

"Now then all ready, sir," said the guard, appearing, made up for the night, his broad face rising out of a huge headland of cape and comforter.

"Drive on," said Elliston.

"But, my dear sir," said the author, as the vehicle resumed its rapid course

"My dear fellow, what can I do? You see it's no fault of mine; make yourself perfectly comfortable, every thing will be quite right. Yaw-aw, how infernally drowsy I am. I'll just finish my nap, and then for business."

In another moment the actor was again in the arms of Morpheus, and as there seemed to be no other resource the author tried to follow his example, but disturbed visions of Astley's being on fire, and he not there to save his MSS., the principal actor taken suddenly ill, and the audience tearing up the benches, for the want of some one to make an apology, haunted his imagination, and rendered his getting any refreshing sleep quite out of the question. Stage succeeded stage, but there was no getting Elliston to broach the business for which he had thus abducted his victim.

"You are in for it, my dear fellow," said the comedian, "and whether I tell you now or in the morning, it will be just the same thing, as I said, so make your mind easy, I will answer for all!"

"You must," said the author gloomily; "for hang me if I have more than five shillings to carry me back."

"Then you *must* go on," said Elliston, coolly.

And go on they did.

Unfortunately for the author, on arriving at Northampton, they found the whole town in confusion; the notorious Huffy White having that night broken out of the jail there, every vehicle was stopped, and the mail was detained upward of two hours in the consternation of this daring convict's escape.

It was eight o'clock next morning before the mail reached Leicester, being a couple of stages beyond its usual time of arrival.

Putting up at an inn kept by two maiden sisters—great admirers of the comedian—a comfortable ablution, with a cheerful breakfast, somewhat restored the author's good humor, though he plainly saw there would be no chance of his getting back to town to be at Astley's in time that evening.

"But never mind, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "to-day is the principal day of the great cheese fair, and to-night I take my benefit, this being always the best night of the season. I play *Job Thornbury*, in 'John Bull.' The afterpiece is your own 'Giovanni in London;' and I shall want you to take the money."

"What, sir—take the money! Surely, there are plenty of people that—"

"None to be trusted like yourself, my dear fellow. You must keep it very carefully—musn't give it up to any one—now mind. You will find Liecester a very gay place to-day, and I have a surprise in store for you, but of that hereafter. We will now proceed to the theatre."

Most of the company being old acquaintances, the author's unexpected presence occasioned much greeting. A rehearsal of the play had been called, between the pauses of which, Elliston sought a conference with his trusty treasurer and manager, Lee, or old Lee, as he was more generally called.

Lee, in his turn, had then a private conference with the company, and the rehearsal proceeded with great spirit.

It has been said that Elliston was to be the *Job Thornbury*, and it may be further mentioned that he was to be supported by Lee, as *Peregrine*, Elliot as *Tom Shuffleton*, poor Tokely as *Dennis Brulgruddery*, little Keeley (not then quite so great a man as he has subsequently become) as *Dan*, while the charming Mrs. H., then mantling with youthful beauty, and moving in a halo of unconscious fascination, was to be the *Mary*—the other characters appeared to be equally well cast, as it is termed.

The earliest opportunity that occurred after the conferences alluded to, old Lee took the author aside, and with an air of great mystery, and in a half whisper, thus addressed him:—

"My dear sir, you know the responsible situation I hold as treasurer and the onerous duties I have to perform in my official capacity as manager—Mr. Elliston tells me you are going to take the money to-night—is it true?

"He has so requested me?" answered the author.

"Good! Pray take great care of [illegible], and on no account part with it to any one—I have my reasons, my dear sir, I have my reasons."

"You may depend on me," answered the author.

"Good,—very good!" snorted the manager, departing seemingly much satisfied.

Turning to quit the theatre, the author was joined by his old playmate and companion in boyhood, little Keeley, who putting on the look of comic gravity and importance, so peculiar to him, begged to whisper a word in confidence.

"You are to take the money to-night I hear, my dear boy?" said he.

"Right," returned the author.

"I am glad of that—now my mind's easy—take care of it whatever you do. I don't want to say ill natured things; but between you and I," dropping his voice. "our friend in the straps is—however, you know him as well as I do, so I shall say no more."

Arriving at the inn, Elliston was found in good spirits, and soon the best dinner the larder of the fair hostesses could furnish, and the best bottle of wine that was in their cellars, made the author forget Astley's and became as animated as his friend, who had so unceremoniously smugged him.

Numerous droll sallies accompanied the bottle in its circulation, till at length the hour of opening the doors called them to the theatre. As is not unusual with country theatres, there was only one pay place at the Leicester theatre; the visiters to the boxes, pit, and gallery, all paid their money to the same person and received from him the several checks, which admitted them to the different parts of the house.

Duly installing himself in the little box appropriated for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary checks, while Elliston hurried to dress and perform—with a very particular parting charge, to take care of the money, the author entered upon his office.

It had been an unusually full fair,—the town was crowded with visiters and strangers, and no sooner were the doors opened than the house was filled in every part. In less than half an hour there was a complete bumper, and as nearly as the author could calculate he had in his different pockets, (for he did not trust to the pay drawer,) between £80 and £90, the greater part in country notes, being quite as much as the house had ever been known to hold.

Greatly elated at such large receipts, the author was solacing himself with a glass of negus, when a messenger, despatched by Elliston, appeared with the communication that he was to take the money with him and immediately proceed to the great man, behind the scenes, on some very important business, and that he, the messenger, would supply his place till his return.

There was no disobeying the mandate; accordingly, leaving a few checks in case any straggler should insist on occupying standing room—there was no sitting-room—the author hurried to learn Elliston's pleasure.

"Have you got the money?" was the first question, in a whisper; which of course was answered in the affirmative. "Then take care of it—we want you now to go on for "John Burr," for us. In casting the play we have totally overlooked the character, and have nobody we can send on for it but yourself!"

"But, my dear sir, I never acted in my life—I know nothing about *John Burr*—never saw the play."

"You'll do capitally well," said Elliston, with a most provoking coolness of manner; "your scenes are all with me, and you can *wing* the part."

Here the author suddenly felt his hat taken off, and a paper cap clapped upon his head by the property man, whilst a dresser very dexterously tied a shopman's apron round his middle

"Beautiful!" said Elliston, surveying the author, "never saw a better representative of *John Burr* in all my experience—there is the scrubby parish air to the life—you positively look as if you had been born in a workhouse!"

"Now, gentlemen, you open the scene," said the prompter.

"Come on then," said Elliston, seizing the author by the arm, "I'll tell you what to say—I have just lost my daughter, we have a little altercation, and you blow me up. You can manage to do that, cant you?"

"I rather think I can, at all events I'll try," returned the author, drily.

On they went, the touching episode of the waistcoat was gone through; the little altercation between master and man then commenced.

Elliston, as *Job Thornbury*, very significantly reminded the author as *John Burr*, that he owed all to him, that when unknown and friendless, he had taken him by the hand and made a man of him.

"Hark ye, old *Job*," said the author, seizing the fair opportunity that presented itself of having a dig at his friend, "I don't deny that you were my first master, and have often given me employment, though you didn't always pay over well, but it in this last business we are quits. Here have you brought me against my will from a comfortable place, all the way from Lunnun here, to be money-taker in your shop, where I have been standing for the last two hours, as your customers well know, taking their notes and gold in exchange for your brass—ninety good pounds, I have got it all here, safe in my breeches-pocket," chinking the money.

"Have you, by Jove!" said Elliston, delighted. "Ninety pounds!"

"Ninety pounds!" resounded from all the wings.

"Take care of it", whispered Elliston.

"I mean it muttered," the author; and all the return I get is to be exposed in this paper-cap and apron here—it's too bad. and what I won't put up with."

"For heaven's sake," whispered Elliston, "don't go on in this way any further, see how the audience are staring!—I'll make it all right—you shall sup with me at the mayor's to-night, and to-morrow—to-morow we'll cut the scene."

The public announcement of the author that there was ninety pounds in the house appeared to give great satisfaction to the actors and actresses, who were all anxiously watching the scene, but more particularly the lynx-eyed Lee.

The author's part finished on the stage, he hastened to resume his post as money-taker. At the conclusion of the comedy, he was joined by the lessee and his manager.

"You have got the money safe, my dear fellow," said Elliston; "Lee here will go over the accounts with you, for I have pledged my word, though it its my benefit night, that I would not touch the receipts or take one halfpenny of them out of the town with me—"

"Yes, yes, give me the money," said the anxious Lee.

"Not now, we have no time to attend to it just at present; it is sufficient that the money is got, and will be well taken care of, for the mayor has just sent a special invitation for all three of us to sup with him, and some of the most distinguished gentry of Leicester, to-night—he is now waiting for us—so come along, for we have not a moment to lose."

Lee's official consequence was touched, and he bustled onward in all the responsible importance of his situation. Arriving at the mayor's house, his worship, while he cordially greeted Elliston, appeared very much surprised at the presence of the author and old Lee; he, however, very politely welcomed them, after a pompous introduction by Elliston.

Not to weary the reader, Elliston challenged old Lee to take wine with him so often during supper, and proposed his health when the cloth was drawn in such eulogistic terms, that what with returning thanks, and being unused to drink champagne, about two o'clock poor Lee was reduced to such a state of intoxication, that two of the mayor's footmen were obliged to lead him home to his lodgings—without the money, of course.

When the party at length broke up, and the author and Elliston returned to the place where they were to pass the night, there was found to be but one bed; but this was got over by Elliston engaging the author to write the opening piece for the ensuing season at the Olympic, which was to be reopened with splendour; Elliston easily persuading him to sit up and commence *instanter*, telling him that as a great treat he had ordered a postchaise to be at the door at seven o'clock next morning, and meant to convey him to Leamington, that he might be present at the annual ball given by Mrs. Elliston to her fair pupils at that fashionable spa, and which was to take place the following evening.

The result of this arrangement, was the first act of the afterward popular "Rochester."

Early the following morning a chaise bore them rapidly from Leicester, passing in their way poor Lee, who, scarcely recovered from the effects of the mayor's champagne, was groping his way to Elliston's lodgings, and did not observe them.

When they had fairly cleared Leicester, the oft-repeated question, "Have you got the money safe!" was reiterated, and assented to for the last time.

"Then give it me," said Elliston, "I pledged my word, as you heard, I would not touch it last evening, nor take a penny of it out of the town; but it is morning now, and the town is at least three miles distant, so I have kept the word of promise to the ear, though I may have broken it to the hope—the money will be much better devoted to the completing my vast improvements at the Olympic, than it would be to the paying a parcel of musty arrears at Leicester, which will hereafter be duly liquidated by the novelties I shall send down. That buzzard Lee, wouldn't have let any person take the money save yourself, that wasn't a creature of his own; therefore, you see, my dear fellow, I was forced to borrow you for a short time, and now the murder's out."

The mystery was now indeed explained—it was useless being angry, and duly arriving at Leamington, the graces of Mrs. Elliston's ball fully reconciled the author to having been smugged—he was not, however, to be cajoled any longer by Elliston, but borrowing a couple of pounds of his little friend, Copps, of the Royal Hotel, took French leave next morning by the Birmingham coach, which passed through the town, he reached the Belle Sauvage by six in the evening. His first step of course was to Astley's, from which he had now been absent three days.

Entering the stage door, and passing down the stable yard to the prompt entrance behind the scenes, his ears were saluted, long before he arrived there, by the mingled cry of a thousand voices, vociferating, "Manager—manager—author—author!"

Alarmed beyond measure at this summons, which his greatest self-love had not contemplated, he pushed his way through the astonished performers, who thought that he had dropped from the clouds, and obeyed the call; but he soon collected from the audience the real cause of their displeasure.

"Restore the author!—restore the author!" was the universal cry.

It was Sloman's benefit night, and in order to shorten the length of the performances the actor had in the author's alienation very unceremoniously left out three or four scenes of the first piece. A few words confessing that during his temporary absence some liberties had certainly been taken with him, but now that he had come back, he would instantly restore himself, at once allayed the tumult, and thus ended the adventure of *Smugging an Author*.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned that, as Elliston had guaranteed, the Leicester arrears were ultimately duly paid, and that the author excused himself when any charge of collusion was afterward sportively brought against him, by observing, that he had only done what every one had enjoined him to do, which was to—take care of the money!

MR. ALISON AND THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

From the London Quarterly Review for May, 1843.

⁂ Note to Article VI. in No. CXL.

[We have been requested by an officer of high distinction to print, by way of Note or Appendix to our recent article on the Life of Blucher and the Campaign of Waterloo, a Memorandum on the controversy about that campaign, which was drawn up on perusal of the article in question, by his friend Sir F. Head. Our respect for our correspondent and also for his friend, would have disposed us to comply with this request; but we do so very gladly on finding that the Memorandum contains some details of fact not adverted to, in as far as we know, by any previous critic on the operations of June, 1815; and moreover, that Sir Francis enjoyed peculiar advantages in forming his opinion, inasmuch as he was on duty as an officer of Engineers at Charleroi when the French crossed the Belgian frontier there on the 15th—attended the Prussian Etat Major during the battle of Ligny on the 16th—and was also with our own army at Waterloo on the 18th.]—*Editor of Quarterly Review*.

(Copy.)

My Dear ———, —According to your request, I enclose a rough draft of the opinion I yesterday endeavored to explain to you.

Yours, very faithfully,

May 2, 1843. F. B. Head.

Memorandum on Mr. Alison's statement that on the 15*th*, 16*th*, 17*th and* 18*th of June*, 1815, *the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher were 'surprised, out-manœvred, and out-generaled' by Napoleon.*

When two armies or fleets, completely separated, are preparing for collision, it is evident that the commander of each can only be responsible for all that exists within the radius of his own power.

For instance, in the year 1805, when France was preparing to invade England, Napoleon could no more prevent the English from raising volunteer regiments, making pikes and muskets at Birmingham, gunpowder at Hounslow, and from casting shot and cannon at Woolwich, than King George III. could prevent the French people from obeying the conscription, or from making ball-cartridges at Paris. But out of the preparations for war, which at the period alluded to were carrying on on either side of the Channel, if there could be selected any one which above all the rest the opposite country had not the slightest power to influence, it was the comparative secresy with which each government was enabled to veil its transactions from the knowledge of the other. And thus, if Napoleon had thought proper to keep his projected plan of attack concealed in his own breast, and if, by means of a police and gendarmerie of his own creation, he had been able to establish an embargo strong enough to stop up every crevice of communication, King George III. would have been no more to blame for the exercise of this power than Napolean would have been to blame for the fogs which, proceeding from causes he had no power whatever to control, frequently concealed England from his view. In short, until the two nations came into open collision, to blame either government for the internal arrangements of the other, would be as absurd as to blame a nobleman who has a colt to run at the next Derby for the care and attention daily bestowed throughout the country on all the colts with which his is about to contend.

Now while the truth of this reasoning is before the mind, let us for a moment calmly apply it to Mr. Alison's remarks on the position which the Duke of Wellington occupied immediately before the battle of Waterloo.

It is an historical fact which cannot be denied, that at daybreak on the morning of the 15th June, 1815, the allied army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, was suddenly attacked in its cantonments by the French army, headed by Napoleon, who by this unexpected movement obtained the military advantage of encountering separately the Prussian army on the afternoon of the 16th at Fleuris, and the English army on the morning of the 18th at Waterloo, before these two forces could efficiently combine together against him, as they did at sunset on the 18th, after the two great battles alluded to had been fought.

Now granting to Napoleon for this dexterous *coup-de-main* the highest praise his most ardent admirers may declare to be his due, let us, with equal justice, consider how much blame, if any, belongs to the Duke of Wellington for having allowed himself, as Mr. Alison describes it, to have been 'surprised, outmanœvred, and out-generaled,' by his antagonist

There can be no doubt that, previous to the 15th of June, it was the desire of the Duke of Wellington that the allied army should not be surprised, and that, on the other hand, it was the object of Napoleon to surprise it. It must, however, also be admitted, that it was impossible for the Duke to repel the attack of his adversary before it was made, or even to concentrate his forces in readiness to do so, until he knew at what degree of longitude Napoleon's attack upon the allied army of observation was to be made; and as Napoleon, of couse, would not himself tell him this important secret, the Duke could only learn it from others. Accordingly, in the beginning of June, 1815, he was not only ready, but exceedingly anxious to receive the intelligence whenever it would deign in any way whatever to come to him; but he was *the receiver, not the donor*, and therefore, until the intelligence reached him, he could no more act upon it than a vessel becalmed under the Line can sail until the breeze approaching from the horizon has actually reached it. The Duke thirsted for the intelligence as the deserts of Africa after the dry season thirst for the rain, but until what he desired came to refresh him, it is perfectly evident he could not receive it. In short, the intelligence of Napoleon's movements could not reach the territory of the allied army until it had passed over a country under the arbitrary domination of Napoleon, and not under the authority of the Duke.

Now it may be, and it certainly is, very difficult indeed for any general to dam up every one of the many channels, large as well as small, by which intelligence flows and oozes from one country into another: but if, by the physical and moral power which Napoleon possessed in his own territory, he was enabled to do so, his opponent is no more to blame for not having received intelligence which did not flow, than he would have been to blame for his territory not having received irrigation from a river which his opponent had had the power to divert.

Napoleon, by sovereign authority wielded with admirable skill, prevented the intelligence of his movements from preceding his attack upon the cantonments of the allies; and Mr. Alison therefore affirms that the Duke of Wellington was 'surprised:' and so he was. But why select the Duke of Wellington for blame? for *he* was no more surprised than were the Belgian peasantry of the allied frontier, all of whom, though residing on the point attacked, were equally guilty of not knowing that which was unknown to the Duke of Wellington at Brussels. But not only were the inhabitants of the territory of the allies kept in ignorance of Napoleon's projected attack, but the French peasantry, occupying the very ground from which the attack proceeded, were ignorant of it—nay, the privates, noncommissioned officers, and officers of the French army, and even the French generals, had not power to communicate Napoleon's project to the Duke of Wellington, or to the Prussian general, Zieten.

At the period in question it is well known that, not only in France but in the ranks of the French army, there existed many Bourbonists who in their hearts were opposed to Napoleon, and who, though enlisted under his colours, were faithless to his cause. Instead, therefore, of risking their lives in fighting against their consciences, there must have been, and indeed there were many who would have deemed it a meritorious duty, as well as a most lucrative speculation, to have apprised the allies of the intended attack; but Napoleon, who was well aware of this disaffection, so faithfully guarded his own secret, and was moreover so quick in his movements, that he actually prevented every one of those among his own soldiers who would have betrayed him from doing so.

The writer of this memorandum, who, as an officer of engineers, was surveying the heights of Charleroi the morning it was attacked, was himself a witness to a most remarkable exemplification of this fact. He happened to be close to General Zieten about mid-day on the 16th of June, 1815, when the French Adjutant-General, Bourmont, who had just deserted, brought over to the Prussian army Napoleon's orders for its attack at two o'clock. In making this communication to General Zieten, who was on horseback surrounded by all his staff, General Bourmont distinctly declared that he had all along intended to betray Napoleon, but that he had refrained from doing so until he could bring over to the allies intelligence of importance.

Now all the while he was speaking, the Prussian army could hear from the horizon a faint increasing sound of "*eur*" . . . "*pereur*" . . . "*Empereur!*"—the distant cheers of the French army advancing to attack them. The Adjutant-General, Bourmont, while he was addressing General Zieten, must therefore have known perfectly well that at *that* hour the intelligence of the intended attack which without metaphor was speaking for itself, was of little or no value, whereas that had he apprised the allied army on, say even the 14th, that Napoleon intended to attack Charleroi the following day, the intelligence would have been of inestimable value. But General Bourmont deserted with all the information he could lay his hands on—his disposition to betray was evident—and he therefore brought with him the lesser intelligence only because he had not the means of carrying away the greater. And if no one in Napoleon's army, from this adjutant-general down to the shortest drummer-boy, had power to desert to the allies with the valuable intelligence of Napoleon's advance upon Charleroi—if the French peasantry on the frontier, intermingled by marriage with those in Belgium, had either no previous knowledge of the event, or found themselves divested of all power of safely communicating it to their relations and friends residing in the territory of the allies—how could General Zieten and the Prussian army find it out, and above all, if *they* did not know it, by what miracle could the intelligence possibly have leaped over all their heads to the Duke of Wellington at Brussels?

No such miracle, however, was performed, and accordingly the English general did not hear of Napoleon's attack upon Charleroi until the intelligence by an ordinary, and not by a supernatural course, flowed to him. In short, the event was known at Charleroi before it was known at Brussels, just as every day in the year the sun rises at Liverpool before it rises at New York; and yet merely because Napoleon managed, so long only as he remained within his own territory, successfully to keep his own secret, Mr. Alison jumps to the conclusion that by the exercise of this undisputed power he "outmanœuvred" and "outgeneraled" his antagonist. Now surely before such high praise was awarded by an English historian to Napoleon for the quickness of his first movement, it should be recollected that it resulted in his complete defeat.

If, on the 15th of June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington had suddenly marched the Allied troops into France, and attacking the French army in its position, had completely routed it, whatever credit might have been claimed for the English General, it ought in common justice, and it would always have been urged in Napoleon's defence, that he had been attacked before he had had sufficient time to collect materials of defence; in short, that he had been overpowered, but not outgeneraled or 'outmanœuvred.' The case, however, was precisely reversed, for Napoleon was the projector of his own plan, or, in more common words, he himself with his own hands spun the hemp and twisted the yarns of the rope with which he hanged himself.

Although the disposition of his own army was veiled in darkness, the Duke of Wellington maintaining his position in broad daylight, the amount of the allied army as well as its organization were no secrets. Napoleon therefore knew exactly where the British, Hanoverian, Belgian, Dutch, Prussian contingents were respectively cantoned—as also the nature of the roads which separated them. He knew how the cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the allies were disposed, and how many hours it would require to assemble them at any given point. He knew also where were the head-quarters of his opponent. With all these data before him he secretly calculated that, by unexpectedly springing upon the Prussian army, he would be enabled to attack it, and the British forces, separately, before they could have time to combine. This important part of his project, as we have shown, completely succeeded. Napoleon's own plan was therefore carried into effect, errors excepted according to his own wishes, and yet what we ask was the result of this game of chess of his own seeking? Why it was briefly as follows:—

On the 15th of June the Emperor Napoleon made the first move.

On the 16th, the Duke of Wellington said '*check*' to him at Quartre-Bras.

On the 17th, the two players stood in sullen silence looking at the board before them.

And on the 18th, at sunset, the Duke *check-mated* his antagonist, who, deeming himself completely beaten, of his own accord gave up the game and decamped.

But was this all? No. Not only was Napoleon's army so completely routed at Waterloo that it could never for a moment rally—not only were its elements scattered to the winds never to meet again—but Napoleon, still constituting himself supreme judge of his own case—still prescribing for his own wounds—decided on abdicating his title of Emperor, on descending from the throne of France, and lastly, on proceeding to England in the Bellerophon to surrender himself to the sovereign of his antagonist.

The remainder of his life was passed in captivity in a British Island; he was buried in British soil, in which he remained for nineteen years, until the British Sovereign in the month of September, 1840, magnanimously restored his mouldered bones to the French nation, 120,000 of whose soldiers he had gallantly, but so unsuccessfully, led to the attack of the allied army on the 15th of June, 1815.

That his first movement on that day was rapid, and calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the French army, we most readily admit; but when the deadly results just detailed are simultaneously considered, it certainly appears strange that so able and eloquent a writer as Mr. Alison should, in his history of this eventful period, aver that he "outmanœuvred the English General!"

If a French dragoon, with considerable activity and grimace, were unexpectedly to present the butt-end of his carbine at the breast of an English sentinel, and then pulling the trigger, were to blow his own brains out, would anybody in his senses say that this dragoon had out-manœuvred his red-coated enemy, merely because galloping "*ventre à terre*" at him, his first movements had been quick ones? and yet such was precisely Napoleon's conduct.

If, instead of hurrying on an army of 120,000 men, newly assembled, unaccustomed to act together, unacquainted with their officers, and whom he had commanded in person only one day, to attack a cool and experienced antagonist, Napoleon had pursued a more cautious plan of defensive operations—if, for instance, he had thrown his troops into the line of frontier fortresses in his possession, and if, instead of risking all by a brilliant *coup-de-main*, he had there patiently awaited the result of that moral, or, to speak correctly, *im*moral power within the Parliament of England, which, though feeble, was boldly and loudly protesting against the injustice of Europe interfering with the French people in in re-appointing as their ruler the Demon of War—no doubt, if Bonaparte had taken such a course as this, a different result would have ensued. It might have been a good one—it might have been a bad one—most certain it is, however, that *no* plan could possibly have ended more fatally for Napoleon's ambition than the one he had voluntarily adopted.

On the other hand, if the Duke of Wellington, instead of scientifically deploying his forces into an army of observation, had concentrated the British, Hanoverian, Belgian, Dutch, and Prussian troops, into one Babel phalanx, such a plan would undoubtedly have produced a different result, which might have been a good one, or which might have been a bad one; most certain, however, it is that *no* plan could have more promptly annihilated Napoleon's power, and have founded on its ruins a more lasting peace, than the cool, cautious, but vigorous course of operations which, under the direction of Divine Providence, the English General pursued.

The Duke of Wellington had two distinct and opposite duties to perform: first, defensively to occupy a long line, guarding his communications with England as well as with cities, roads, and fortresses of great military importance; secondly, rapidly to concentrate this army of occupation upon whatever point of the line Napoleon might think proper to attack. It is evident, therefore from the mere showing of the case, that until the Duke knew when and at what point of his line Napoleon's *real* attack was to be made, it was as impossible for him to prepare by concentration to resist it, as it would be impossible for a mathematician to draw for his sovereign the circumference of a circle until his majesty should have determined and made known to him where was to be the central point.

"On the 10th," says Mr. Alison, "The Duke of Wellington received intelligence, WHICH PROVED TO BE PREMATURE, that the Emperor had arrived in Maubeuge on the preceding day; but, notwithstanding the proximity of such a man, at the head of such a force, *no steps were taken to concentrate the English and Prussian armies!*"—vol. x. p. 922.

Why, only two pages before the above observation was written, Mr. Alison had himself narrated that Napoleon did not leave Paris to join his army until the morning of the 12th—(no wonder, therefore, that the intelligence of his being at Maubeuge on the 10th "proved to be premature")—and yet, with this truth before his eyes, Mr. Alison actually censures the English general for not having, on the receipt of this hoax, concentrated the allied army on the reported point of attack: in which case, Napoleon, "leaving him alone in his glory," would of course have given him the go-by—would have marched upon Brussels, or some other important point—and would thus indeed have "out-generaled and out-manœuvred" his English and Prussian antagonists.

The Duke of Wellington, however, with cooler judgment, determined to keep his troops in their position until he distinctly knew on what part of the line it would be expedient for them to concentrate. The very instant this fact was communicated to him, on the afternoon of the 15th, with all possible rapidity he despatched his orders to the extremities of his line; and every other preparation for battle having long ago been arranged, he dressed himself and went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball; thereby demonstrating placidity of mind, self-reliance, and self-control—the harbingers of the victory he achieved.

As it therefore appears, not only from theoretical reasoning, but from stern practical results, that *no* plan of operations could have proved more fatal to Napoleon than the hurried arrangements he adopted, and that, on the other hand, *no* course of conduct could possibly have produced more political and moral blessings than that which the Duke of Wellington cautiously pursued, it must be evident to future ages that Mr. Alison, in his ably-written History of the French Revolution, has unintentionally erred in his opinion that in the crisis alluded to, Napoleon, "*out-manœuvred and out-generaled the Duke of Wellington and Blücher*."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Alison will deem it due to his own high character to correct the serious error into which he has fallen, and that, in the words of Lord Bacon, we shall hear him exclaim, in vindication of the British and Prussian Generals whose reputation he has assailed, "*You shall now see how easily and clean I will wash away the ink I have dashed in their faces.*"

F. B. H.

Athenæum, May 2, 1843.

SIBERIAN BANISHMENT.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A MAITRE-D'ARMES.

The excitement produced in St. Petersburg on the occasion of a rash conspiracy which had broken out on the inauguration of the Emperor Nicholas, had ample time to die away before the sentence pronounced upon the conspirators became known. Six months elapsed, months of terrible suspense and anxiety to the friends of the unfortunate prisoners. At length, on the 14th of July, the decision of the high court of justice appeared in the *St. Petersburg Gazette.*—Six-and-thirty of the accused were condemned to death, the others to the mines and to exile. My friend and patron, Count Alexis W——, was included in the former list; but an act of clemency on the part of the Emperor tempered the severity of justice, and only five of the condemned were left for execution, while the remaining thirty-one had their sentence commuted to banishment. My friend's name was, God be thanked! among the latter.

On reading this announcement, I rushed into the street, and ran, without once stopping, until I reached the house of his beloved Louise. Of her, for the present, it will be sufficient to say, that she was a young, lovely, and intelligent French woman, whose sister I had known in Paris, and to whose patronage, from her position as a first rate *modiste* in St. Petersburg, I was much indebted. Between this truly amiable woman and the Count had for some years existed an attachment, not hallowed, indeed, by the church, but so long and deeply-rooted in the hearts of both, and so dignified by their mutual constancy and worth, as to have won the sympathies even of the Count's mother and sisters. To return, however, to Louise, whom I found with a copy of the *Gazette* in her hand, and bathed in tears, but they were tears of joy—

"He is saved!" cried she, on seeing me enter; "thank God and the Emperor!"

The first moment of joy over, Louise's thoughts turned to the mother and sisters of her lover. She calculated that the *Gazette* would only leave St. Petersburg by the post of that night, and that by sending off an express immediately the news might reach Moscow twelve hours sooner. She asked me if I knew a trusty messenger, who could start without delay to bear the glad tidings to the Count's family. I had a Russian servant, an intelligent, active fellow, and I offered his services, which she accepted with delight. The only difficulty was the passport, and through the kindness of the ex-chief of police, Monsieur de Gorgoli, it was procured in half an hour. At the expiration of that time the courier set off, with a thousand rubles in his pocket for travelling expenses.

He arrived at Moscow fourteen hours before the post; fourteen hours of mortal anxiety saved to the Count's mother and sisters.

The letter he brought back was one of those that seem written with a feather plucked from an angel's wing. The old Countess called Louise her daughter, and the young girls named her their sister. They entreated that, when the day was known on which the prisoners were to set off for their banishment, a courier might be despatched to Moscow with the news. I accordingly told my servant to hold himself in readiness to start, to his no small satisfaction; for the Count's mother had given him a thousand rubles for his first trip, and he trusted the second might be equally well rewarded.

There had not been an execution in St. Petersburg for sixty years, and the curiosity and excitement caused by the anticipation of this one, were proportionably great. The day was not fixed beforehand, and the inhabitants of the capital got up each morning, expecting to hear that the bloody tragedy had been enacted. I had requested a young Frenchman attached to Marshal Marmont's special mission, and who was on that account likely to have early information, to let me know when it was to take place; and on the evening of the 23d of July, he sent me word that the marshal and his suite had been invited to repair by four o'clock the following morning to the hotel of the French embassy, the windows of which commanded the place of execution.

I hastened to communicate this intelligence to Louise. All her fears returned. Was it certain that Alexis was pardoned? Might not the commutation of punishment announced in the *Gazette* be a ruse to conceal the truth from the people? These, and a thousand other doubts, arose in her mind; but I at last succeeded in tranquilzing her, and returned home to take some repose till the hour of the execution. Before doing so, however, my servant was sent off to Moscow, to inform the Countess W—— that the following day her son would leave St. Petersburg for his place of exile.

At half past three I left my house and hastened in the direction of the citadel. A grey tinge in the east announced the approach of day, and a thin white fog hung like a veil over the Neva. As I passed the corner of the French embassy, Marmont and his suite entered the house, and a minute afterward they appeared upon the balcony.

A few persons were standing upon the quay, not in expectation, or because they were informed of what was going to take place, but because the bridge of the Trinity was occupied by troops, and they were thereby prevented from proceeding whither their affairs called them. They seemed uneasy, and uncertain whether it might not be dangerous to remain there.

Some minutes before four, a large fire was lighted on the platform of the fortress. My attention being drawn to that point, I perceived, by the now increasing daylight, a wooden scaffolding, on which were erected five black and ominous looking gibbets.

Four o'clock struck, and the prisoners whose punishment had been commuted to banishment appeared upon the platform, and ranged themselves round the scaffold. They were all in full uniform, wearing their epaulettes, and the stars and ribands of of their different orders. Their swords were carried by soldiers. I tried to distinguish the Count, but the distance, and the still inperfect light, rendered the attempt fruitless.

The five who were to suffer death now ascended the scaffold, dressed in coarse linen frocks, and with a sort of white hood over their heads. They doubtless arrived from separate dungeons, for, as they met, they were allowed to embrace one another. Immediately afterward, a man went up to them and said something, which was followed by a cheer from the soldiers and others attending the execution. It was afterward reported, I know not with what truth, that this man was sent to offer them their lives if they chose to beg them; but that they replied to the officer by cries of Russia and Liberty!—cries that were rendered inaudible by the hurras of the guards and attendants.

The executioners stepped forward, passed the halters round the necks of the condemned, and pulled the hoods over their eyes. A neighbouring clock struck the first quarter after four, and simultaneously with the sound a trap-door gave way under the feet of the culprits. There was a great cry and much confusion, and a number of soldiers jumped upon the scaffold

Two of the ropes had snapped, and the unhappy men round whose necks they had been fastened, had fallen through the scaffolding to the platform; one of them had broken his thigh, and the other his arm. Ladders were brought, and the sufferers carried up to the scaffold and laid upon their backs, for they were unable to stand. In a few minutes new halters were ready, and with the help of the executioners, the victims managed to drag themselves under the gibbets. Their last words were Russia and Liberty! This time the ropes did their duty.

It was said, that when the Emperor was afterward informed of this incident, he was much vexed at its not having been immediately reported to him; but nobody had dared to take upon himself the responsibility of suspending the execution.

It was now the turn of the exiles. Their sentence was read, declaring them to have forfeited every thing, rank, possessions, orders, family, all that bound them to the world, and the executioners then tore off their epaulettes and decorations, which they threw into the fire. Then taking the prisoner's swords from the soldiers who held them, they seized them by the hilt and point, and broke them over their owners' heads, exclaiming, as each snapped in two,—"This is the sword of a traitor!" This ceremony over, they were stripped of their uniforms, which were replaced by coarse grey smock-frocks, and they were then led back to prison. The evening of the same day they set out for Siberia.

I returned to Louise, whom I found on her knees, praying and weeping. She looked at me as I entered the room as though afraid to interrogate me; but I relieved her anxiety by informing her that all had passed as announced in the Gazette. She raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of pious gratitude.

After a pause, "How far is it from here to Tobolsk?" she enquired.

"About eight hundred leagues."

"It is not so far as I thought," was her observation. I looked at her for a moment in silence. I began to suspect her intentions.

"Why do you ask the question?" enquired I.

"Can you not guess?"

"But, Louise, it is impossible, at least at this moment."

"Do not be uneasy my friend. I know my duty to my child, and my affection for its father shall not make me forget it. I will wait."

It was not without a motive that the Count's mother and sisters had been anxious to obtain the earliest possible intelligence of his departure from St. Petesburg. The road from that capital to Tobolsk ran through Iroslaw, a town about sixty leagues from Moscow, and they entertained hopes of being able to see their son and brother as he passed. Their passports were ready, and arrangements made, and as soon as they received from my servant the news of the departure of the prisoners they got into a *habiltka*, and without saying a word to any body of their intentions, set out for Iroslaw.

Travelling is rapid in Russia; in less than twenty-four hours they reached their destination and learned with delight that the prisoners had not yet passed. As their stay at Iroslaw might have excited suspicion, they left that town, and took up their quarters in a small village on the road at a solitary cottage, near which the carriages containing the exiles were to change horses. In all such cases in Russia, the persons in charge of criminals are forbidden to stop or to change horses in towns or even in villages.

After waiting two days, a servant whom the countess had stationed upon the road to watch for the convoy, hastened to her with the news that the first division of the prisoners had just arrived in five carriages, and that the corporal in charge had sent men to fetch horses from the village. The ladies got into their carriage and set off at full gallop for the cottage at which the convoy had halted They stopped upon the high road opposite the hut, and gazed eagerly through the half open door of its only room. It was crowded with prisoners; but Alexis was not among them.

In a quarter of an hour horses were brought; the prisoners re-entered the carriage, which immediately set off.

Half an hour later the second division of the convoy arrived; but the Count was not with it. The third, fourth, and fifth passed, each being obliged to wait longer than the preceeding one for horses, those at the post house and in the immediate neighbourhood having all been taken.

It was some time after nightfall when the sixth and last division was heard approaching. The poor women clasped their trembling hands together. The much wished-for moment had arrived, yet their greatest difficulty was to come. It was more than uncertain whether they would be permitted to embrace their son and brother.

The convoy stopped—Alexis got out of the third carriage. In spite of the darkness and of his ignoble garb, the countess and her daughters recognized him. One of the latter was about to call out his name; but her mother placed her hand on her mouth in time to prevent the imprudence, and the count entered the cottage.

The corporal commanding the escort began enquiring about horses, and on learning that they were scarce, he sent off his soldiers with orders to seize all they could find in the name of the emperor. The men departed and he remained alone with the prisoners. These was no danger of an attempt at escape. In the heart of the Czar's immense dominions, whither could a fugitive betake himself without a certainty of being overtaken, or of dying from hunger before he reached the frontier?

Corporal Ivan remained then walking up and down in front of the cottage, alternately whistling and flogging his leathern overalls with his riding whip, and occasionally stopping to gaze at the countess's travelling carriage, which was standing without horses in the road. Presently the door of the vehicle opened,—three ladies alighted and advanced toward the corporal.—Two of them remained a little behind—the third approached him with clasped hands.

"My friend," said the countess, "my son is among the prisoners you are escorting;—let me see him, but for a moment, and name your own reward."

"It is impossible, madam," replied the corporal respectfully, "my orders are strict to allow no one to communicate with the prisoners, and the knout is the least I may expect if I transgress them"

"But who will know that you have transgressed them?" cried the countess, her voice trembling with eagerness and suspense. Her daughters stepped forward, and joined their hands as in supplication to the soldier.

"It is quite impossible, madam," repeated the man.

"My mother!" cried Alexis, pushing open the cottage door. He had heard her voice and in an instant was in her arms.

The corporal made a movement as though to seize his prisoner; but at the same moment the two young girls fell at his feet and embracing his knees, pointed to the touching spectacle before them

Corporal Ivan was a good fellow in the main. He uttered something between a sigh and a growl, and the sisters saw that their prayer was granted.

"Mamma," said one of them in a low tone, "he will allow us to embrace our brother. The countess extricated herself from her son's arms, and held out a heavy purse to the corporal.

"You risk a punishment of our sakes, my friend, and it is fair you should be recompensed for it."

Ivan looked hard at the purse for a moment, then shaking his head and putting his hands behind his back, "no, your ladyship," said he, "I am committing a breach of duty, but it is not for gold. Here is the best excuse I can give my judges, and if they don't accept it God will;" and pointed to the two weeping girls. The countess seized the soldier's rough hand and pressed it to her lips.

"The horses cannot be here yet," continued Ivan, "get into your carriage and pull down the blinds. By that means nobody will see you and I may perhaps avoid making acquaintance with the knout."

"Thank you, corporal," said Alexis, "but at least take this purse."

"Take it yourself, lieutenant," said Ivan in a low voice, from habit giving the count a title to which he had no longer a right. "You will find the use of it at the end of your journey."

"But on arriving they will search me."

"You can give it to me before the search, and I will return it to you.—But I hear the gallop of a horse;—quick, into the carriage! The corporal pushed Alexis into the carriage; the ladies followed and he shut the door upon them.

An hour elapsed, an hour of mingled joy and sorrow. At the expiration of that time the door opened and Ivan appeared. "You must separate," said he, "the horses are arriving."

"A few moments longer," cried the ladies with tearful voices.

"Not a second, or I am ruined. Go on to the next relay—it is dark, no one will see you and I shan't be punished more for twice than once."

"Oh! you will not be punished at all," cried the ladies—"surely God will reward you."

"Hum," said the corporal doubtingly, and half pulling his prisoner out of the carriage.

At the next relay things went equally well. A third interview was rendered impossble by the approach of day. The sad word *farewell* was pronounced, and the weeping women took the road to Moscow, having previously arranged a plan of correspondence, and carrying with them a few affectionate lines that Alexis had scrawled in pencil for Louise.

The countess had ordered my servant to wait at Moscow till she returned, and on her arrival there immediately dispatched him to St. Petersburgh. He brought Louise the count's note and a letter from his mother, inviting her to go to Moscow, for that she was impatient to embrace her as her daughter.

Louise kissed her lover's note. She shook her head on reading the Countess's letter, and smiled one of those sad smiles that were peculiar to her.—"I shall not go to Moscow," said she, "my place is elsewhere."

As I had suspected, Louise had resolved to join Count W—— at Tobolsk; but she could not set out till after her confinement, which was to take place in a couple of months. Meantime she busied herself with preparations. By turning every thing she possessed into money, she got together a sum of thirty thousand rubles. At her request, I applied to my kind friend, Monsieur de Gorgoli, to obtain from the Emperor permission for her to rejoin her lover. Her intentions had got wind in St. Petersburg, and every body spoke with admiration of the devoted attachment of the young Frenchwoman. Many thought, however, that her courage would fail her when the moment of departure arrived; but I knew her better, and felt assured of the contrary.

At the commencement of September, she became the mother of a boy. I wished her to write to the mother of Alexis, to announce this event; but she refused. The Countess heard of it, however, and wrote to Louise, to say that she was expecting her with her child.

Her recovery was slow, the various emotions she had undergone during her pregnancy having weakened her health. She would have left St. Petersburg long before she was strong enough to do so; but the permission to join Count W—— was to come through me, and I refused to apply for it till her medical attendant gave her leave to travel.

One morning the door of my apartment opened, and Louise entered, her face radiant with joy. "He will escape!" cried she.

"Who?"

"He—Alexis."

"How! Escape? It is impossible."

"Read that," she said, and handed me a letter in the Count's hand-writing It was as follows:—"Dearest Louise—Place all confidence in the bearer of this letter. He is more than my friend—he is my saviour.

"I fell ill upon the road, and was obliged to stop at Perm. The physicians declared I was not able to continue my journey, and it was decided I should pass the winter in the prison of that town. As good fortune would have it, the jailor's brother is an old servant of my family, and willing to aid my escape. He and his brother fly with me; but I must have means of indemnifying them for what they give up on my account, and for the risk they run. Give the bearer all the money and jewels you possess. As soon as I am in safety I will write to you to come and join me. Adieu. W——."

"Well," said I, after reading the letter twice over, "what have you done?"

"Can you ask the question?"

"What!" cried I, "You have given . . . ?"

"Every ruble I had," interrupted she.

"And if this letter were not from the Count? If it were a forgery?"

She changed color, and snatched the paper from my hand.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I know his hand-writing. I cannot be mistaken." But, on reading the letter again, I observed that she grew still paler.

"I do not think," I observed, "that Alexis would have addressed such a demand to you."

"And why not? Who loves him better than I do?"

"Understand me rightly. For an act of friendship or devotion, he would have applied to *you*, but for money to his mother. I tell you again, either I do not know Count W——'s character, or this letter is not written by him."

"But what will become of me? I have given every thing I possessed."

"How did the Count usually sign his letters?"

"Alexis, always."

"You see this one is signed W——. It is evidently a forgery, and we must immediately inform the police."

"And if we are mistaken? If it is not a forgery, by doing so I shall prevent his escape. Oh, no! Better lose the money. I can manage without. All that I am anxious to know is, whether he is at Perm."

It occurred to me that I might easily ascertain this latter point through a lieutenant of gendarmerie to whom I gave lessons; and begging Louise to wait my return, I hastened to his quarters. I told him I had particular reasons for wishing to know whether my friend W—— had reached Tobolsk, and asked him if it were possible to ascertain. He immediately sent an orderly for the non-commissioned officer who had commanded the Count's division. Ten minutes afterward, Corporal Ivan entered the room; and, although I was not then aware of the service he had rendered the Countess and her daughters, I was immediately prepossessed in his favour, by his frank, open countenance and soldierly bearing.

"You commanded the sixth division of the prisoners lately sent to Siberia?" enquired I.

"I did so, your excellency."

"Count W—— was in your division?"

The corporal hesitated, and did not seem much to like the question.

"Fear nothing," said I, "you are speaking to a friend who would sacrifice his own life for him. Tell me the truth, I beseech you. Was Count W—— ill on the road?"

"Not the least."

"Did he stop at Perm?"

"Not even to change horses. I left him at Koslowo, a pretty little village on the Irtich, twenty leagues from Tobolsk."

"You are sure of what you say?"

"Quite sure. I had a receipt from the authorities, which I delivered over to his excellency the grand master of police."

I now hastened to Monsieur de Gorgoli, and related all that had passed. When I had finished—

"Is this young girl decided to go penniless, as she now is, to join her lover in Siberia?"

"Quite decided, your excellency; and I am persuaded nothing will alter her resolution."

"Then go and tell her from me, that she shall have the permission."

I hurried back to Louise, and informed her of the result of my two interviews. She appeared indifferent to the loss of her little fortune, but overjoyed to learn that she would be allowed to join her lover. Her only anxiety now was to obtain the requisite permission as soon as possible.

Before leaving her, I placed at her disposal what money I had, which, unfortunately, was only two or three thousand rubles; for I had, a short time previously, remitted to France all that I had laid by during my residence at St. Petersburg.

The same evening I was at Louise's house, when one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp was announced. He brought her a letter of audience for the following day. Monsieur de Gorgoli had kept his word.

Early the following morning I called upon Louise, to accompany her to the palace. I found her waiting for me, dressed in deep mourning, and without a single ornament; but her pale, melancholy style of beauty, was rather improved than impaired by the simplicity and sombre colour of her attire.

At the palace gate we separated, and I awaited her return in the carriage. On presenting her letter of audience, an officer on duty conducted her to the Emperor's private cabinet, and desiring her to wait there, left the room. She remained alone for about ten minutes, during which time, she afterward told me, she was more than once near fainting away. At last a step was heard in the adjoining apartment; a door opened, and the Emperor appeared. On seeing him, she, by a spontaneous movement, fell upon her knees, and, unable to find words, clasped her hands together in mute supplication.

"Rise!" said the Emperor kindly, advancing toward her. "I have been already spoken to on the subject of your application. You wish for permission to join an exile?"

"Yes, sire, if such a favour may be granted."

"You are neither his sister nor his wife, I believe."

"I am his—friend, sire," replied poor Louise, a tinge of pink overspreading her pale cheek. "He must sadly need a friend."

"You know that he is banished for life to a country where there are scarcely four months of spring, and the rest of the year is one dreary winter."

"I know it, sire."

"Do you know, also, that he has neither rank, fortune, nor title to share with you—that he is poorer than the poorest mendicant in St. Petersburg.

"Yes, sire."

"You have doubtless some fortune, some resources of your own?"

"Alas, sire, I have nothing! Yesterday I had thirty thousand rubles, produced by the sale of all I possessed, but even that little fortune was stolen from me."

"I know it. By a forged letter. It was more than a theft, it was a sacrilege; and, should its perpetrator be detected, he shall be punished as though he had broken open the poor-box in a church. But there are means of repairing your loss?"

"How, sire?"

"Inform his family of the circumstance. They are rich, and will assist you."

"I thank your Majesty; but I desire no assistance save that of God."

"But without funds how can you travel? Have you no friends who would help you?"

"Pardon me, sire, but I am too proud to borrow what I could never repay. By selling what little property I have left, I shall raise two or three hundred rubles."

"Scarcely sufficient for a quarter of the journey. Do you know the distance from here to Tobolsk, my poor girl?"

"Yes, sire—about eight hundred French leagues."

"And how will you get over the five or six hundred leagues you will still have to travel when your last ruble is spent?"

"There are towns on the road, sire. When I reach a town I will work till I have enough to continue my journey to the next."

"That may do as far as Perm," replied the Emperor; "but after that you have the Ural mountains, and you are at the end of Europe. After that nothing but a few scattered villages; no inns upon the road; large rivers without bridges or ferries, and which must be traversed by dangerous fords, whence men and horses are frequently swept away."

"Sire, when I reach the rivers they will be frozen; for I am told that in those regions the winter begins earlier than at St. Petersburgh."

"What!" cried the Emperor, astonished, "do you think of setting out now—of performing such a journey in winter?"

"It is during the winter that *his* solitude must be most intolerable."

"It is impossible. You must be mad to think of it."

"Impossible if your Majesty so wills it. No one can disobey your Majesty."

"*I* shall not prevent it; but surely your own reason, and the immense difficulties of such an undertaking, will"

"Sire! I will set out to-morrow."

"But if you perish on the road?"

"If I perish, sire, he will have lost nothing, for I am neither his mother, his daughter, nor sister, but only his mistress—that is, a woman to whom society gives no rights, and who must consider herself fortunate if the world looks upon her with no harsher feeling than indifference. But if I *am* able to join him, I shall be *every thing* to him—mother, sister, family, and friends. We shall be two to suffer instead of one, and that fearful exile will lose half its terrors. You see, sire, I *must* rejoin him, and that as soon as possible."

"You are right," said the Emperor, looking fixedly at her, "and I no longer oppose your departure."

He rang; an aide-de-camp appeared.

"Is Corporal Ivan in attendance?"

"He waits your Majesty's orders."

"Let him come in."

The aide-de-camp bowed, and disappeared. Two minutes afterward the door reopened, and Corporal Ivan stepped into the room, then halted, upright and motionless, one hand on the seam of his overalls, the other to the front of his schako.

"Draw near," said the Emperor, in a stern voice.

The corporal made four paces to the front, and relapsed into his former position.

"Nearer!"

Four more paces, and Ivan was close to the Emperor's writing table.

"You are Corporal Ivan?"

"Yes, sire."

"You commanded the escort of the sixth division?"

"Yes, sire."

"You had orders to allow the prisoners to communicate with no one?"

This time the corporal's tongue seemed embarrassed by something, and his affirmative was uttered in a less steady tone than the preceding ones.

"Count Alexis W—— was one of the prisoners in your division, and in spite of your orders you allowed him to have two interviews with his mother and sisters. You know the punishment you exposed yourself to by so doing!"

Ivan grew very pale, and was forced to support himself against the table.

"Pardon, sire!" gasped he.

Louise seemed about to speak, but a motion of the Emperor's hand warned her to remain quiet. After a moment's silence—

"You are pardoned," said the Emperor.

The soldier drew a deep breath. Louise uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Where did you leave Count W——!"

"At Koslowo, your Majesty."

"You will set off again, and escort this lady thither."

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Louise, who began to understand the Emperor's feigned severity.

"You will obey her in all respects, consistently with her safety, for which you answer to me with your head; and if, on your return, you bring me a letter from her, saying that she is satisfied with your conduct, you shall be made sergeant."

"Thanks, father," said Ivan, forgetting for a moment his military stiffness, and falling upon his knees. The Emperor gave him his hand to kiss, as he was in the habit of doing to the lowest of his subjects. Louise was going to throw herself at his feet and kiss his other hand, but the Emperor stopped her.

"You are indeed a true and admirable woman," said he. "I have done all I can for you. May God bless and protect you!"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Louise, how can I show my gratitude!"

"When you pray for your child," said the Emperor, "pray also for mine." And waving his hand kindly to her, he left the room.

When Louise returned home she found a small packet that had been sent from the Empress during her absence. It contained thirty thousand rubles.

It had been arranged that I should accompany Louise as far as Moscow, a city that I was desirous of visiting, and thence she would pursue her journey under Ivan's escort. The day after her interview with the Emperor, we started in a carriage that Ivan brought, and the combined strength and elegance of which surprised me, until I observed on a corner of the pannel the mark of the imperial stables. It was an excellent travelling berline, lined throughout with fur. Ivan was provided with an order, by virtue of which post horses would be furnished us the whole of the journey, at the Emperor's expense. Louise got into the carriage with her child in her arms; I seated myself beside her, Ivan jumped on the box, and in a few minutes we were rattling along the Moscow road.

Louise was received with open arms by the Countess W—— and her daughters. The nature of her connexion with Alexis was lost sight of and forgotten in the devotion and disinterestedness of her attachment. A room was prepared for her in the Countess's house; and, however anxious the Count's mother and sisters were that he should have society and consolation in his exile, they nevertheless entreated her to pass the winter at Moscow, rather than run the risk of so long a journey during the bad season that was approaching. But Louise was inflexible. Two days were all she would consent to remain. She was forced, however, to leave her child in charge of its grandmother, for it would have been madness to have done otherwise.

I had been offered an apartment in the Countess's house, but preferred taking up my quarters at an hotel, in order to have liberty to spend my time in visiting whatever was remarkable at Moscow. On the evening of the second day I went to call upon the Countess. The ladies were making another effort to persuade Louise to defer her perilous journey till a more favourable season. But no arguments, no entreaties, could move her: she was determined to set off the following morning. I was invited to breakfast, and to witness her departure.

I had been for some days turning over in my mind a project that I now resolved to put in execution. I got up early the next morning and bought a fur coat and cap, thick furred boots, a carbine, and a brace of pistols, all of which I gave to Ivan, and desired him to place them in the carriage. I then hastened to the Countess W——'s.

Breakfast over, the carriage drove up to the door. Louise was alternately clasped in the arms of the Countess and her daughters. My turn came, and she held out her hand. I made a motion to assist her into the carriage. "Well," said she, astonished, "don't you bid me farewell?"

"Why should I?"

"I am going to set off."

"So am I."

"You!"

"Certainly. You recollect the Persian fable—the pebble that was not the rose, but had caught some of its fragrance by living near it."

"Well?"

"Well, I have caught some of your devotedness, and I shall go with you to Tobolsk. I will deliver you safe and sound to the Count, and then come back again."

Louise looked me earnestly in the face. "I have no right," said she. "to prevent your doing a good action—come."

The Countess and her daughters were in tears. "My child! my child!" cried Louise, who had remained firm up to this moment, but burst into a passion of weeping as she clasped her infant for the last time in her arms.

"Adieu! Adieu!" The whip cracked; the wheels rattled over the pavement. We were off to Siberia. On we went, day and night. Pokrow, Vladimir, Nijni-Novogorod, Casan. "*Pascare! Pascare!*" Quicker! Quicker! was Ivan's cry to each new postillion.

[We pass over the perilous details of the journey.]

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All now went well. Thanks to the imperial order with which we were provided, the best horses were always for us, and, when necessary, escorts of ten or twelve men galloped on either side of our sledge. The country was flat and the pace good, and exactly a week after leaving the Ural mountains we entered Tobolsk.

We were dreadfully fatigued, but yet Louise would only remain long enough to take a bath; and at two in the morning we set out for the little town of Koslowo, which had been selected as the abode of twenty of the exiles, among whom was Alexis. On arriving, we hastened to the officer commanding there, and showing him the Emperor's order, which produced its usual effect, enquired after the Count. He was well, was the answer, and still at Koslowo.

It had been agreed between Louise and myself that I should go and see him first, and inform him of her arrival. I asked the governor for a pass, which he gave me without hesitation, and a Cossack conducted me to a part of the town composed of some twenty houses enclosed within high palisades, and guarded by sentries. We stopped before a door, and my guide knocked. "Come in!" said a voice which I recognized as that of Alexis.

When I opened the door, he was lying on his bed, dressed, and with a book on the floor near him. I stopped upon the threshold. He stared at me without speaking, and seemed hardly to believe his eyes.

"Well," said I, "have you forgotten me?"

At the sound of my voice, he sprang from his bed and threw his arms around me. But the next instant he started back. "Good heavens!" exclaimed he, "you are exiled, and I am probably the cause."

"No, indeed," I replied, "I come here as an amateur." He smiled bitterly.

"As an amateur! Into the heart of Siberia! Explain your meaning. But first—Louise—what of her?"

"I have just now left her."

"Just now? A month ago, you mean?"

"Five minutes ago."

"Good God! what do you mean?" cried Alexis, growing very pale.

"That Louise has accompanied me, and is now here."

"Oh woman! woman! Thy heart is ever the same," murmured Alexis, while tear after tear rolled down his cheek. He was then silent for a time, but his lips moved, and I doubt not in thanksgiving to God for such happiness.

"Where is she?" he at length exclaimed.

"At the governor's house."

He rushed toward the door. "I am mad," said he, pausing, "I forgot that I cannot leave my cage without permission. My dearest friend, bring her here, I beseech you! Or stay, this man will go." He spoke in Russian to the Cossack, who went out.

In a few minutes, and before I could answer a tithe of the numerous questions Alexis asked me, the man returned, but alone.

"Well?" said the Count, changing countenance.

"The governor says you must be aware that the prisoners are not allowed to receive visits from women."

The Count struck his forehead with his clenched hand, and fell back upon a chair. His features were almost convulsed by the violence of his emotions. At last he turned to the Cossack.

"Beg the sergeant to come here." The soldier left the room.

"Can any thing be more horrible?" cried Alexis. "She has come nine hundred leagues to see me; she is not a hundred yards from me, and we are forbidden to meet!"

"There must surely be some blunder," said I; "an order misunderstood, or somethink of the kind."

Alexis shook his head doubtingly. There was a wild look of despair in his large dark eyes that alarmed me. At this moment, the sergeant who had charge of the prisoners entered.

"Sir," cried the Count with vehemence, "the woman I love has left St. Petersburg to join me, and after a thousand dangers and hardships has arrived here. I am now told that I shall not be allowed to see her. It is doubtless a mistake!"

"No, sir," replied the sergeant coolly. "You know very well that the prisoners are not permitted to see women."

"But Prince Troubetskoy has that permission. Is it because he is a prince?"

"No, sir, it is because the princess is his wife."

"And if Louise were my wife, should I be allowed to see her?"

"Undoubtedly, sir!"

"Ha!" ejaculated the Count, as though a weight were removed from off his heart. "I should like to speak with the priest," said he to the sergeant, after a moment's pause.

"He shall be sent for immediately," was the reply.

"And now my friend," said Alexis, turning to me, and taking my hands in his, "you have been Louise's guardian and defender, will you for once act as her father?"

The following morning at ten o'clock, Louise, accompanied by the governor and myself, and Alexis by Prince Troubetskoy and the other exiles, entered the little church of Koslowa by two different doors. Their first meeting was at the altar, and the first word they exchanged was the *yes* that united them forever.

The Emperor by a private letter to the governor, of which Ivan was the bearer, had ordered that the Count should only be allowed to see Louise as his wife. It has been seen how willingly my friend obeyed, I should rather say anticipated, the Emperor's commands. And rich was his reward for thus promptly acknowledging the just claims of this devoted and very admirable woman. She was one of "nature's own nobility"—refined and graceful, intelligent and high-minded—and would have graced higher rank than that to which she was raised by the gratitude of Count Alexis W——.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

DUELLING.

The universal practice of duelling, and the ideas entertained of it, contributed not a little to the disturbed and ferocious state of society we have been describing. No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had "smelt powder," as it was called; and no barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit, and the number of duels they had fought. Sir Jonah Barrington gives some singular details of this, and a catalogue of barristers who killed their man, and judges who fought their way to the bench. We shall notice some of them, with a few additional particulars which Barrington has not mentioned.

Among the barristers most distinguished in this way was Bully Egan, chairman of Kilmainham for the county of Dublin. He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he perhaps fought more duels than any man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with Barret, the master of the rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired, he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied; but Egan called out he must have a shot at his *honour*. On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not *humour* him, or be *bothered* with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil. On another occasion he fought with Keller, a brother barrister. It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume the argument in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford about sixty years since: Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man and a justice of the peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. "They told him to get out of the way or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood, and they found the bench, jury-box, and spectators waiting quietly to hear which of them was killed.

Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, who was afterward Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare, fought with Curran, afterward Master of the Rolls, with enormous pistols, twelve inches long.

Scott, afterward Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawly on some affair about his wife, and afterward with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister, and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects and with various weapons, swords and pistols.

Metge, Baron of the Exchequer, fought with his own *brother-in-law*, and two other antagonists.

Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords.

Toler, Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "fighting" Fitzgerald, and two others, with their pistols muzzle to muzzle. So distinguished was Mr. Toler for his deeds in this way, that he was always the man depended on by the administration to frighten a member of the opposition—and so rapid was his promotion in consequence, that it was said he *shot* up into preferment!

Grady, first counsel to the revenue, fought Maher and Campbell, two barristers, and several others. *quos perscribere longum est*

Curran, Master of the Rolls, was as much distinguished for his duels as his eloquence. He called out, among others, Lord Buckinghamshire, Chief Secretary for Ireland, because he would not dismiss, at his dictation, a public officer.

The Right Honourable G. Ogle, a privy councillor, and member for Dublin, the great Orange champion, encountered Barny Coyle, a distiller of whiskey, because he was a papist—and Coyle challenged him, because he said "he would as soon break an oath as swallow a poached egg." The combatants were so inveterate, that they actually discharged *four* brace of pistols without effect. The seconds did not come off so well as the principals—one of them broke his arm, by stumbling into a potato trench. Ogle was as distinguished a poet as a duellist, and his song of "Bannow's Banks" has been for half a century a prime favourite.

Sir Hardinge Gifford, Chief Justice of Ceylon, had an encounter with the unfortunate barrister, Bagnal Harvey, afterward the rebel leader in the county of Wexford. He wounded Gifford, but subsequently suffered himself by an ignominious execution.

The Right Honourable Henry Grattan, leader of the House of Commons, was ever ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. His cool ferocity, on such occasions, was a fearful display. He began by fighting Lord Earlsford, and ended by shooting the Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He called him, in the debate on the union, "a dancing-master," and went from the house to fight him, while the debate was going on, and shot him through the arm.

So general was the practice, and so all-pervading was the duel mania, that the peaceful shades of our university could not escape it. Not only students adopted the practice, but principle and fellows set the example. The Honourable J. Hely Hutchinson, the provost, introduced, among other innovations on the quiet retreats of study, dancing, and the fashionable arts. Among them was the noble science of defence, for which he wished to endow a professorship. He is represented in Pranceriana as a fencing-master, trampling on Newton's principia, while he makes a lunge. He set the example of duelling to his pupils, by challenging and fighting Doyle, a Master in Chancery—while his son, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, collector of the customs in Dublin, not to degenerate from his father, fought a duel with Lord Mountmorris.

As if this was not a sufficient incentive to the students, the Honourable Patrick Duigenan, a fellow and tutor in Trinity College, challenged a barrister, and fought him—and not satisfied with setting *one* fighting example to his young class of pupils, he called out a second opponent to the field.

The public mind was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780 to the time of the union, that it was supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in Ireland during that interval. Counties or districts became distinguished for their dexterity at the weapons used—Galway, for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo, for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both.

So universal and irrepressible was the propensity, that *duelling clubs* were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was ballotted for, he must sign a solemn declaration, that "he had exchanged a shot or a thrust with some antagonist:" and a code of laws and regulations were drawn up as a standard, to refer to on all points of honour. This was called, "The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmel summer assizes, 1775, by gentlemen delegates from Tipperary, Galway, &c., and presented for general adoption throughout Ireland." This singular national document is still extant, though happily now seldom appealed to.

Weapons of offence were generally kept at the inns for the accommodation of those who might come on an emergency unprovided. In such cases, "pistols were ordered for two, and breakfast for one," as it might and sometimes did happen, that the other did not return to partake of it, being left dead on the field. No place was free from these encounters: feuds were cherished and offences often kept in memory, till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the combat commenced in the public street; a ring was formed round the parties, and they fought within it like too pugilists at Moulsey Hurst. We remember to have heard an old gentleman tell of such an encounter which he witnessed in St. Stephen's Green. One of the combatants was, we believe, G. R. Fitzgerald. The parties were walking round the enclosure in different directions, and as soon as they met they sprang at each other like two game cocks; a crowd collected and a ring was formed, when some humane person cried out, "for God's sake part them." "No," said a grave gentleman in the crowd, "let them fight it out. One will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests." One of them did thrust the other through the tail of his coat, and he long exhibited in company, by his uneasy position, the painful and disgraceful seat of the wound.

Among the duellists of the south of Ireland at the close of the last century, were several whose deeds are still talked of. One was a gentleman named Hayes, and called "Nosey," from a remarkable fleshy excrescence growing from the top of his nose, which increased to an enormous size. It was said to be the point at which his antagonist always aimed, as the most striking and conspicuous part of his person. On one occasion he tried in vain to bring an offender to the field, so he charged his son never to appear again in his presence till he brought with him the ear of his antagonist. In obedience to the father's commands, the son sought out the unfortunate man, seized him, and, as was currently reported, cut off his ear, and actually brought it back to his father, as a peace-offering, in a handkerchief.

Another was Pat Power of Daragle. He was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face.—He on one occasion fought with a fire eating companion, called Bob Briscoe; when taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another who had less inclination to use it—and when a friend of his declined a challenge, Power immediately took it up for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the south of Ireland, he knighted many persons without much regard to their merits or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honours in this way. Among his knights were the Recorder, the paymaster of a regiment, and a lieutenant. Power was in a coffee house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights. He abused them all; but particularly "a fellow called B———, a beggarly, half pay lieutenant." The gentleman turned pale, and in confusion, immediately left the coffee room. "Do you know who that is?" said a person present. "No," said Power, "I never saw him before." "That's Sir J. B——— whom you have been abusing." "In that case," said Power, with great unconcern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent attorney, sat down upon a desk stool, and told him immediately to draw his will as he had no time to lose.—The will was drawn and executed, and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry. He explained the circumstance, and said he expected to find a message at his house before him. "Never fear," said Cooke, "the knight is an *Englishman*, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said." Cooke was a prophet. The terror of Power's name was sufficient to satisfy the Englishman for the insult.

When travelling in England he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the chraracteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm and with the watch in his hand walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one he gave his name and address, and assured the cockney he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, he quietly made his supper off the potatoes to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them, several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Another of these distinguished duelists was a Mr. Crow Ryan. He shouted along the streets of Carrick-on-Suir, "who dare say Boo," and whoever did dare say so, was called out to answer for it. The feats of another, the celebrated "fighting" Fitzgerald, are still well remembered in Dublin. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step into the mud or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to choose the latter, he was immediately challenged.

The deeds of Bryan Maguire, one of the last and lineal descendants of the ancient chieftains of Fermanagh, continued till a still more recent period "to fright the Islanders from their propriety."

The laws by which duelling is punishable were then as severe as now; but such was the spirit of the times, that they remained a dead letter. No prosecution ensued, or if it even did, no conviction would follow. Every man on the jury was himself probably a duelist, and would not find his brother guilty. The judge, we believe, who most contributed to check this spirit, was the late Judge Mayne.

This mania seems to have commenced after the battle of the Boyne, and terminated with the union. The effect of the first was, to disband a number of military men by the dissolution of the Irish army, who wandered about the country without employment or means of living, yet adhering with tenacity to the rank and feelings of gentlemen. They were naturally susceptible of slight or insult, and ready on all occasions to resent them by an appeal to their familiar weapons, the sword or pistol. Their opponents, the Williamites, had been soldiers likewise, and not likely to treat with due respect ruined and defeated men. These causes, acting on temperaments naturally hot and irritable, brought on constant collisions, which were not confined to the parties, but were soon expanded through all classes. The effect of the union was to amalgamate the countries more closely together, and to superadd the sober and wiser modes of thinking of our neighbors, on the unstable and eccentric habits of ourselves.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From Tait's Magazine.

THE DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF SCOTLAND.

The catastrophe, so long threatened and so long delayed, has at length arrived. The Venerable Kirk of Scotland is fairly laid on her beam-ends; the most affectionate and dutiful of her children, Dr. Chalmers and his coadjutors, standing by, looking with no little complacency on their handiwork. The reverend Doctor might have been delighted to say,

"Alone I did it!"

—but this is a glory denied him. He has had many willing, zealous, and unscrupulous auxiliaries, and many more dupes and victims. Let not, however, Voluntaries and Dissenters at a distance imagine, that this fell matricide has been committed from any dislike to the principle of a State Church, as one directly opposed to the religious liberties of mankind and the interests of pure Christianity. The new Seceders hold directly the reverse of this; and the "General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland"—the resonant title which the body has assumed—was not three hours old, before its first Moderator, Dr. Chalmers, took pains to proclaim deadly animosity to Liberals and Dissenters, whom he denounced in no measured terms, as seditious, discontented, restless men, dangerous alike to Church and State; with whom he and his party would take neither part nor lot.* It is not then from disapprobation of a State, *i. e.* an "Erastian Church," or from dislike to ministers receiving State pay, which the Doctor regards as a most important element in the maintenance of religion, the very pabulum of Presbyterianism, that the disruption has arisen; but because the Established clergy, while eating the bread which the State provided for them, could not be as much above its control as the ministers of independent bodies of Dissenters; that they should not be at liberty to do what they liked with what was *not* their own,—that as often as the decisions of their courts came into collision with the judgments of the civil courts, the latter should yield. From first to last, for the seven years that this affair has disturbed Scotland, the struggle has been for clerical power, veiled, at one period, with the thin pretext, latterly thrown aside, of demanding for a few of the people a roundabout check—a veto upon the exercise of lay patronage.

The cry of "Wolf!" had been raised so often; the threat, "We will go off, and leave manse, glebe, and tiends!" so frequently reiterated, that the public had become incredulous; though it was not seen how the Protesters could, in common decency, remain much longer. Late symptoms, of a more than ordinary attention to the commissariat department and the replenishment of the treasure-chest, foreboded a serious campaign. By one means or another, nay, by all kind of means, fair and unfair, a very large sum of money had, this year, been collected for building meeting-houses, and "the sustentation of the clergy," and a much larger sum subscribed. In the meantime, by the late election of members to the General Assembly, it was evident that the party which had for some years carried matters with so high a hand—attempting to bully successive Governments in the concessions they demanded, and defying the courts of law—would be in a minority in their own Assembly, to whose *dicta*, of course, they were bound to submit. On perceiving this, it was deemed politic not to hazard even one vote; not to wait until the General Assembly had been constituted by the election of its chairman, (the Moderator,) which must have gone against them, but at once to declare off! This was done by the reading of a long protest against the proceedings and judgments of the Supreme Court of Scotland, which have been affirmed by Parliament as often as they were appealed, and against the Governments which had refused their claims; and the seceders rose and walked out, to the number of eighty nine parish ministers, and thirty-one *quoad sacra* ministers—a kind of irregulars, who, by the decision of the courts of law, had no right to sit in church courts—and seventy-three elders. Even if the *quoad sacra* ministers and their elders had been included, the number retiring was a minority of the whole Assembly. It is not to be imagined that an affair which had, for seven years, produced so much rancorous agitation, was to reach the crisis without creating some sensation out of doors. The adherents of the party had collected in considerable numbers. The course that was to be taken was previously known; and, when the Seceders—the martyrs—appeared, they were received with some cheering, and accompanied down hill to a deserted pile, where, seven years ago, the citizens of Edinburgh gave a dinner to Mr. O'Connell. Dr. Chalmers was then, by acclamation, chosen Moderator of "The First General Assembly of the Free Presbyterian Church;" and, having first explained the reasons of secession, the Reverend Doctor lost no time in making that vituperative manifesto against other dissenters, and that eulogy on endowed establishments to which we have referred.

Leaving the new General Assembly to act its virgin fancies, let us now for a moment inquire what principle gave rise to it? what led so many protesting martyrs to forsake "the Church of their fathers," first inflicting upon her what they do not scruple to avow is, as they hope, a mortal stab. *We write for the information of readers in England and Ireland, and for Scotsmen abroad, many of whom labour under the mistake of imagining that, on the part of the leaders of the seceding party, this has really been a liberal and generous popular movement;*

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* SPEECH OF DR. CHALMERS AT THE OPENING OF THE FREE ASSEMBLY.

That Dissenters and Voluntaries everywhere may know what are the fundamental principles of the New Free Presbyterian Church, we subjoin an extract from Dr. Chalmers's opening speech:—"To be more plain, let me be more particular. The Voluntaries mistake, if they claim us as Voluntaries. We hold it to be the duty of Government to give their resources and means for the maintenance of a gospel ministry in the land; and we pray that their eyes may yet be opened, and that they may learn to acquit themselves as protectors of the Church, and not as its corrupters or tyrants. (Applause) May the sin of Uzziah be forgiven them, and may the day speedily come, when 'kings shall be the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the Church.' (Renewed cheers.) In a word, we hold that every post and function of the commonwealth should be leavened with Christianity, and that every functionary, from the highest to the lowest, should in their respective spheres do all that in them lies to countenance and to uphold it. That is to say, though we quit the Establishment, it is right that it should be understood that we go out holding the Establishment principle. We quit a vitiated Establishment; but we shall rejoice to return to a purer one. (Great applause.) Or, to express it otherwise, we advocate the national recognition and the national support of religion; and we are not Voluntaries. (Cheers.) Again, if we thus openly proclaim our differences with men who, under the guise of principle—and of this principle we question not the honesty—refuse, in the affairs of the Church, to have any participation with the Government—still more resolutely do we disclaim all fellowship with men who, under the guise of direct and declared opposition, lift a menacing front against the powers that be; or, disdaining government, and impatient of restraint, manifest a spirit of contention and defiance. If we refuse to coalesce with one, and that a powerful body, on the question of ecclesiastical polity, still less would we seek to strengthen ourselves by amalgamating with another body of contentious and violent worldly politicians, and, least of all, with men whose element is confusion, and who delight in the wild war of turbulence and disorder. Our enemies—the high aristocracy of the land—will be strengthened in their hostility against us by our coöperation with men who are bent upon the destruction of the Church. . . . . I look upon the Presbyterian Church of Ireland as possessing a value which is possessed by no other Church in Christendom. It is altogether charged with high Christian principles; and there is not another Church within the limits of reformed Christendom of which we can say the same. Through the *Regium Donum* the principle of a National Establishment is invested in your Church, and yet you possess perfect spiritual liberty."—*Scotsman*, May 20th.

a struggle for popular principles, for extending the religious rights of the people of Scotland. It has been no such thing. How was it possible that a body of clergy, bound hand and foot to the State, who were pre-eminently—and right proud too of the title—Ministers of the Established Church—how was a body of men thus fettered, and willing to be fettered, to take the lead in any popular movement which had for its object the enfranchisement of the people from the yoke of lay patronage, save by a species of rebellion? While the Non-Intrusion party—more correctly the Kirk-Court-Supremacy party—held the State bound to maintain them in their benefices, which they had obtained only through lay patronage, they also claimed, when it suited them, to defy and despise its control; and to become the *soi-disant* champions of the rights of the people. These things were wholly incompatible; and, accordingly, as soon as they were touched in what they claimed as their own prerogative, the bungle and juggle in which the popular part of the question was veiled, the Veto law, was thrown to the winds. "The veto was a bagatelle," proclaimed Dr. Chalmers, when compared with the Courts of Law audaciously presuming to control the Kirk Courts in matters which his party called "spiritual,"—while all men of plain sense called it the necessary protection of the civil rights of men, either deprived of their livings, or kept out of them, because they obeyed the laws of the Church and the laws of the land, instead of the arbitrary *dicta* of a dominant party in the Kirk Courts.——Had this party really been what they pretended to be; had they acted upon any consistent and intelligible principle, conducted themselves with Christian feeling and propriety, and, ceasing to be hirelings of the State, had become the leaders of the people, in seeking an enlargement of their rights, they would have gone out at once, carrying with them the sympathy and respect of good men of all parties. How stand they now, when forced to withdraw, from having found it hopeless to obtain, by defiance, threats, and bullying, those arrogant claims which the interests of society cannot permit any government to yield to any body of Established clergy? They must have been mad even to have dreamed of attaining their objects; and they must have seen their folly in the coldness, indifference, or reprobation with which their struggle has been viewed by the men of Scotland of every sect and political party. To persons at a distance, who cannot understand the real question—namely, the struggle of a Kirk corporation for power uncontrolled by the law—through the smoke of controversy and maze of words in which it has been involved, it is a pregnant fact, that not one newspaper in Scotland, Liberal or Conservative, has been found to advocate the cause of the Kirk-Court-Supremacy party; and that they were at last under the necessity of setting up a press of their own. The whole body of Dissenters in Scotland have, until they seceded, been against them, both in reference to the objects struggled for, and the unseemly mode of conducting the struggle. But to read of their sayings and doings, a stranger might imagine that there was not a Dissenter, nor a Dissenting minister, in all Scotland; that they alone divided the whole field with the Moderate ministers. Jealousy of the Presbyterian Dissenters, of the Secession body, was no mean ingredient among the various motives which originally produced this turmoil. That body has, within the last fifty years, rapidly increased in numbers, wealth, and intelligence; and now reckons, it is said, nearly a half, if not a full half, of the urbane population of the country among its adherents, while its substantial meeting-houses and manses rise in every valley. The passing of the Reform Bill brought this body a vast acession of political power. In some quarters of the country it turned elections against the Kirk party. This aggression from the Seceders without, was not to be submitted to; and within, the Kirk was distracted, as it always has been, by party feeling of the bitterest kind, inherited by its Courts from its old feud between the High-flyers and Moderates. The High-flyers had, at length, gained the supremacy; they have not used their faculties either wisely or meekly. They perceived that, to cope with the new acession of political power, and the popular principle of electing ministers, enjoyed by the Presbyterian Dissenters, they, too, must popularize, or else lose their influence and numbers. But they did not set honestly about the work to which party zeal and hatred of the dissenters prompted them. They wished to make tools of the People in carrying out their own selfish objects; and they have temporarily succeeded to a small extent;—to a very small extent it must be with men or women capable of putting two ideas together. To their flocks if what they longed for was freedom to choose their own ministers, the secession stood open; holding the same doctrines, and discipline, and principles of Church government as themselves; differing in no respect, save that minister and people, choosing to enjoy spiritual freedom, had voluntarily, a century ago, renounced the secular advantages of an Establishment. Why did not the turbulent, restless, and ambitious leaders in this movement follow the dignified and Christian-like example of the Erskines and Moncrieffs, who, in piece and quiet, planted that little grain of seed which has since grown into a goodly tree, sheltering and adorning the land? And why have they not, on at length seceding, joined the original body of Seceders, who, if they are in the right path, are assuredly their elders and betters? Why have they not humbly sued to be received into that body? Do they hope ever to be recognised as an Establishment, or again to draw State pay? One might augur something like this from the fervent admiration which Dr. Chalmers, on the second day of the Free Assembly, expressed for the Presbyterian Church of Ulster, his *beau ideal* of a perfect church, where the State from considerations of policy, gives, at its pleasure, a small dole to the ministers, exactly as it does to the College of Maynooth, and interferes with the internal concerns of neither. Dr. Chalmers's ideas of the glory and beauty of a perfect State Church have surely sunk lamentably. Is "The Free Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland" to end in accepting Larry O'Branigan's

"Good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*."*

Is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to become the nursing father, and the Home Secretary the nursing mother that Dr. Chalmers yearns after? The deputations to and from Ulster, the fraternization with the Presbyterians of Ireland, and the dead cut given to the Presbyterian Secessions of Scotland—a pure and independent body, with whom people of common sense would imagine that the Non-intrusionists on leaving the Church would feel proud to be completely indentified—have certainly a strange appearance. We shall see how they will shape their course, and what new spiritual privileges the Founders of the Free Church are to secure to the people beyond other Dissenters—now that they have the power to give the people, not a mere veto, but a direct and uncontrolled liberty of choice. But more: Will the Founders and Legislators of the Free Church consult the great body of the people as to its constitution, and the limitation of their own powers in its courts? Will they summon to their Assembly representatives from all the parishes? What power, what active and potent voice, are the Christian people to have in their own Church? The Fathers of the Free Church must adopt some popular measure, if they are to prosper. The constitution of the other Dissenting bodies—an eye to popular support—to the vile pence—guarantees some degree of popularity in their institutions. But will it be a large or a scanty measure? Will the ministers exercise no crooked controul over the people's choice, by their veto? Will the people be allowed to elect their ministers and elders fairly and freely—and why not by ballot? Will the women, who have so liberally contributed to the "Sustentation Fund," have a vote, as among other Dissenters?

We have said, that if the object of the leaders of this party—for the host of followers have been like sheep driven to the slaughter—had been the single-minded and honest desire of extending the Christian privileges, or promoting the religious improvement, of the people of Scotland, even though in connexion with a State Church, they would have carried with them the sympathies and respect of all good men; and we say that even now, at the eleventh hour, when, by their arrogant pretensions and intemperate conduct, they have forfeited the general esteem, they may still redeem themselves,—and, in the hands of an overruling Providence, become the instruments of good both directly and indirectly. The first symptoms, so far as they are concerned, are, however, not favourable. It will soon be seen whether their future course is to be shaped by mere hostility to the endowed body they have tardily left, and jealousy of those Dissenters who lost no time in hailing their retirement from the Establishment,—or if they are actuated by purer motives. In cordially welcoming them into the independent ranks, the Dissenters have hitherto met with but an ungracious reward. Their new-born zeal, as if officious, has been very unceremoniously damped. Dr. Chalmers, who is a sad Marplot for an ecclesiastical leader and politician—though he does the best an essentially honest nature will permit—lost no time, as the Moderator of the Free Church, in giving a sharp rebuff to all Dissenters and Voluntaries. Their Browns, and Marshalls, and Wardlaws might be very respectable sectarian ministers; and the temporary use of their pulpits may be convenient until the Free Church mature her plans and rear her own edifices; but they must not presume to think themselves and their flocks on a footing of equality with the New Free Church and her flock. In a Seceder's Church, of which Dr. Candlish had got the use to raise a rebellion in the parish against the established minister—that reverend person told the Seceders very roundly that he and his party could have nothing to say to them. They might, indeed, coöperate with them for "Catholic objects"—such, perhaps, as the conversion of the Jews!—but Scotland is the hereditary domain of the Free Church, in which its Founders will brook no interference.—The Dissenters, whether Presbyterians or Independents, will surely now know how to keep their distance, and be respectful. Their zeal to welcome the party whose objects and whole course of conduct they had justly condemned, far outran their discretion. They required a lesson, and they got it without loss of time.

In the meanwhile, the fact remains, that about a fourth of the parish ministers have left the Church of Scotland, and given up their livings, together with *quoad sacra* ministers, missionaries, and professors, amounting in all to above 400—some say 427 persons. The number seems very great, by whatever means it has been swelled. But let the friends of religion take the consolation, that not one of these martyrs is lost to Scotland. All who were worth retaining remain in full activity; if not in the Church, then out of it. By the spirit of emulation they will infuse new energy into the Moderate party—rousing the "slumberers in Zion" to a better sense of their duties. The Dissenters may comfort themselves with the reflection, that, in spite of Dr. Chalmers's premature and indiscreet vituperation of their body, and his steadfast love of an endowed establishment, his party, in having thrown off the yoke of the State Church, and placed their dependence on popular support—for there is, alas! no hope of a Scotch *Regium Donum*—must infuse some popular elements into the constitution of their Free Church; that it must be, to some extent, free for the people as well as for the clergy. And the government will now be forced to do something to adapt the Establishment itself to the popular wants and the spirit of the age. This will be immediately forced upon the attention of the government by the friends and the ministers of the Establishment. Reform will assuredly not be found in giving more power to the clergy; so that the prospect is cheering on every side; and every party has cause of congratulation in that awful disruption which threatened so much, and which has turned out,—however brought about,—if not a very great affair, then a good and desirable dispensation. The leading metropolitan martyrs, even in their secular interests, will not, we imagine, be much worse off in their *attics*, than when they were craving or permitting the aid of the civil power, of which they are so jealous, to distrain the goods, and imprison the persons, and violate the consciences of their fellow-townsmen and fellow-christians, to obtain payment of their own stipends. We have never heard of any protest of theirs against the exercise of the civil power in such flagrant cases for their own pecuniary advantage. That *Annuity-Tax* alone, and its hideous consequences to religion and social morality, would, it occurs to us, have been a much better cause for martyrdom—for forsaking the Church and trusting to Providence,—than any that has yet been assigned by the reverend Edinburgh Doctors, Founders of the Free Church.

SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

(*From the Spectator.*)

In our last postcript we reported the main facts of the opening of the General Assembly on the 18th instant, and the secession of the non-intrusion members. The following were the reasons read by Dr. Welsh before the secession:—

"We, the undersigned ministers and elders chosen as commissioners to the general assembly of the church of Scotland, indicted to meet this day, but precluded from holding the said assembly by reason of the circumstances hereinafter set forth, in consequence of which a free assembly of the church of Scotland, in accordance with the laws and constitution of the said church, cannot at this time be holden—considering that the legislature, by their rejection of the claims of right adopted by the last general assembly of the said church, and their refusal to give redress and protection against the jurisdiction assumed, and the coercion of late repeatedly attempted to be exercised over the courts of the church, in matters spiritual, by the civil courts, have recognized and fixed the conditions of the church establishment, as henceforward to subsist in Scotland, to be such as these have been pronounced and declared by the said civil courts in their several recent decisions, in regard to matters spiritual and ecclesiastical whereby it has been, *inter alia*, declared—

"1. That the courts of the church as now established, and members thereof, are liable to be coerced by the civil courts in the exercise of their spiritual functions, and in particular in their admission to the office of the holy ministry, and the constitution of the pastoral relation, and that they are subject to be compelled to intrude ministers on reclaiming congregations in opposition to the fundamental principles of the church and their views of the Word of God and to the liberties of Christ's people

"2. That the said civil courts have power to interfere with and interdict the preaching of the gospel and administration of ordinances as authorised and enjoined by the church courts of the establishment.

"3. That the said civil courts have power to suspend spiritual censures pronounced by the church courts of the establishment against ministers and probationers of the church, and to interdict their execution as to spiritual effects, functions, and privileges.

"4. That the said civil courts have power to reduce and set aside the sentences of the church courts of the establishment, deposing ministers from the office of the holy ministry, and depriving probationers of their license to preach the gospel, with reference to the spiritual status, functions, and privileges of such ministers and probationers, restoring them to the spiritual office and status, of which the church courts have deprived them.

"5. That the said civil courts have power to determine on the right to sit as members of the supreme and other judicatories of the church by law established, and to issue interdicts against sitting and voting therein, irrespective of the judgment and determination of the said judicatories.

"6. That the said civil courts have power to supersede the majority of a church court of the establishment in regard to the exercise of its spiritual functions as a church court, and to authorize the minority to exercise the said functions, in opposition to the court itself and to the superior judicatories of the establishment.

"7. That the said civil courts have power to stay processes of discipline pending before courts of the church by law established, and to interdict such courts from proceeding therein.

"8. That no pastor of a congregation can be admitted into the church courts of the establishment, and allowed to rule, as well as to teach, agreeable to the institution of the office by the head of the church, nor to sit in any of the judicatories of the church inferior or supreme; and that no additional provision can be made for the exercise of spiritual discipline among members of the church, though not affecting any patrimonial interests, and no alteration introduced in the state of pastoral superintendence and spiritual discipline in any parish, without the coercion of a civil court.

Among the routine business transacted by the assembly on Friday, was the nomination of a select committee to draw up an address in answer to the Queen's letter; and on Saturday the committee reported the draft of an address; it promised due attention to the matters suggested in the letter. Eight "overtures" or proposals were presented for repeal of the veto act, one against it. The committee on disputed commissions reported all commissions in which *quoad sacra* ministers had voted to be vitiated; but referred more difficult cases, such as a double return from Strathbogie, to the assembly itself. Mr. Bruce, of Kennet, moved that the disputed commissions not disposed of be taken up; but the motion being rejected in favour of a postponement, Mr. Bruce declared his intention of taking no further part in the proceedings; and he retired.

When the members who seceded from the general assembly on the 18th—169, including lay elders and *quoad sacra* ministers—issued from St. Andrew's church, they were received by the populace with cheers and a few hisses, while handkerchiefs were waved from the house windows. They went in procession four abreast—the spectators on the route cheering, and sometimes hissing—to a hall at Canonmills; where their arrival was anxiously expected by about 300 ministers, not members of the Assembly, and a crowded auditory. The new secession constituted themselves the "Free Presbyterian Church," appointing as their moderator, Dr. Chalmers; on whom, said Dr. Welsh, the eyes of every individual in that assembly—the eyes of the whole church and country—the eyes of *all Christendom*—were directed. Dr. Chalmers delivered an eloquent speech; in which he said that they hoped henceforward to prosecute their labors in peace, on the ground of British toleration. He carefully, however, repudiated the title of "Voluntaries,"—they were neither voluntaries nor anarchists: they quitted a vitiated establishment, but would rejoice in returning to a pure one: they were advocates of a national recognition ofreligion.

A Committee was appointed to consider the best means of completing the separation from the establishment, and to prepare an address to the Queen setting forth their reasons. A provisional committee was intrusted with a variety of other arrangements; and a resolution was passed inviting all the deacons, elders, probationers, and divinity students, to meet the Secession next day.

On Friday the Secession Assembly received the deputation from the Irish Presbyterian church, which had been commissioned to the general assembly of the church of Scotland, but held the body of Seceders to answer that description. In reciprocating courtesies with the deputation, the moderator remarked that the Irish Presbyterian church, with the help of the *Regium Donum*, presented an example of the best of all ecclesiastical systems—a clergy paid by the state and chosen by the people.

Dr. Buchanan of Glasgow, moved a resolution inviting the concurrence of the elders, deacons, probationers, and students of divinity, who had been requested to be present at that meeting, in following out the separation from the establishment. A memorial was presented from 200 probationers, (preachers licensed but not ordained,) declaring their concurrence. Dr. Welsh stated that in the divinity hall of Edinburgh University there were 93 adhering students out of 120; Sir David Brewster, that a majority of the divinity students, in St. Andrew's University, were in favor of the views of 'the Church'—that is, the new Secession; Dr. Candlish, that nearly four-fifths of the divinity students in Glasgow University were on their side.

On Saturday, the hall was graced by the presence of the Marchioness of Breadalbane and Lady Hannah Thorp; who were accompanied by Mr. Campbell of Monzie, M. P., and were received by the meeting standing and loudly cheering. The total number of ministers who had given in their adhesion was stated at 427. Reports were received from different sections of the provisional committee. That of the building section, through Mr. Dunlop, said that a primary object was to build churches with as little delay and at as moderate cost as possible. They regretted that "great proprietors refused to grant the smallest bit of ground." There were two modes of obviating this difficulty—

"First, large tents could be provided, at comparatively little expense and not of great weight, in which five hundred people could be accommodated. A tent could be carried either in a cart or in a boat along the sea-shore—from farm to farm, from place to place. If driven from one quarter it could be transported to another, and thus in some way escape the tyranny to which the people would be exposed. In some places an old vessel could be obtained, and anchored along the shore; and thus, though they were not to be allowed to meet on the King's highway, they would meet to worship on the world's highway."—(*Great cheering.*)

Dr. Chalmer's produced the report of the Financial Section: it stated that for the Building Fund there had been collected 150,341*l.*; for the Sustentation Fund, 72,687*l.*; total 223,028*l.* Just as Dr. Chalmers sat down, a note was handed to him: it said that 3,000*l.* had been added to the Building Fund, and 1,000*l.* to the Sustentation Fund, since the previous day. Mr. Campbell of Monzie subsequently announced that the Marchioness of Breadalbane had subscribed 1,000*l.* towards the Free Presbyterian Fund.

The business transacted by the General Assembly on Monday was important. It was stated that there were between thirty and forty law-processes carried on at an expense of not less than forty guineas daily! Lord Belhaven, having called attention to the Queen's letter, moved the followed resolutions:—

"That it is the opinion of this house, that the act of Assembly of 1834, on the subject of Calls, [the Veto Act,] should be rescinded; and that instructions be given to the Presbyteries of the Church to that effect.

"That the act of Assembly of 1834-5, by which ministers of chapels of ease, &c., became members of this court, be rescinded. At the same time, this house, deeply impressed with he vast benefit thus obtained for the people of this country by the extension of the blessings of religious instruction by means of the services of *quoad sacra* ministers, and feeling most anxious that these great and useful services should be secured to the country on a proper and permanent basis, desire to express a sincere hope that measures will be taken to have the unendowed districts created legally and properly into parishes, and endowments granted to their ministers; and that a Select Committee be appointed to draw up a loyal and dutiful address to the Queen, praying that she would be graciously pleased to take the same into her most favourable consideration."

After a short discussion, the consideration of the second part of the resolutions was deferred for a day. An overture having been presented from the Presbytery of Ayr for the repeal of the Veto Act, Dr. Cooke moved,

"That as the act on calls, commonly denominated the Veto Act, infringes on civil and patrimonial rights, with which, as the Church has often declared, it is not competent for its judicatories to intermeddle, as being matters incompetent to it and not within its jurisdiction, it be an instruction by the General Assembly to all Presbyteries, that they proceed henceforth in the settlement of parishes according to the practice which prevailed previously to the passing of this act, keeping specially in view the undoubted privilege of parishioners to state any relevant objections to the induction of presentees, upon which the Presbyteries, after hearing parties, shall decide; it being in the power of these parties to appeal, if they see cause, to the Supreme Church Courts."

The procurator moved an amendment, to the same ultimate effect, but less strongly worded and less direct. Eventually, the original resolution was unanimously affirmed.

The next thing considered was the Strathbogie double return, from the majority and minority of the Presbytery; with an overture to replace the deposed ministers. Three resolutions were moved—one, by Dr. Mearns, declaring the deposition of six ministers, (namely, Mr. John Cruikshank, since deceased, Mr. William Allardyce, Mr. John Walker, Mr. William Masson, Mr. James Walker, Mr. James Alexander Cruikshank,) in excess of the Assembly's powers, and therefore *ab initio* null and void; the second, by Mr. Storey of Rosmeath, rejecting the overture, as the sentences had been confirmed by the General Assembly, and no application had been made by the deposed ministers to reverse the sentences; the third, by Dr. Hill, as follows—

"That whereas there are upon the records of this house sentences passed in the years 1840 and 1841, against the Reverend Mr. Cowie and others, ministers of Strathbogie; and whereas the said sentences were unjust, and were passed by the General Assembly in excess of jurisdiction; the General Assembly do therefore rescind the same, declaring them to be *ab initio* null and void; and declaring further, that the same Reverend W. Cowie and others are ministers of the Church of Scotland, and entitled to all the rights and privileges belonging to them as such, as if the said santences had never been pronounced; ratify their proceedings as members of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, and sustain the commissions in favour of Mr. Cowie and Mr. Thompson."

Dr. Hill's motion was carried, by 116 to 15 who voted for Mr. Storey's: and on a second division, by 148 to 32 who voted for Dr. Mearn's.

On Tuesday, the assembly took up the overtures for repeal of the acts admitting the members of Parliamentary churches, *quoad sacra* churches, and seceding churches, to sit in church courts. Lord Belhaven moved the resolutions which he had before introduced. Mr. Robertson of Ellon and Dr. Cook both proposed amendments; but, after a discussion of some length, the original resolutions were carried unanimously.

The seceders met on Monday, in Dr. Candlish's new church. Dr. Macfarland produced the report of the Committee on the separation from the State; in compliance with which, he moved the following resolution, incorporating the recommendations of the report itself—

"That the assembly approve of the report following out the claim, declaration, and protest, adopted by the general assembly which met at Edinburgh in May 1842, and the protest made on Thursday last at the meeting of the Commissioners chosen to the assembly appointed to have been that day holden; and upon the ground therein set forth, do now for themselves, and all who adhere to them, separate from the establishment; protesting that, in doctrine, polity, and discipline, they truly represent the church of their fathers, whose testimony, on behalf of the crown rights of their Redeemer, as King of Zion and prince of the kings of the earth, they firmly purpose at all hazards and at whatever sacrifice still to maintain: and protesting that henceforward they are not and shall not be subject, in any respect, to the ecclesiastical judicatories presently established by law in Scotland; but that they are and shall be free to perform their functions as pastors and elders towards their respective congregations, or such portion thereof as shall adhere to them, and to exercise government and discipline in their several judicatories, separate from the establishment, according to the word of God, and agreeably to the true and original principles of the church of Scotland, and to the standards thereof, as heretofore understood: and that the committee be reappointed, with instructions to prepare the draft of an act and deed to be adopted and subscribed at as early a period as possible during the subsequent sittings of this assembly, renouncing and demitting the status, rights, and privileges held by virtue of the establishment. the said draft to be reported to the assembly at the forenoon sederunt to-morrow."

This paper was eulogized by Dr. Patrick M'Farlan in extraordinary terms: "When he read that paper, and thought on the manner in which it had been drawn up, he was bound to say that he had never seen its equal; it appeared to be as near perfection as any human production could be." The motion was carried by acclamation.

The Act of Separation was produced on Tuesday. It solemnly renounced for its subscribers the status, privileges, and emoluments derived from the Establishment; reserving to ministers, however, the right to act as pastors of particular congregations or portions thereot adhering to them, with the rights and benefits accruing from the Ministers' Widows' Fund; and disavowing the renunciation of churches built by private contribution and not endowed by the State. It contained also the order, that the Act of Separation should be transmitted to the Moderator of "the Ecclesiastical Judicatory by law established"—that is, the General Assembly. The signing of this document occupied four hours'; being preceded and followed by prayer, at the suggestion of Dr. Candlish' who was duly impressed with its momentous nature—

This was an act unprecedented, he might say, in the Church of Scotland; nay, he would maintain, almost unprecedented in the history of the Church of Christ; for he believed that there never had been an assemblage of Christian ministers meeting together for the purpose of engaging in a similarly solemn and extraordinary business, such as the present.

The Edinburgh *Witness* notices an omen at the Lord High Commissioner's levee on the 18th—

"The crowd in the Chamber of Presence was very great; and there was, we believe, a considerable degree of confusion and pressure in consequence. Suddenly—whether brushed by some passer-by, jostled rudely aside, or merely affected by the tremor of the floor communicated to the partitioning—a large portrait of William the Third, that had held its place in Holyrood for nearly a century and a half, dropped heavily from the walls. 'There,' exclaimed a voice from the crowd, 'there goes the Revolution Settlement!'"

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* "The famed Daddy C—ke, by gor, I'd have shown 'em
As proof how such bastes may be tam'd when you've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*."

According to his editor, Moore, Larry, in this epistle, evidently means the *Regium Donum*, a sum contributed by the Government, annually, to the support of a favoured class of Presbyterians in Ulster; which they at first swallowed with some difficulty, but now make no bones of.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

CHAPTER XIII.

Carrying Tom Pinch's book quite unconsciously under his arm, and not even buttoning his coat as a protection against the heavy rain, Martin went doggedly forward at the same quick pace, until he had passed the finger-post, and was on the high road to London. He slackened very little in his speed even then, but he began to think, and look about him, and to disengage his senses from the coil of angry passions which hitherto had held them prisoner.

It must be confessed that at that moment he had no very agreeable employment either for his moral or his physical perceptions. The day was dawning from a patch of watery light in the east, and sullen clouds came driving up before it, from which the rain descended in a thick, wet mist. It streamed from every twig and bramble in the hedge; made little gullies in the path; ran down a hundred channels in the road; and punched innumerable holes into the face of every pond and gutter. It fell with an oozy, slushy sound among the grass; and made a muddy kennel of every furrow in the ploughed fields. No living creature was anywhere to be seen. The prospect could hardly have been more desolate if animated nature had been dissolved in water, and poured down upon the earth again in that form.

The range of view within the solitary traveller, was quite as cheerless as the scene without. Friendless and penniless; incensed to the last degree; deeply wounded in his pride and self-love; full of independent schemes; and perfectly destitute of any means of realizing them; his most vindicitive enemy might have been satisfied with the extent of his troubles. To add to his other miseries, he was by this time sensible of being wet to the skin, and cold at his very heart.

In this deplorable condition, he remembered Mr. Pinch's book; more because it was rather troublesome to carry, than from any hope of being comforted by that parting gift. He looked at the dingy lettering on the back, and finding it to be an odd volume of the "Bachelor of Salamanca," in the French tongue, cursed Tom Pinch's folly, twenty times. He was on the point of throwing it away, in his ill-humour and vexation, when he bethought himself that Tom had referred him to a leaf, turned down; and opening it, at that place, that he might have additional cause of complaint against him for supposing that any cold scrap of the Bachelor's wisdom could cheer him in such circumstances, found—

Well, well! not much, but Tom's all. The half-sovereign. He had wrapped it hastily in a piece of paper, and pinned it to the leaf. These words were scrawled in pencil on the inside: 'I don't want it, indeed. I should not know what to do with it, if I had it.'

There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, toward Heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him, in his dying hour, the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since time began!

Martin felt keenly for himself, and he felt this good deed of Tom's keenly. After a few minutes it had the effect of raising his spirits, and reminding him that he was not altogether destitute, as he had left a fair stock of clothes behind him, and wore a gold hunting watch in his pocket. He found a curious gratification, too, in thinking what a winning fellow he must be to have made such an impression on Tom; and in reflecting how superior he was to Tom; and how much more likely to make his way in the world. Animated by these thoughts, and strengthened in his design of endeavouring to push his fortune in another country, he resolved to get to London as a rallying point, in the best way he could, and to lose no time about it.

He was ten good miles from the village made illustrious by being the abiding-place of Mr. Pecksniff, when he stopped to breakfast at a little road-side ale-house; and resting upon a high-backed settle before the fire, pulled off his coat, and hung it before the cheerful blaze, to dry. It was a very different place from the last tavern in which he had regaled: boasting no greater extent of accommodation than the brick floored kitchen yielded: but the mind so soon accommodates itself to the necessities of the body, that this poor waggoner's house-of-call, which he would have despised yesterday, became now quite a choice hotel; while his dish of eggs and bacon, and his mug of beer, were not by any means the coarse fare he had supposed, but fully bore out the inscription on the window-shutter, which proclaimed those viands to be 'Good entertainment for travellers.'

He pushed away his empty plate; and with a second mug upon the hearth before him, looked thoughtfully at the fire until his eyes ached. Then he looked at the highly-coloured scripture pieces on the walls, in little black frames like common shaving-glasses, and saw how the Wise Men (with a strong family likeness among them) worshipped in a pink manger; and how the Prodigal Son came home in red rags to a purple father, and already feasted his imagination on a sea green calf. Then he glanced through the window at the falling rain, coming down aslant upon the signpost over against the house, and overflowing the horse-trough; and then he looked at the fire again, and seemed to descry a doubly distant London, retreating among the fragments of the burning wood.

He had repeated this process in just the same order, many times, as if it were a matter of necessity, when the sound of wheels called his attention to the window, out of its regular turn; and there he beheld a kind of light van drawn by four horses, and laden, as well as he could see, for it was covered in, with corn and straw. The driver, who was alone, stopped at the door to water his team, and presently came stamping and shaking the wet off his hat and coat, into the room where Martin sat.

He was a red-faced burly young fellow; smart in his way, and with a good-humoured countenance. As he advanced toward the fire, he touched his shining forehead with the forefinger of his stiff leather glove, by way of salutation; and said (rather unnecessarily) that it was an uncommon wet day.

'Very wet,' said Martin.

'I don't know as ever I see a wetter.'

'I never felt one,' said Martin.

The driver glanced at Martin's soiled dress, and his damp shirt-sleeves, and his coat hung up to dry; and said, after a pause, as he warmed his hands:—

'You have been caught in it, sir?'

'Yes,' was the short reply.

'Out riding, maybe?' said the driver.

'I should have been if I owned a horse; but I don't,' returned Martin.

'That's bad,' said the driver.

'And may be worse,' said Martin.

Now, the driver said 'That's bad,' not so much because Martin didn't own a horse, as because he said he didn't with all the reckless desperation of his mood and circumstances, and so left a great deal to be inferred. Martin put his hands in his pockets and whistled, when he had retorted on the driver: thus giving him to understand that he didn't care a pin for Fortune; that he was above pretending to be her favourite when he was not; and that he snapped his fingers at her, the driver, and everybody else.

The driver looked at him stealthily for a minute or so; and in the pauses of his warming, whistled too. At length he asked, as he pointed his thumb toward the road,

'Up or down.'

'Which is up?' said Martin.

'London, of course,' said the driver.

'Up then,' said Martin. He tossed his head in a careless manner afterward, as if he would have added, 'Now you know all about it;' put his hands deeper into his pockets; changed his tune, and whistled a little louder.

'*I*'m going up,' observed the driver; 'Hounslow, ten miles this side London.'

'Are you?' cried Martin, stopping short and looking at him.

The driver sprinkled the fire with his wet hat until it hissed again, and and answered, 'Ay; to be sure he was.'

'Why, then,' said Martin, 'I'll be plain with you. You may suppose from my dress that I have money to spare. I have not. All I can afford for coach-hire is a crown, for I have but two. If you can take me for that, and my waistcoat, or this silk handkerchief, do. If you can't leave it alone.'

'Short and sweet,' remarked the driver.

'You want more?' said Martin. 'Then I haven't got more, and I can't get it, so there's an end of that.' Whereupon he began to whistle again.

'I didn't say I wanted more, did I?' asked the driver, with something like indignation.

'You didn't say my offer was enough,' rejoined Martin.

'Why how could I, when you wouldn't let me? In regard to the waistcoat, I wouldn't have a man's waistcoat, much less a gentleman's waistcoat on my mind, for no consideration; but the silk handkerchief's another thing; and if you was satisfied when we got to Hounslow, I shouldn't object to that as a gift.'

'Is it a bargain, then?' said Martin.

'Yes, it is,' returned the other.

'Then finish this beer,' said Martin, handing him the mug, and pulling on his coat with great alacrity; 'and let us be off as soon as you like.'

In two minutes more he had paid his bill, which amounted to a shilling; was lying at full length on a truss of straw, high and dry at the top of the van, with the tilt a little open in front for the convenience of talking to his new friend; and was moving along in the right direction with a most satisfactory and encouraging briskness.

The driver's name, as he soon informed Martin, was William Simmons, better known as Bill; and his spruce appearance was sufficiently explained by his connexion with a large stage-coaching establishment at Hounslow, whither he was conveying his load from a farm belonging to the concern in Wiltshire. He was frequently up and down the road on such errands, he said, and to look after the sick and rest horses, of which animals he had much to relate that occupied a long time in the telling. He aspired to the dignity of the regular box, and expected an appointment on the first vacancy. He was musical besides, and had a little key-bugle in his pocket, on which, whenever the conversation flagged, he played the first part of a great many tunes, and regularly broke down in the second.

'Ah!' said Bill, with a sigh, as he drew the back of his hand across his lips, and put this instrument in his pocket, after screwing off the mouth-piece to drain it; 'Lummy Ned of the Light Salisbury, *he* was the one for musical talents. He *was* a guard. What you may call a Guardian Angel, was Ned.'

'Is he dead?' asked Martin.

'Dead!' replid the other, with a contemptuous emphasis. 'Not he. You won't catch Ned a dying easy. No, no. He knows better than that.'

'You spoke of him in the past tense,' observed Martin, 'so I supposed he was no more.'

'He's no more in England,' said Bill, 'if that's what you mean. He went to the U-nited States.'

'Did he?' asked Martin, with sudden interest. 'When?'

'Five year ago, or thenabout,' said Bill. 'He had set up in the public line here, and couldn't meet his engagements, so he cut off to Liverpool one day without saying anything about it, and went and shipped himself for the U-nited States.'

'Well!' said Martin.

'Well! as he landed there without a penny to bless himself with, of course they wos very glad to see him in the U-nited States.

'What do you mean?' asked Martin, with some scorn.

'What do I mean?' said Bill. 'Why, *that*. All men are alike in the U-nited States, an't they? It makes no odds whether a man has a thousand pounds, or nothing, there—particular in New-York, I'm told, where Ned landed.'

'New-York, was it? asked Martin thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said Bill. 'New York. I know that, because he sent word home that it brought Old York to his mind quite wivid in consequence of being so exactly unlike it in every respect. I don't understand wot particular business Ned turned his mind to, when he got there; but he wrote home that him and his friends was always a singing Ale Columbia, and blowing up the President, so I suppose it was something in the public line, or free-and-easy way, again. Any how, he made his fortune.'

'No!' cried Martin.

'Yes he did,' said Bill. 'I know that, because he lost it all the day after, in six-and-twenty banks as broke. He settled a lot of the notes on his father, when it was ascertained that they was really stopped, and sent 'em over with a dutiful letter. I know that, because they was shown down our yard for the old gentleman's benefit, that he might treat himself with tobacco in the workus.'

'He was a foolish fellow not to take care of his money when he had it,' said Martin, indignantly.

'There you're right,' said Bill, 'especially as it was all in paper, and he might have took care of it so very easy, by folding it up in a small parcel.'

Martin said nothing in reply, but soon afterward fell asleep, and remained so for an hour or more. When he awoke, finding it had ceased to rain, he took his seat beside the driver, and asked him several questions—as how long had the fortunate guard of the Light Salisbury been in crossing the Atlantic; at what time of the year had he sailed; what was the name of the ship in which he made the voyage; how much had he paid for passage-money; did he suffer greatly from sea-sickness? and so forth. But on these points of detail, his friend was possessed of little or no information; either answering obviously at random, or acknowledging that he had never heard, or had forgotten; nor, although he returned to the charge very often, could he obtain any useful intelligence on these essential particulars.

They jogged on all day, and stopped so often—now to refresh, now to change their team of horses, now to exchange or bring away a set of harness, now on one point of business, and now upon another, connected with the coaching on that line of road—that it was midnight when they reached Hounslow.

A little short of the stables for which the van was bound, Martin got down, paid his crown, and forced his silk handkerchief upon his honest friend, notwithstanding the many protestations that he didn't wish to deprive him of it, with which he tried to give the lie to his longing looks. That done, they parted company, and when the van had driven into its own yard, and the gates were closed, Martin stood in the dark street, with a pretty strong sense of being shut out, alone, upon the dreary world, without the key of it.

But in this moment of despondency, and often afterward, the recollection of Mr. Pecksniff operated as a cordial to him; awakening in his breast an indignation that was very wholesome in nerving him to obstinate endurance. Under the influence of this fiery dram, he started off for London without more ado; and arriving there in the middle of the night, and not knowing where to find a tavern open, was fain to stroll about the streets and market-places until morning.

He found himself, about an hour before dawn, in the humbler regions of the Adelphi: and addressing himself to a man in a fur cap who was taking down the shutters of an obscure public house, informed him that he was a stranger, and inquired if he could have a bed there. It happened, by good luck, that he could. Though none of the gaudiest, it was tolerably clean, and Martin felt very glad and grateful when he crept into it, for warmth, rest, and forgetfulness.

It was quite late in the afternoon when he awoke; and by the time he had washed, and dressed, and broken his fast, it was growing dusk again. This was all the better, for it was now a matter of absolute necessity that he should part with his watch to some obliging pawnbroker; and he would have waited until after dark for this purpose, though it had been the longest day in the year, and he had begun it without a breakfast.

He passed more Golden Balls than all the jugglers in Europe have juggled with, in the course of their united performances, before he could determine in favour of any particular shop where those symbols were displayed. In the end, he came back to one of the first he had seen, and entering by a side-door in a court, where the three balls, with the legend 'Money Lent,' were repeated in a ghastly transparency, passed into one of a series of little closets, or private boxes, erected for the accommodation of the more bashful and uninitiated customers. He bolted himself in; pulled out his watch; and laid it on the counter.

'Upon my life and soul!' said a low voice in the next box to the shopman who was in treaty with him, 'you must make it more: you must make make it a trifle more, you must indeed! You must dispense with one half-quarter of an ounce in weighing out your pound of flesh, my best of friends, and make it two-and six.'

Martin drew back involuntarily, for he knew the voice at once.

'You're always full of your chaff,' said the shopman, rolling up the article, (which looked like a shirt) quite as a matter of course, and nibbing his pen upon the counter.

'I shall never be full of my wheat,' said Mr. Tigg, 'as long as I come here. Ha, ha! Not bad! Make it two-and six, my dear friend, positively for this occasion only. Half-a-crown is a delightful coin—Two-and-six! Going at two-and-six! For the last time, at two-and-six.'

'It'll never be the last time till it's quite worn out,' rejoined the shopman.—'It 's grown yellow in the service, as it is.'

'Its master has grown yellow in the service, if you mean that, my friend,' said Mr. Tigg; 'and in the patriotic service of an ungrateful country. You are making it two-and-six, I think?'

'I 'm making it,' returned the shopman, 'what it always has been, two shillings. Same name as usual, I suppose?'

'Still the same name,' said Mr. Tigg; 'my claim to the dormant peerage not being yet established by the House of Lords.'

'The old address?'

'Not at all,' said Mr. Tigg; 'I have removed my town establishment from thirty-eight, Mayfair, to number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane.'

'Come, I 'm not going to put down that, you know,' said the shopman, with a grin.

'You may put down what you please, my friend,' quoth Mr. Tigg. 'The fact is still the same. The apartments for the under-butler and the fifth footman being of a most confounded low and vulgar kind at thirty-eight, Mayfair, I have been compelled, in my regard for the feelings which do them so much honour, to take on lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty years, renewable at the option of the tenant, the elegant and commodious family mansion, number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane. Make it two-and-six, and come and see me!'

The shopman was so highly entertained by this piece of humour, that Mr. Tigg himself could not repress some little show of exultation. It vented itself, in part, in a desire to see how the occupant of the next box received his pleasantry; to ascertain which, he glanced round the partition, and immediately, by the gaslight, recognised Martin.

'I wish I may die,' said Mr. Tigg, stretching out his body so far that his head was as much in Martin's little cell as Martin's own head was, 'but this is one of the most tremendous meetings in Ancient or Modern History! How are you? What is the news from the agricultural districts*!* How are our friends the P.'s? Ha, ha! David, pay particular attention to this gentleman, immediately, as a friend of mine, I beg.'

'Here! Please to give me the most you can for this,' said Martin, handing the watch to the shopman. 'I want money sorely.'

'He wants money sorely!' cried Mr Tigg with excessive sympathy. 'David, you will have the goodness to do your very utmost for my friend, who wants money sorely. You will deal with my friend as if he were myself. A gold hunting-watch, David, engine turned, capped and jewelled in four holes, escape movement, horizontal lever, and warranted to perform correctly, upon my personal reputation, who have observed it narrowly for many years, under the most trying circumstances—' here he winked at Martin, that he might understand this recommendation would have an immense effect upon the shopman: 'what do you say, David, to my friend? Be very particular to deserve my custom and recommendation, David.'

'I can lend you three pounds on this, if you like,' said the shopman to Martin, confidentially. 'It 's very old fashioned. I could't say more.'

'And devilish handsome, too,' cried Mr. Tigg. 'Two-twelve-six for the watch, and seven-and-six for personal regard. I am gratified: it may be weakness, but I am. Three pound will do. We take it. The name of my friend is Smivey: Chicken Smivey, of Holborn, twenty six-and-a-half B: lodger.'—Here he winked at Martin again, to apprise him that all the forms and ceremonies prescribed by law were now complied with, and nothing remained but the receipt of the money.

In point of fact, this proved to be the case, for Martin, who had no resource but to take what was offered him, signified his acquiescence by a nod of his head, and presently came out with the cash in his pocket. He was joined in the entry by Mr. Tigg, who warmly congratulated him, as he took his arm and accompanied him into the street, on the successful issue of the negotiation.

'As for my part in the same,' said Mr. Tigg, 'don't mention it. Don't compliment me, for I can't bear it!'

'I have no such intention, I assure you,' retorted Martin, releasing his arm, and stopping.

'You oblige me very much,' said Mr. Tigg. 'Thank you.'

'Now, sir, observed Martin, biting his lip, 'this is a large town, and we can easily find different ways in it. If you will show me which is you way, I will take another.'

'Mr. Tigg was about to speak, but Martin interposed.

'I need scarcely tell you, after what you have just seen, that I have nothing to bestow upon your friend, Mr. Slyme. And it is quite as unnecessary for me to tell you that I don't desire the honour of your company.'

'Stop!' cried Mr. Tigg, holding out his hand. 'Hold!' there is a most remarkably long-headed, flowing bearded, and patriarchal proverb, which observes that it is the duty of a man to be just before he is generous. Be just now, and you can be generous presently. Do not confuse me with the man Slyme. Do not distinguish the man Slyme as a friend of mine, for he is no such thing. I have been compelled, sir, to abandon the party whom you call Slyme. I have no knowledge of the party whom you call Slyme. I am, sir,' said Mr. Tigg, striking himself upon the breast, 'a premium tulip, of a very different growth and cultivation from the cabbage Slyme, sir.'

'It matters very little to me,' said Martin coolly, 'whether you have set up as a vagabond on your own acccount, or are still trading on behalf of Mr. Slyme. I wish to hold no correspondence with you. In the devil's name, man,' said Martin, scarcely able despite his vexation to repress a smile, as Mr. Tigg stood leaning his back against the shutters of a shop window, adjusting his hair with great composure, 'will you go one way or other?'

'You will allow me to remind you, sir,' said Mr. Tigg, with sudden dignity, 'that you—not I—that you—I say emphatically, *you*—have reduced the proceedings of this evening to a cold and distant matter of business, when I was disposed to place them on a friendly footing. It being made a matter of business, sir, I beg to say that I expect a trifle (which I shall bestow in charity) as commission upon the pecuniary advance in which I have rendered you my humble service. After the terms in which you have addressed me, sir,' continued Mr. Tigg, 'you will not insult me, if you please, by offering more than half-a-crown.'

Martin drew that piece of money from his pocket, and tossed it toward him. Mr. Tigg caught it, looked at it to assure himself of its goodness, spun it in the air after the manner of a pieman, and buttoned it up. Finally, he raised his hat an inch or two from his head, with a military air, and after pausing a moment with deep gravity, as to decide in which direction he should go, and to what Earl or Marquis among his friends he should give the preference in his next call, stuck his hands in his skirt pockets and swaggered round the corner. Martin took the directly opposite course; and so, to his great content, they parted company.

It was with a bitter sense of humiliation that he cursed, again and again, the mischance of having encountered this man in the pawnbroker's shop. The only comfort he had in the recollection was, Mr. Tigg's voluntary avowal of a separation between himself and Slyme, that would at least prevent his circumstances (so Martin argued) from being known to any member of his family, the bare possibility of which filled him with shame and wounded pride. Abstractedly, there was greater reason, perhaps, for supposing any declaration of Mr. Tigg's to be false, than for attaching the least credence to it; but remembering the terms on which the intimacy between that gentleman and his bosom friend had subsisted, and the strong probability of Mr. Tiggs having established an independent business of his own on Mr. Slyme's connexion, it had a reasonable appearance of probability; at all events, Martin hoped so; and that went a long way.

His first step, now that he had a supply of ready money for his present necessities, was to retain his bed at the public house until further notice, and to write a formal note to Tom Pinch (for he knew Pecksniff would see it) requesting him to have his clothes forwarded to London by coach, with a direction to be left at the office until called for. These measures taken, he passed the interval before the box arrived—three days—in making inquiries relative to American vessels, at the offices of various shipping agents in the city, and in lingering about the docks and wharves, with the faint hope of stumbling upon some engagement for the voyage, as clerk or supercargo, or custodian of something or somebody, which would enable him to procure a free passage. But finding soon that no such means of employment were likely to present themselves, and dreading the consequences of delay, he drew up a short advertisement, stating what he wanted, and inserted it in the leading newspapers. Pending the receipt of the twenty or thirty answers which he vaguely expected, he reduced his wardrobe to the narrowest limits consistent with decent respectability, and carried the overplus at different times to the pawnbroker's shop, for conversion into money.

And it was strange, very strange, even to himself, to find how by quick though almost imperceptible degrees he lost his delicacy and self-respect, and gradually came to do that as a matter of course, without the least compunction, which but a few short days before had galled him to the quick. The first time he visited the pawnbroker's, he felt on his way there as if every person whom he passed suspected whither he was going; and on his way back again, as if the whole human tide he stemmed, knew well where he had come from. When did he care to think of their discernment now! In his first wanderings up and down the weary streets, he counterfeited the walk of one who had an object in his view; but soon there came upon him the sauntering, slipshod gait of listless idleness, and the lounging at street corners, and plucking and biting of stray bits of straw, and strolling up and down the same place, and looking into the same shop windows, with a miserable indifference, fifty times a day. At first, he came out of his lodging with an uneasy sense of being observed—even by those chance passers by on whom he had never looked before, and hundreds to one would never see again—issuing in the morning from a public house; but now, in his comings-out and goings in, he did not mind to lounge about the door, or to stand sunning himself in careless thought beside the wooden stem, studded from head to heel with pegs, on which the beer pots dangled like so many boughs upon a pewter tree. And yet it took but five weeks to reach the lowest round of this tall ladder!

Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth below your carriage wheels, so rough beneath the tread of naked feet,—bethink yourselves in looking on the swift descent of men who *have* lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, or had a chance of life! Go ye, who rest so placidly upon the sacred Bard who had been young, and when he strung his harp was old, and had never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread; go, teachers of content and honest pride, into the mine, the mill, the forge, the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, and uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say, can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as fast as it is kindled! And, oh! ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian Knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature, see that it be human first. Take heed it has not been transformed, during your slumber and the sleep of generations, into the nature of the Beast!

Five weeks! Of all the twenty or thirty answers, not one had come. His money—even the additional stock he had raised from the disposal of his spare clothes (and that was not much, for clothes, though dear to buy, are cheap to pawn)—was fast diminishing. Yet what could he do? At times an agony came over him in which he darted forth again, though he was but newly home, and, returning to some place where he had been already twenty times, made some new attempt to gain his end, but always unsuccessfully. He was years and years too old for a cabin boy, and years upon years too inexperienced to be accepted as a common seaman. His dress and manner, too, militated fatally against any such proposal as the latter; and yet he was reduced to making it; for even if he could have contemplated the being set down in America, totally without money, he had not enough left now for a steerage passage and the poorest provisions upon the voyage.

It is an illustration of a very common tendency in the mind of man, that all this time he never once doubted, one may almost say the certainty of doing great things in the New World, if he could only get there. In proportion as he became more and more dejected by his present circumstances, and the means of gaining America receded from his grasp, the more he fretted himself with the conviction that that was the only place in which he could hope to acheive any high end, and worried his brain with the thought that men going there in the meanwhile might anticipate him in the attainment of those objects which were dearest to his heart. He often thought of John Westlock, and besides looking out for him on all occasions, actually walked about London for three days together, for the express purpose of meeting with him. But although he failed in this; and although he would not have scrupled to borrow money of him; and although he believed that John would have lent it; yet still he could not bring his mind to write to Pinch and inquire where he was to be found. For although, as we have seen, he was fond of Tom after his own fashion, he could not endure the thought (feeling so superior to Tom) of making him the stepping stone to his fortune, or being anything to him but a patron; and his pride so revolted from the idea that it restrained him even now.

It might have yielded, however, and no doubt must have yielded soon, but for a very strange and unlooked-for occurrence.

The five weeks had quite run out, and he was in a truly desperate plight, when one evening, having just returned to his lodging, and being in the act of lighting his candle at the gas jet in the bar before stalking moodily up stairs to his room, his landlord called him by his name. Now, as he had never told it to the man, but had scrupulously kept it to himself, he was not a little startled by this, and so plainly showed his agitation that the landlord, to reassure him, said 'it was only a letter.'

'A letter!' cried Martin.

'For Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit,' said the landlord, reading the superscription of one he held in his hand. 'Noon. Chief office. Paid.'

Martin took it from him, thanked him, and walked up stairs. It was not sealed, but pasted close. The hand-writing was quite unknown to him.—He opened it, and found enclosed, without any name, address, or other inscription or explanation of any kind whatever, a Bank of England note for Twenty Pounds.

To say that he was perfectly stunned with astonishment and delight; that he looked again and again at the note and the wrapper; that he hurried below stairs to make quite certain that the note was a good note; and then hurried up again to satisfy himself for the fiftieth time that he had not overlooked some scrap of writing on the wrapper; that he exhausted and bewildered himself with conjectures; and could make nothing of it but that there the note was, and he was suddenly enriched; would be only to relate so many matters of course, to no purpose. The final upshot of the business at that time was that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his pockets pretty heavily laden. It was somewhat of a damping circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes; firstly, to the flue being naturally vicious and a smoker; and secondly, to their having forgotten, in lighting the fire, an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already remedied this oversight, however; and propped up the window sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open so; that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pint of porter was set upon the table, and the servant-girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed—which was very close to the fire—answered for a sideboard; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old arm chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great apetite, glancing round the room meanwhile with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it for ever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which, although it was a gentle knock enough, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of window, and plunged into the street.

'More coals I suppose,' said Martin. 'Come in.'

'It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so,' rejoined a man's voice. 'Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir.'

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway: perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

'Tapley, sir,' said his visitor. 'Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir.'

'To be sure!' cried Martin. 'Why how did you come here?'

'Right through the passage and up the stairs, sir,' said Mark.

'How did you find me out, I mean?' asked Martin.

'Why, sir,' said Mark, 'I've passed you once or twice in the street if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a looking in at the beef and ham shop just now along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir, I see you a buying that.'

Martin reddened, as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily:—'Well, what then?'

'Why then, sir,' said Mark, 'I made bold to foller; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up.'

'Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?' inquired Martin.

'No, sir, I a'nt,' said Mark. 'That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was.'

Martin cast an angry look at him: but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—which with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life, too, for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

'Tapley,' he said, 'I'll deal openly with you. From all I can judge, and from all that I have heard of you through Pinch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you.'

'Thankee, sir,' said Mark. 'I'd as lieve stand.'

'If you don't sit down,' retorted Martin, 'I'll not talk to you.'

'Very good, sir, observed Mark. 'Your will's a law, sir. Down it is;' and he sat down accordingly, upon the bedstead.

'Help yourself,' said Martin, handing him the only knife.

'Thankee, sir,' rejoined Mark. 'After you've done.'

'If you don't take it now, you'll not have any,' said Martin.

'Very good, sir,' rejoined Mark. 'That being your desire—now it is.'—With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said abruptly:—

'What are doing in London?'

'Nothing at all, sir,' rejoined Mark.'

'How's that?' asked Martin.

'I want a place,' said Mark.

'I am sorry for you,' said Martin.

'—To attend upon a single gentleman,' resumed Mark. 'If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object.'

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said:—

'If you mean me—'

'Yes, I do, sir, interposed Mark.

'Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately.'

'Well, sir,' returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence, 'from all that ever I heard about it, I should say America's a very likely sort of place for me to be jolly in!'

Again Martin looked at him angrily; and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

'Lord bless you, sir,' said Mark, 'what *is* the use of us a going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first time I see you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here am I, without a sitiwation; without any want of wages for a year to come; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what's wentersome, and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down: and will you take me, or will you leave me?'

'How can I take you?' cried Martin.

'When I say take,' rejoined Mark, 'I mean will you let me go? and when I say will you let me go, I mean will you let me go along with you? for go I will, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once, that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words, if I go alone it shall be, to carry out the principle, in the rottenest, craziest, leakingest tub of a wessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a drowned man at your door—and always a knocking double knocks at it, too, or never trust me!'

'This is mere folly,' said Martin.

'Very good, sir,' returned Mark. 'I'm glad to hear it, because if you don't mean to let me go, you'll be more comfortable, perhaps, on account of thinking so. Therefore I contradict no gentlemen. But all say is, that if I dont emigrate to America in that case, in the beastliest, old cockleshell as goes out of port, I'm———'

'You don't mean what you say, I'm sure?' said Martin.

'Yes I do,' cried Mark.

'I tell you I know better,' rejoined Martin.

'Very good, sir,' said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. 'Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait and see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a gimblet is to go through soft deal.'

This was touching Martin on his weak point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

'Why, certainly, Mark,' he said, 'I have hopes of doing well there, or I shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps.'

'Of course you have, sir,' returned Mark Tapley. 'Everybody knows that.'

'You see,' said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, 'ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes, can hardly fail to be in great request in that country; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off; and it's clear they must have houses to live in.'

'I should say, sir,' observed Mark, 'that that's a state of things as opens one of the jolliest lookouts for domestic architecture that ever I heerd tell on.'

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion that this remark implied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans. But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied.—Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hands, said,

'Now tell me the truth. Do you know anything about that?'

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the superscription upward, and with the superscription downward; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again:

'No, I see you don't. How should you! Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being here. Come, Tapley,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'I'll trust you with my history, such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mark; 'but afore you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn off me—Mark Tapley—formerly of the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Pinch, and as wants a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder as you're certain to get to the top of, take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir,' said Mark, 'it's of very little importance to you, I know—there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?'

'We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow.'

'Then, sir,' said Mark, rubbing his hands, 'the job's done. Go on, sir if you please. I'm all attention.'

Throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention; Martin ran over the chief points in his history, to the same effect as he had related them, weeks before, to Mr. Pinch. But he adapted them, according to the best of his judgment, to Mr. Tapley's comprehension; and with that view made as light of his love affair as he could, and referred to it in very few words. But here he reckoned without his host; for Mark's interest was keenest in this part of the business, and prompted him to ask sundry questions in relation to it; for which he apologised as one in some measure privileged to do so, from having seen (as Martin explained to him) the young lady at the Blue Dragon.

'And a young lady as any gentleman ought to feel more proud of being in love with,' said Mark, energetically, 'don't draw breath.'

'Aye! You saw her when she was not happy,' said Martin, gazing at the fire again. 'If you had seen her in the old times, indeed—'

'Why, she certainly was a little down-hearted, sir, and something paler in her colour than I could have wished,' said Mark, 'but none the worse in her looks for that. I think she seemed better, sir, after she come to London.'

Martin withdrew his eyes from the fire; stared at Mark as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad; and asked him what he meant.

'No offence intended, sir,' urged Mark. 'I don't mean to say she was any the happier, without you; but I thought she was a looking better, sir.'

'Do you mean to tell me she has been in London?' asked Martin, rising hurriedly, and pushing back his chair.

'Of course I do,' said Mark, rising too, in great amazement, from the bedstead.

'Do you mean to tell me she's in London now?'

'Most likely, sir. I mean to say she was, a week ago.'

'And you know where?'

'Yes!' cried Mark. 'What! Don't you?'

'My good fellow!' exclaimed Martin, clutching him by both arms, 'I have never seen her since I left my grandfather's house.'

'Why then!' cried Mark, giving the little table such a blow with his clenched fist that the slices of beef and ham danced upon it, while all his features seemed, with delight, to be going up into his forehead, and never coming back again any more, 'if I an't your nat'ral born servant, hired by Fate, there an't such a thing in natur' as a Blue Dragon. What! when I was a rambling up and down a old church yard in the city, getting myself into a jolly state, didn't I see your grandfather a toddling to and fro for pretty nigh a mortal hour! Didn't I watch him into Codgers's commercial boarding-house, and watch him out, and watch him home to his hotel, and go and tell him as his was the service for my money, and I had said so, afore I left the Dragon! Wasn't the young lady a sitting with him then, and didn't she fall a laughing in a manner as was beautiful to see! Didn't your grandfather say, 'Come back again next week;' and didn't I go next week; and didn't he say that he couldn't make up his mind to trust nobody no more, and therefore wouldn't engage me; but at the same time stood something to drink as was handsome! Why,' cried Mr. Tapley, with a comical mixture of delight and chagrin, 'where's the credit of a man's being jolly under such circumstances! who could help it, when things come about like this!'

For some moments, Martin stood gazing at him, as if he really doubted the evidence of his senses, and could not believe that Mark stood there, in the body, before him. At length he asked him whether, if the young lady were still in London, he thought he could contrive to deliver a letter to her secretly.

'Do I think I can!' cried Mark. '*Think* I can! Here, sit down, sir. Write it out, sir!'

With that he cleared the table by the summary process of tilting everything upon it into the fire-place; snatched some writing materials from the mantel-shelf; set Martin's chair before them; forced him down into it; dipped a pen into the ink; and put it in his hand.

'Cut away, sir!' cried Mark. 'Make it strong, sir. Let it be wery pointed, sir. Do I think so? *I* should think so. Go to work, sir!'

Martin required no further adjuration, but went to work at a great rate; while Mr. Tapley, installing himself without any more formalities into the functions of his valet and general attendant, divested himself of his coat, and went on to clear the fireplace and arrange the room: talking to himself in a low voice the whole time.

'Jolly sort of lodgings,' said Mark, rubbing his nose with the knob at the end of the fire-shovel, and looking round the poor chamber: 'that's a comfort. The rain's come through the roof too. That an't bad. A lively old bedstead, I'll be bound; popilated by lots of wampires, no doubt. Come! my spirits is getting up again. An uncommon ragged nightcap this. A very good sign. We shall do yet! Here Jane, my dear,' calling down the stairs, bring up that there hot tumbler for my master, as was a mixing when I come in. That's right, sir,' to Martin. 'Go at it as if you meant it, sir. Be very tender, sir, if you please. You can't make it too strong, sir!'

CHAPTER XIV.

The letter being duly signed, sealed, and delivered, was handed to Mark Tapley, for immediate conveyance if possible. And he succeeded so well in his embassy as to be enabled to return that same night, just as the house was closing: with the welcome intelligence that he had sent it up stairs to the young lady, enclosed in a small manuscript of his own, purporting to contain his further petition to be engaged in Mr. Chuzzlewit's service; and that she had herself come down and told him, in great haste and agitation, that she would meet the gentleman at eight o'clock to-morrow morning in St. James's Park. It was then agreed between the new master and the new man, that Mark should be in waiting near the hotel in good time, to escort the young lady to the place of appointment; and when they had parted for the night with this understanding, Martin took up his pen again; and before he went to bed wrote another letter, whereof more will be seen presently.

He was up before day-break, and came upon the Park with the morning, which was clad in the least engaging of the three hundred and sixty-five dresses in the wardrobe of the year. It was raw, damp, dark, and dismal; the clouds were as muddy as the ground; and the short perspective of every street and avenue, was closed up by the mist as by a filthy curtain.

'Fine weather indeed,' Martin bitterly soliloquized, 'to be wandering up and down here in, like a thief! Fine weather indeed, for a meeting of lovers in the open air, and in a public walk! I need be departing, with all speed, for another country; for I have come to a pretty pass in this!'

He might perhaps have gone on to reflect that of all mornings in the year, it was not the best calculated for a young lady's coming forth on such an errand, either. But he was stopped on the road to this reflection, if his thoughts tended that way, by her appearance at a short distance, on which he hurried forward to meet her. Her squire, Mr. Tapley, at the same time fell discreetly back, and surveyed the fog above him with an appearance of attentive interest.

'My dear Martin!' said Mary.

'My dear Mary,' said Martin; and lovers are such a singular kind of people that it is all they did say just then, though Martin took her arm, and her hand too, and they paced up and down a short walk that was least exposed to observation, half a dozen times.

'If you have changed at all, my love, since we parted,' said Martin at length, as he looked upon her with a proud delight, 'it is only to be more beautiful than ever!'

'What change is there in *you*, Martin,' she replied; 'for that concerns me nearest? You look more anxious and more thoughtful than you used.'

'Why as to that, my love,' said Martin, as he drew her waist within his arm, first looking round to see that there were no observers near, and beholding Mr. Tapley more intent than ever on the fog; 'it would be strange if I did not; for my life—especially of late has been a hard one.'

'I know it must have been,' she answered. 'When have I forgotten to think of it and you?'

'Not often, I hope,' said Martin. 'Not often, I am sure. Not often, I have some right to expect, Mary; for I have undergone a great deal of vexation and privation, and I naturally look for that return, you know.'

'A very, very poor return,' she answered with a fainter smile. 'But you have it, and will have it always. You have paid a dear price for a poor heart, Martin; but it is at least your own, and a true one.'

'Of course I feel quite certain of that,' said Martin, 'or I shouldn't have put myself in my present position. And don't say a poor heart, Mary, for I say a rich one. Now, I am about to break a design to you, dearest, which will startle you at first, but which is undertaken for your sake. I am going,' he added slowly, looking far into the deep wonder of her bright dark eyes, 'abroad.'

'Abroad, Martin!'

'Only to America. See now—how you droop directly!'

'If I do, or, I hope I may say, if I did,' she answered, raising her head after a short silence, and looking once more into his face, it was for grief to think of what you are resolved to undergo for me. I would not venture to dissuade you. Martin; but it is a long, long distance; there is a wide ocean to be crossed; illness and want are sad calamities in any place, but in a foreign country dreadful to endure. Have you thought of all this?'

'Thought of it!' cried Martin, abating in his fondness—and he *was* very fond of her—hardly an iota of his usual impetuosity. 'What am I to do? It's very well to say, Have I thought of it? my love; but you should ask me in the same breath, have I thought of starving at home; have I thought of doing porter's work for a living; have I thought of holding horses in the streets to earn my roll of bread from day to day? Come, come,' he added, in a gentler tone, 'do not hang down your head, my dear, for I need the encouragement that your sweet face alone can give me. Why, that's well! Now you are brave again.'

'I am endeavouring to be,' she answered, smiling through her tears.

'Endeavouring to be anything that's good, and being it, is, with you, all one. Don't I know that of old?' cried Martin, gaily. 'So! That's famous! Now I can tell you all my plans as cheerfully as if you were my little wife already, Mary.'

She hung more closely on his arm, and looking upward in his face, bade him speak on.

'You see,' said Martin, playing with the little hand upon his wrist, 'that my attempts to advance myself at home have been baffled and rendered abortive. I will not say by whom, Mary, for that would give pain to us both. But so it is. Have you heard him speak of late of any relative of mine or his, called Pecksniff? Only tell me what I ask you, no more.'

'I have heard, to my surprise, that he is a better man than was supposed.'

'I thought so,' interrupted Martin.

'And that it is likely we may come to know him, if not to visit and reside with him and—I think—his daughters. He *has* daughters, has he love?

'A pair of them,' Martin answered. 'A precious pair! Gems of the first water!'

'Ah! you are jesting!'

'There is a sort of jesting which is very much in earnest, and includes some pretty serious disgust,' said Martin. 'I jest in reference to Mr. Pecksniff (at whose house I have been living, as his assistant, and at whose hands I have received insult and injury), in that vein. Whatever betides, or however closely you may be brought into communication with his family, never forget that, Mary; and never for an instant, whatever appearances may seem to contradict me, lose sight of this assurance—Pecksniff is a scoundrel.'

'Indeed!'

'In thought, and in deed, and in everything else. A scoundrel from the topmost hair of his head to the nethermost atom of his heel. Of his daughters I will only say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, they are dutiful young ladies, and take after their father closely. This is a digression from the main point, and yet it brings me to what I was going to say.'

He stopped to look into her eyes again, and seeing, in a hasty glance over his shoulder, that there was no one near, and that Mark was still intent upon the fog, not only looked at her lips too, but kissed them into the bargain.

'Now, I am going to America, with great prospects of doing well, and of returning home myself very soon; it may be to take you there for a few years, but, at all events, to claim you for my wife; which, after such trials, I should do with no fear of your still thinking it a duty to cleave to him who will not suffer me to live (for this is true), if he can help it, in my own land. How long I may be absent is of course uncertain; but it shall not be very long. Trust me for that.'

'In the meantime, dear Martin———'

'That's the very thing I'm coming to. In the meantime you shall hear constantly of all my goings on. Thus.'

He paused to take from his pocket the letter he had written overnight, and then resumed:

'In this fellow's employment, and living in this fellow's house (by fellow, I mean Mr. Pecksniff, of course), there is a certain person of the name of Pinch—don't forget it; a poor, strange, simple oddity, Mary; but thoroughly honest and sincere; full of zeal; and with a cordial regard for me; which I mean to return one of these days, by setting him up in life in some way or other.'

'Your old kind nature, Martin!'

'Oh!' said Martin, 'that's not worth speaking of, my love. He's very grateful and desirous to serve me; and I am more than repaid. Now one night I told this Pinch my history, and all about myself and you; in which he was not a little interested, I can tell you, for he knows you! Aye, you may look surprised—and the longer the better, for it becomes you—but you have heard him play the organ in the church of that village before now; and he has seen you listening to his music, and has caught his inspiration from you, too!'

'Was *he* the organist?' cried Mary. I thank him from my heart.'

'Yes he was,' said Martin, 'and is, and gets nothing for it either. There never was such a simple fellow! Quite an infant! But a very good sort of creature, I assure you.'

'I am sure of that,' she said, with great earnestness. 'He must be!'

'Oh, yes, no doubt at all about it,' rejoined Martin, in his usual careless way. 'He is. Well! it has occurred to me—but stay, if I read you what I have written and intend sending to him by post to night, it will explain itself. 'My dear Tom Pinch.' That's rather familiar, perhaps,' said Martin, suddenly remembering that he was proud when they had last met, 'but I call him my dear Tom Pinch, because he likes it, and it pleases him.'

'Very right, and very kind,' said Mary.

'Exactly so!' cried Martin. 'It's as well to be kind whenever one can; and, as I said before, he really is an excellent fellow. 'My dear Tom

Pinch,—I address this under cover to Mrs. Lupin, at the Blue Dragon, and have begged her in a short note to deliver it to you without saying anything about it elsewhere; and to do the same with all future letters she may receive from me. My reason for so doing will be at once apparent to you.' I don't know that it will be, by the bye, said Martin, breaking off, 'for he's slow of comprehension, poor fellow; but he'll find it out in time. My reason simply is, that I don't want my letters to be read by other people; and particularly by the scoundrel whom he thinks an angel.'

'Mr. Pecksniff again?' asked Mary.

'The same,' said Martin: '"—will be at once apparent to you. I have completed my arrangements for going to America; and you will be surprised to hear that I am to be accompanied by Mark Tapley, upon whom I have stumbled strangely in London, and who insists on putting himself under my protection"—meaning, my love," said Martin, breaking off again, 'our friend in the rear, of course.'

She was delighted to hear this, and bestowed a kind glance upon Mark, which he brought his eyes down from the fog to encounter, and received with immense satisfaction. She said in his hearing, too, that he was a good soul and a merry creature, and would be faithful, she was certain; commendations which Mr. Tapley inwardly resolved to deserve, from such lips, if he died for it.

"'Now, my dear Pinch,'" resumed Martin, proceeding with his letter; "'I am going to repose great trust in you, knowing that I may do so with perfect reliance on your honour and secrecy, and having nobody else just now to trust in.'"

'I don't think I would say that, Martin.'

'Wouldn't you? Well! I'll take that out. It's perfectly true, though.'

'But it might seem ungracious, perhaps.'

'Oh, I don't mind Pinch,' said Martin. 'There's no occasion to stand on any ceremony with *him*. However, I'll take it out, as you wish it, and make the full stop "at secrecy." Very well! "I shall not only"—this is the letter again, you know.'

'I understand.'

'"I shall not only inclose my letters to the young lady of whom I have told you, to your charge, to be forwarded as she may request; but I most earnestly commit her, the young lady herself, to your care and regard, in the event of your meeting in my absence. I have reason to think that the probabilities of your encountering each other—perhaps very frequently—are now neither remote nor few; and although in your position you can do very little to lessen the uneasiness of hers, I trust to you implicitly to do that much, and so deserve the confidence I have reposed in you." You see, my dear Mary,' said Martin, 'it will be a great consolation to you to have anybody, no matter how simple, with whom you can speak about ME; and the very first time you talk to Pinch, you'll feel at once, that there is no more occasion for any embarrassment or hesitation in talking to him, than if he were an old woman.'

"However that may be,' she returned, smiling, 'he is your friend, and that is enough.'

'Oh, yes, he's my friend,' said Martin, 'certainly. In fact, I have told him in so many words that we'll always take notice of him, and protect him: and it's a good trait in his character that he's grateful—very grateful indeed. You'll like him of all things, my love, I know. You'll observe very much that's comical and old fashioned about Pinch, but you needn't mind laughing at him; for he'll not care about it. He'll rather like it, indeed!'

'I don't think I shall put that to the test, Martin.'

'You won't if you can help it, of course,' he said, 'but I think you'll find him a little too much for your gravity. However that's neither here nor there, and it certainly is not the letter; which ends thus: 'Knowing that I need not impress the nature and extent of that confidence upon you at any greater length, as it is already sufficiently established in your mind, I will only say in bidding you farewell, and looking forward to our next meeting, that I shall charge myself from this time, through all changes for the better, with your advancement and happiness, as if they were my own. You may rely upon that. And always believe me, my dear Tom Pinch, faithfully your friend, Martin Chuzzlewit. P.S I enclose the amount which you so kindly"—Oh,' said Martin, checking himself, and folding up the letter, 'that's nothing!'

At this crisis Mark Tapley interposed, with an apology for remarking that the clock at the Horse Guards was striking.

"Which I shouldn't have said nothing about, sir,' added Mark, 'if the young Lady hadn't begged me to be particular in mentioning it.'

'I did,' said Mary. 'Thank you. You are quite right. In another minute I shall be ready to return. We have time for a very few words more, dear Martin, and although I had much to say, it must remain unsaid until the happy time of our next meeting. Heaven send it may come speedily and prosperously! But I have no fear of that.'

'Fear!' cried Martin. 'Why, who has? What are a few months? What is a whole year? When I come gaily back, with a road through life hewn out before me, then indeed, looking back upon this parting, it may seem a dismal one. But now! I swear I wouldn't have it happen under more favourable auspices, if I could; for then I should be less inclined to go, and less impressed with the necessity.'

'Yes, yes. I feel that too. When do you go?'

'To-night. We leave for Liverpool to-night. A vessel sails from that port, as I hear, in three days. In a month, or less, we shall be there.—Why, what's a month! How many months have flown by since our last parting!'

'Long to look back upon,' said Mary, echoing his cheerful tone, 'but nothing in their course!'

'Nothing at all!' cried Martin. 'I shall have change of scene and change of place; change of people, change of manners, change of cares and hopes! Time will wear wings indeed! I can bear anything, so that I have swift action, Mary.'

'The quarter's gone!' cried Mr. Tapley, in a voice of admonition.

'I shall be ready to return immediately,' she said. 'One thing, dear Martin, I am bound to tell you. You intreated me a few minutes since only to answer what you asked me in reference to one theme, but you should and must know—otherwise I could not be at ease—that since that separation of which I was the unhappy occasion, he has never once uttered your name—has never coupled it, or any faint allusion to it, with passion or reproach; and has never abated in his kindness to me.'

'I thank him for that last act,' said Martin, 'and for nothing else. Though on consideration I may thank him for his other forbearance also, inasmuch as I neither expect nor desire that he will mention my name again. He may once, perhaps—to couple it with reproach—in his will. Let him, if he please! By the time it reaches me he will be in his grave: a satire on his own anger, God help him!'

'Martin! If you would but sometimes, in some quiet hour; beside the winter fire; in the summer air; when you hear gentle music, or think of death or home, or childhood; if you would at such a season resolve to think, but once a month, or even once a year, of him, or any one who ever wronged you, you would forgive him in your heart, I know!'

'If I believed that to be true, Mary,' he replied, 'I would resolve at no such time to bear him in my mind: wishing to spare myself the shame of such a weakness. I was not born to be the toy and puppet of any man, far less his; to whose pleasure and caprice, in return for any good he did me, my whole youth was sacrificed. It became between us two a fair exchange—a barter—and no more: and there is no such balance against me that I need throw in a mawkish forgiveness to poise the scale. He has forbidden all mention of me to you, I know,' he added hastily. 'Come! Has he not?'

'That was long ago,' she returned; 'immediately after your parting; before you had left the house. He has never done so since.'

'He has never done so since, because he has seen no occasion,' said Martin; 'but that is of little consequence, one way or other. Let all allusion to him between you and me be interdicted from this time forth. And therefore, love——' he drew her quickly to him, for the time of parting had now come,—"in the first letter that you write to me through the Post-office, addressed to New York; and in all the others that you send through Pinch; remember he has no existence, but has become to us as one who is dead. Now God bless you! This is a strange place for such a meeting and such a parting; but our next meeting shall be in a better, and our next and last parting in a worse.'

'One other question Martin, I must ask. Have you provided money for this journey.'

'Have I?' cried Martin; it might have been in his pride; it might have been in his desire to set her mind at ease: 'Have I provided money! Why, there's a question for an emigrant's wife! How could I move on land or sea without it, love?'

'I mean, enough.'

'Enough! More than enough. Twenty times more than enough. A pocket full. Mark and I, for all essential ends, are quite as rich as if we had the purse of Fortunatus in our baggage.'

'The half-hour's a going!' cried Mr. Tapley.

'Good bye a hundred times!' cried Mary, in a trembling voice.

When Mr. Tapley rejoined Martin again in his own chamber, he found that gentleman seated moodily before the the dusty grate, with his two feet on the fender, his two elbows on his knees, and his chin supported, in a not very ornamental manner, on the palms of his hands.

'Well, Mark?'

'Well, sir,' said Mark, taking a long breath, 'I see the young lady safe home, and I feel pretty comfortable after it. She sent a lot of kind words, sir, and this,' handing him a ring, 'for a parting keepsake.'

'Diamonds!' said Martin, kissing it—let us do him justice, it was for her sake; not for theirs—and putting it on his little finger. 'Splendid diamonds. My grandfather is a singular character, Mark. He must have given her this, now.'

'She is worthy of the sacrifices I have made,' said Martin, folding his arms, and looking at the ashes in the stove, as if in resumption of some former thoughts. 'Well worthy of them. No riches'—here he stroked his chin, and mused—'could have compensated for the loss of such a nature. Not to mention that in gaining her affection, I have followed the bent of my own wishes, and baulked the selfish schemes of others who had no right to form them. She is quite worthy—more than worthy—of the sacrifices I have made. Yes, she is. No doubt of it.'

These ruminations might or might not have reached Mark Tapley; for though they were by no means addressed to him, yet they were softly uttered. In any case, he stood there, watching Martin, with an indescribable and most involved expression on his visage, until that young man roused himself and looked toward him; when he turned away as being suddenly intent on certain preparations for the journey, and without giving vent to any articulate sound, smiled with surpassing ghastliness, and seemed by a twist of his features and a motion of his lips, to relieve himself of this word:

'Jolly!'

CHAPTER XV.

Here? Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping a thousand miles away so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; and then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm 'A ship!'

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, 'A ship!'

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into a heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as insensible to the foul air in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a dim idea that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead which had turned bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs; for the first objects Mr. Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels—looking down at him, as he afterward observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

'Well!' said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. 'This is the first time as ever I stood on my head all night.'

'You shouldn't go to sleep upon the ground with your head to leeward, then,' growled a man in one of the berths.

'With my head to *where?*' asked Mark.

The man repeated his previous sentiment.

'No, I won't another time.' said Mark, 'when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship any more.'

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

'—For,' said Mr. Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice; 'the sea is as nonsensical a thing as anything going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild beast shows as is constantly a nodding their heads from side to side, it never can be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity.'

'Is that you, Mark?' asked a faint voice from another berth.

'It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work,' Mr. Tapley replied. 'What with leading the life of a fly ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in an upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out in various ways, there an't too much of me to swear by. How do *you* find yourself this morning, sir?'

'Very miserable,' said Martin, with a peevish groan. 'Ugh! This is wretched, indeed!'

'Creditable,' muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head, and looking round him with a rueful grin. 'That's the great comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's it's own reward. So's jollity.'

Mark was so far right, that unquestionably any man who retained his cheerfulness among the steerage accommodations of that noble and fast sailing line of packet-ship, 'The Screw,' was solely indebted to his own resources, and shipped his good humour, like his provisions, without any contribution or assistance from the owners. A dark, low, stifling cabin, surrounded by berths all filled to overflowing with men, women, and children, in various stages of sickness and misery, is not the liveliest place of assembly at any time; but when it is so crowded (as the steerage cabin of the 'Screw' was, every passage out), that mattrasses and beds are heaped upon the floor, to the extinction of everything like comfort, cleanliness, and decency, it is liable to operate not only as a pretty strong barrier against amiability of temper, but as a positive encourager of selfish and rough humours. Mark felt this, as he sat looking about him, and his spirits rose proportionately.

There were English people, Irish people, Welsh people, and Scotch people there; all with their little store of coarse food and shabby clothes; and nearly all with their families of children. There were children of all ages, from the baby at the breast to the slattern girl, who was as much a grown woman as her mother. Every kind of domestic suffering that is bred in poverty, illness, banishment, sorrow, and long travel in bad weather, was crammed into the little space; and yet was there infinitely less of complaint and querulousness, and infinitely more of mutual assistance and general kindness to be found in that unwholesome ark, than in many brilliant ball rooms.

Mark looked about him wistfully, and his face brightened as he looked. Here an old grandmother was crooning over a sick child, and rocking it to and fro, in arms hardly more wasted than its own young limbs; here a poor woman with an infant in her lap, mended another little creature's clothes, and quieted another who was creeping up about her from their scanty bed upon the floor. Here were old men awkwardly engaged in little household offices, wherein they would have been ridiculous but for their good will and kind purpose; and here were swartey fellows—giants in their way—doing such little acts of tenderness for those about them, as might have belonged to gentlest-hearted dwarfs. The very idiot in the corner who sat mowing there, all day, had his faculty of imitation roused by what he saw about him, and snapped his fingers to amuse a crying child.

'Now, then,' said Mark, nodding to a woman who was dressing her three children at no great distance from him—and the grin upon his face had by this time spread from ear to ear—'Hand over one of them young uns according to custom.'

'I wish you'd get breakfast, Mark, instead of worrying with people who don't belong to you,' observed Martin, petulantly.

'All right,' said Mark. 'She'll do that. It's a fair division of labour, sir. I wash her boys, and she makes our tea. I never could make tea, but any one can wash a boy.'

The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness, as well she might, for she had been covered every night with his greatcoat, while he had had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug. But Martin, who seldom got up or looked about him, was quite incensed by the folly of this speech, and expressed his dissatisfaction by an impatient groan.

'So it is, certainly,' said Mark, brushing the child's hair as coolly as if he had been born and bread a barber.

'What are you talking about now? asked Martin.

'What you said,' replied Mark; 'or what you meant, when you gave that there dismal vent to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It *is* very hard upon her.'

'What is?'

'Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here. and going such a way at such a time of year to join her husband. If you don't want to be driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man,' said Mr. Tapley to the second urchin, who was by this time under his hand at the basin, 'you'd better shut it.'

'Where does she join her husband?' asked Martin, yawning.

'Why, I'm very much afraid,' said Mr. Tapley, in a low voice, 'that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and it don't seem to have been very clearly understood between 'em without it, and if she don't see him a waving his pocket-handkerchief on the shore, like a picter out of a song-book, my opinion is, she'll break her heart.'

'Why, how, in folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture!' cried Martin.

Mr. Tapley glanced at him for a moment as he lay prostrate in his berth, and then said, very quietly,

'Ah! How, indeed! I can't think! He's been away from her for two year; she's been very poor and lonely in her own country; and has always been a looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing! A little mad, perhaps! There can't be no other way of accounting for it.'

Martin was too far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness to make any reply to these words, or even to attend to them as they were spoken. And the subject of their discourse returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectually put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr. Tapley; who, when the meal was over and he had adjusted Martin's bed, went up on deck to wash the breakfast service, which consisted of two half-pint tin mugs, and a shaving-pot of the same metal.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state, that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, woman, or child, on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to 'come out strong' under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterward come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

'If this was going to last,' said Mr. Tapley, 'there'd be no great difference as I can perceive, between the Screw and the Dragon. I never *am* to get any credit, I think. I begin to be afraid that the Fates is determined to make the world easy to me.'

'Well, Mark,' said Martin, near whose berth he had ruminated to this effect, 'When will this be over?'

'Another week, they say, sir,' returned Mark, 'will most likely bring us into port. The ship's going along at present, as sensible as a ship can, sir; though I don't mean to say as that's any very high praise.'

'I don't think it is, indeed,' groaned Martin.

'You'd feel all the better for it, sir, if you was to turn out,' observed Mark.

'And be seen by the ladies and gentlemen on the after-deck,' returned Martin, with a scornful emphasis upon the words, 'mingling with the beggarly crowd that are stowed away in this vile hole. I should be greatly the better for that, no doubt!'

'I am thankful that I can't say from my own experience what the feelings of a gentleman may be,' said Mark, 'but I should have thought, sir, as a gentleman would feel a deal more uncomfortable down here, than up in the fresh air, especially when the ladies and gentlemen in the after-cabin know just as much about him, as he does about them, and are likely to trouble their heads about him in the same proportion. I should have thought that, certainly.'

'I tell you, then,' rejoined Martin, 'you would have thought wrong, and do think wrong.'

'Very likely, sir,' said Mark, with imperturbable good temper. 'I often do.'

'As to lying here,' cried Martin, raising himself on his elbow, and looking angrily at his follower. 'Do you suppose it's a pleasure to lie here?'

'All the madhouses in the world,' said Mr. Tapley, 'couldn't produce such a maniac as the man must be who could think that.'

'Then why are you for ever goading and urging me to get up?' asked Martin. 'I lie here because I don't wish to be recognised in the better days to which I aspire, by any purse-proud citizen, as the man who come over with him among the steerage passengers. I lie here, because I wish to conceal my circumstances and myself, and not to arrive in a new world badged and ticketed as an utterly poverty-stricken man. If I could have afforded a passage in the after-cabin, I should have held up my head with the rest. As I couldn't, I hide it. Do you understand that?'

'I am very sorry, sir,' said Mark. 'I didn't know you took it so much to heart as this comes to.'

'Of course you didn't know,' returned his master. 'How should you know, unless I told you? It's no trial to *you*, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to bustle about. It's as natural for you to do so under the circumstances as it is for me not to do so. Why, you don't suppose there is a living creature in this ship who can by possibility have half so much to undergo on board of her as *I* have? Do you?' he asked, sitting upright in his berth and looking at Mark, with an expression of great earnestness not unmixed with wonder.

Mark twisted his face into a tight knot, and with his head very much on one side pondered upon this question as if he felt it an extremly difficult one to answer. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Martin himself, who said, as he stretched himself upon his back again and resumed the book he had been reading:

'But what is the use of my putting such a case to you, when the very essence of what I have been saying, is, that you cannot by possibility understand it! Make me a little brandy-and-water—cold and very weak—and give me a biscuit, and tell your friend, who is a nearer neighbour of ours than I could wish, to try and keep her children a little quieter to-night than she did last night, that's a good fellow.'

Mr. Tapley set himself to obey these orders with great alacrity, and pending their execution, it may be presumed his flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he several times observed, below his breath, than in respect of its power of imparting a credit to jollity, the Screw unquestionably had some decided advantages over the Dragon. He also remarked, that it was a high gratification to him to reflect that he would carry its main excellence ashore with him, and have it constantly beside him wherever he went; but what he meant by these consolatory thoughts he did not explain.

And now a general excitement began to prevail on board; and various predictions relative to the precise day, and even the precise hour at which they would reach New York, were freely broached. There was infinitely more crowding on deck and looking over the ship's side than there had been before; and an epidemic broke out for packing up things every morning, which required unpacking again every night. Those who had any letters to deliver, or any friends to meet, or any settled plans of going anywhere or doing anything, discussed their prospects a hundred times a day; and as this class of passengers was very small, and the number of those who had no prospects whatever was very large, there were plenty of listeners and few talkers. Those who had been ill all along got well now, and those who had been well got better. An American gentleman in the after-cabin, who had been wrapped up in fur and oilskin the whole passage, unexpectedly appeared in a very shiny, tall, black hat, and constantly overhauled a very little valise of pale leather, which contained his clothes, linen, brushes, shaving apparatus, books, trinkets, and other baggage. He likewise stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and walked the deck with his nostrils dilated, as already inhaling the air of Freedom which carries death to all tyrants, and can never, under any circumstances worth mentioning, be breathed by slaves. An English gentleman who was strongly suspected of having run away from a bank, with something in his possession belonging to its strong box besides the key, grew eloquent upon the subject of the rights of man, and hummed the Marseillaise Hymn constantly. In a word, one great sensation pervaded the whole ship, and the soil of America lay close before them; so close at last, that, upon a certain starlight night, they took a pilot on board, and within a few hours afterward lay to until the morning, awaiting the arrival of a steamboat in which the passengers were to be conveyed ashore.

Off she came, soon after it was light next morning, and, lying alongside an hour or more—during which period her very firemen were objects of hardly less interest and curiousity, than if they had been so many angels, good or bad—took all her living freight aboard Among them, Mark, who still had his friend and her three children under his close protection; and Martin, who had once more dressed himself in his usual attire, but wore a soiled, old cloak above his ordinary clothes, until such time as he should separate for ever from his late companions.

The steamer—which, with its machinery on deck, looked, as it worked its long slim legs, like some enormously magnified insect or antediluvian monster—dashed at great speed up a beautiful bay; and presently they saw some heights, and islands, and a long, flat, straggling city.

'And this,' said Mr. Tapley, looking far ahead, 'is the Land of Liberty, is it? Very well. I'm agreeable. Any land will do for me, after so much water!'

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Imperial Parliament.

House of Commons, May 29.

ARMS (IRELAND) BILL.

The order of the day for the second reading of this bill was read.

Lord **ELLIOT** rose and said, the scope of the bill was to amend, consolidate, and continue the laws now in existence, but which were about to expire. The subject of the possession of arms in Ireland, and of the importation of arms into that country, had been regulated by law for a period of nearly fifty years, and they had been made the subject of different enactments, some having reference to the importation and some to the possession of arms. He fully admitted that the law which he was about to propose was a restraint on the liberty of the subject. He did not wish to conceal his own opinions on that point, but at the same time they must bear in mind that great authorities had always laid it down, that the right of carrying arms was only for self-defence, and that unless the state of circumstances was such as to justify that state of things, persons could not complain of the restraint imposed by the law. He would propose first to quote the authority of a gentleman who, he felt sure, possessed the confidence of the noble lord opposite—he alluded to Colonel M'Gregor—a gentleman who was at the head of the constabulary force, and who had the highest character among the members of that house for conduct unbiassed by his private opinions, whatever they might be. Colonel M'Gregor wrote thus :—" I have forwarded to the Irish office, according to your wish, numerous constabulary reports connected with the illegal possession of arms ; and I may embrace this opportunity of expressing my conviction that an amendment of the recent arms act is imperatively called for. There can be no question, from the information I have received, that vast numbers of unregistered arms are in the hands of the people, and are frequently applied, as the reports of crime will show, to the worst purposes Few of the parties engaged in house attacks, or in visiting houses by night, either for objects of revenge or intimidation, go unarmed ; and I conceive that the possession of arms by all such, tends, in many instances, to stimulate them to outrages of a character which they might not venture to perpetrate were they not thereby inspired with additional confidence. Though it be highly creditable to the Irish peasantry, that amidst their extreme poverty and destitution they rarely are guilty of robbery in its usual form ; yet, such is their vehement desire for the possession of firearms, that there is no risk to which they will not expose themselves for the sake of obtaining them. Hence the frequent robberies and demands of arms, and the violent struggless and assaults that are the consequence. Besides, it is supposed, and I fear with reason, that some of the most murderous deeds are carried into effect by means of registered arms that have been lent from fear, or favour, or even more questionable motives. Yet the present enactment makes no provision for identifying such arms. A man, indeed, may be detected with an unregistered arm, and be made to suffer the penalty due to such an offence ; but unless the arms be branded, it seems impossible to trace them to their owners, and thereby discover whether they have been either improperly lent or stolen. Under the present act a constable may meet the greatest ruffian in his county with a gun in his hand, which he is morally certain is not registered, at least in his own name, yet he has no power to detain him nor to summon him wtth a reasonable prospect of procuring a conviction. Searches, too, for arms are rendered comparatively so ineffectual by the circuitous, and, in some parts of the country, the almost impracticable process required by the act, that the chief advantage of undertaking them seems to consist in the expectation that the arms in the district so visited will be secreted, for some time, in bogs and similar places of concealment, where they will become unserviceable. Without entering, however, into the details of the proposed bill, which I have seen, I may confidently express an opinion, in which I am persuaded the resident magistrates generally, as well as the officers of the force, will concur, that unless greater difficulties be opposed to persons of bad character manufacturing, vending, or otherwise disposing of or obtaining, arms, and greater facilities be presented for tracing the ownership of all arms, it will be quite impossible for the constabulary, with their utmost exertions, effectually to prevent, or even materially to diminish, the evils arising from the unlawful multiplication of arms in the country." The next authority he would quote was that of the second in command of Colonel M'Gregor—Colonel Miller, who had had very great opportunities of forming a judgment as to the state of the country. Col. Miller wrote as follows ;—" For more than 15 years it has been my almost daily duty to read and class the special reports of crime forwarded from the interior for the information of government ; and although during a large portion of that period I had to deal with such cases merely as occurred in the province of Munster, including, of ccurse, the county of Tipperary, yet for the last seven years, that is, since a contral constabulary office has been established in Dublin, the reports of all serious outrages throughout Ireland have generally passed through my hands. In furnishing these reports, it is the duty of the district officer to ascertain and set forth in his statement of each case, in addition to other particulars, the supposed motive which induced the perpetration of the offence ; so that the perusal of such details for a term of years, while calculated to afford to any attentive reader much insight into the character, temper, and habits of the rural population of the country, could not fail, at the same time, to enable him to form tolerably just notions as to the mode in which, and the means whereby, the outrages which afflict the country are effected, and as to the motives which may have led to their perpetration. The police reports bear upon a variety of subjects, for, besides the numerous cases of agrarian outrages, such as homicides, robbing for arms, attacking and burning houses, maiming of cattle, and other acts of malicious injury, the public peace is frequently disturbed by illegal combinations to resist legal process, to regulate the wages of labour, to assert rights of turbary or commonage, or to seize and carry off seaweed, &c. In all such cases illegal combination is readily formed, and when necessary, arms are sure to be forthcoming. There is, I regret to say, an unhappy propensity among the Irish peasantry to effect their ends, whatever those ends may be, by intimidation and violence ; and even in cases of real injury occurring among themselves, where a legal remedy might doubtless be obtained, our police reports show that they are often prone to redress such wrongs by some cruel acts of retaliation, rather than proceed by course of law. To this spirit, and to the sinister means employed to inflame it, may be referred all the formidable combinations which have at different times endangered the public peace in Ireland. Of late years we have seen vast numbers illegally banded together to resist the payment of tithes and church rates, when much bloodshed ensued ; more recently, the levying of the poor rate has been forcibly resisted, and lives have been lost in the conflict, and we have just had very menacing movements in certain counties for the declared purpose of curtailing the dues of the Roman Catholic clergy. In the districts of Ireland, where agrarian and other disorders are most prevalent, the progress of disturbance is marked invariably by the same characteristics. The system of intimidation is traced by the pillaging of arms, the posting of threatening notices, and the firing of shots, the administering of unlawful oaths to compel the reluctant to enter into the combination, the firing into dwellings, &c.—Hence the thirst for the possession of arms, which is a ruling passion among so many of the peasantry. Each locality, probably, has a few desperate characters, who, when occasion requires, seek to exert an influence over the rest of the population by a system of terror. These men, it may be presumed, have concealed arms, to be produced when necessary ; but, as unlawful combination extends, a larger supply being required, the timid farmer who may have registered arms is coerced to lend them; and the householders, who are not to be so intimidated, must lay their account with having their habitations attacked and ransacked solely for the sake of their arms. I have long felt, and often represented to government, the evils which this thirst for arms brings upon not merely the better and middle classes of society, but especially on the rural population of Ireland. It leads to rapine and murder, and I believe myself warranted in stating, that almost all the experienced stipendiary magistrates and officers of constabulary concur in thinking—apart from all merely political considerations, and looking only to what is of daily occurrence—that the existing statutory enactments are inadequate, and that more efficient legislative provisions to regulate the possession of arms are urgently required ; and, as a means of preventing the lending of registered arms, of tracing and recovering arms which have been stolen, and of detecting the unlicensed holder of arms, the proposed system of branding them seems to me the only efficacious regulation which can be adopted. In furnising this hasty report, at your lordship's desire, I trust I shall not be supposed to have formed a harsh estimate of the Irish peasanty. The course of my duties has made me familiar with all parts of Ireland, and no one can regard more highly the many admirable qualities which the rural population of the country possess,—their cheerful endurance of privation and toil, their joyous gaiety of heart, and their kindliness of disposition,—and no one can more sincerely deplore the errors and failings by which many of them are disgraced " Those were the opinions of men whom he believed to be well qualified to judge of the state of the rural population of Ireland, and the cause of a great portion of the crimes committed in that country. He was unwilling to trouble the house with many returns, but, perhaps, he might be permitted to quote a short extract from the police reports, as a sort of sample of the crimes committed in Ireland, and of which gentlemen who were unconnected with that country could not form an idea. The following was the extract :—" Limerick, June 24, 1842 —A party of ten men well armed entered the house of Mr. Lindsay, and took a musket and gun, threatening to shoot one of the inmates if the fire-arms were not given up. Banshe, Tip., July 22, 1842. A party of seven armed men entered the house of Mr. Holmes, severely assaulted the inmates, and carried off five fire-arms. Rathkeale, Limerick. November 28, 1842. A party armed with pistols, entered the house of the Rev. Mr. Coughlan, threatened to shoot him, and carried off a pistol. The same party went on to two other houses, and took from each two muskets. Rathkeale, Limerick, December 7, 1842.—A party of 20, of whom 18 were armed, some with guns and others with pistols, entered the house of Gerald Conners, beat some of the inmates and carried off a blunderbuss and a case of pistols.—Newport, Tiperary, March 17, 1843.—A party of six men, four armed with pistols, entered the house of Samuel Young, assaulted the inmates, and carried off a gun. Ballinamore, Leitrim, April 22, 1843.—An armed party, 30 or 40 in number, broke into six dwelling-houses, succeeded in obtaining four guns, and maltreated some of those in whose houses they were unable to find arms Kilbeggan, county of Westmeath, May 16, 1843.—A party of six men, four of whom were armed with pistols, entered the house of David Carey, and carried off a gun and a pistol. Strokestown, Roscommon, May 24, '43.—A party of four men, two being armed with pistols. entered the house of Martin Grady, and carried off two guns and two pistols. Carrick-on-Shannon, Leitrim, January 17, 1843.—In a search for unregisterad arms there were seized five guns, one sword, &c. 'They were concealed in most difficult places ; it almost amounts to an impossibility to discover where they are hid.' Sligo, March 11, 1843.—In a search for unregistered arms made by magistrates in three parties, each aided by 20 police, there were seized nine guns, two pistols, and two swords. Killalo, county of Clare.—An armed party fired three shots (slugs and bullets) into the house of F. Mulqueeny, and posted a threatening notice on his door.—Dunleer, county of Louth.—A party of 40, some being armed, entered Patrick Marron's house, and threatened that they would return and shoot him if he proceeded with an ejectment against a tenant of his, T. Leonard Roscommon, May 10, 1843.—A party of 15 men, of whom six were armed, one with a pistol, and five with guns, assaulted John Leonard, threatened to shoot him, and administered an oath to him to leave his place the following morning." He would not proceed further, but he thought that extract showed the nature of the outrages committed in Ireland—the thirst for arming, and the various modes in which that thirst was quenched (hear, hear) He had also a return of the seizures of arms—of which the number was considerable. He had also a return of the number of murders in Ireland committed by means of fire-arms, beginning with that of Lord Norbury, on the 1st of January, 1839. " Borrisokane, Tipperary, May 19, 1841.—Mr. Hall, a gentleman upward of 70 years old, was shot dead on his own land at noonday. King's county, April 17 1842.—Mr. Roberts was returning from Cloughjordan, where he had been attending divine service, when he was shot dead from behind a hedge. County-Tipperary, Nov. 26, 1842.—Mr. Scully was returning from duck shooting, when he was waylaid and shot dead. Tipperary, Nov. 30, 1842.—Michael Hanly was shot dead at his own door by a man who called on pretence of asking the way to a neighbouring place. Clonbullock, King's County, May 5, 1843.—Mr. Gatchell was driving in his gig near Clonbullock, when he was shot dead from behind a hedge." He had also a statement which had been laid on the table of the house of the number of criminals committed for the crime of murder, and convicted in England and Wales, as compared with those committed for the same offence and convicted in Ireland. From that statement it would be found that in 1838, in England and Wales, 75 were committed and 25 convicted. In Ireland, in the same year, 169 were committed, and 8 convicted. In 1839, in England and Wales, 46 were committed, and 13 convicted. In Ireland 286 were committed, and 32 convicted. In 1840, in England and Wales, 54 were committed, and 18 convicted. In Ireland, 155 were committed, and 15 were convicted. In 1841, in England and Wales, 66 were committed, and 20 convicted ; in Ireland, 120 were committed, and 18 convicted ; and in 1842, in England and Wales, 67 were committed, and 16 were convicted ; whilst in Ireland, 189 were committed, and 11 were convicted ; and the average number of criminal offenders committed to gaol in England and Wales in the last five years and acquitted was 23 per cent., whilst in Ireland the number of acquittals was about 53 per cent. With these tables he might, he thought, assume that a very very considerable number of the crimes in Ireland were committed in consequence of the possession of fire-arms. He had as he conceived, satisfied the house of the necessity of re-enacting measures relative to the possession of arms in Ireland—measures which had been recognised and supported for a period of 50 years by successive governments of different political opinions and by parliament. He would just advert to some of the principal provisions in the present bill as compared with those of the existing law. Very considerable doubts have been entertained as to whether Roman Catholics who were not possessed of a certain amount of property had a right to bear arms in Ireland—whether the magistrates had a legal right to grant such persons a license. The hon. and learned member for Cork considered that the act for Catholic emancipation removed that disability ; but, on the other hand, he had seen an opinion of Mr. Justice Crampton, that the disability still existed. It was prospoed therefore to remove that disability altogether ; all that a man required would be the certificate of two householders that he was a proper person to be entrusted with arms ; and there was a clause in that bill which stated that Roman Catholics should be placed on the same footing in this respect as members of the established protestant church. He thought the only other clause to which it was necessary for him to call the attention of the house was the one with respect to the branding of arms. He knew that great objections were entertained to it, but they were assured by the officers of the constabulary force, and the stipendiary magistrates, that it was impossible to put any restriction upon the possession of arms, so long as they were not susceptible of identification. Plate, if stolen, could be easily traced and identified by the arms or name engraven on it, but arms could not be so. There was also another defect in the present law. A person not possessed of a license might be found with registered arms in his possession, and yet not be liable to a penalty. In the present bill it was made punishable for any man to bear arms without a license, or to possess arms not properly registered and branded No distinction whatever was made as to the guns of the rich or poor ; but all guns whatever would be subject to the same process of branding. He thought, when the house calmly and dispassionately considered this subject, if they were satisfied, as he hoped they would be, that the circumstances required that some restriction should be put on the possession of arms in Ireland, they would not consider that the act would be effectual without such provisions. He knew that great exceptions were taken to that part of the bill which provided punishment for the possession of unregistered arms ; or rather he should say not of fire-arms, because the government proposed to treat that in a different way by imposing a penalty, but the possession of pikes or daggers, or instuments which could only be used for unlawful purposes. Under the existing law a person for such an offence, if it was the first time, was to be imprisoned for 12 months ; and for the second offence, to be transported, without the court having any discretionary power to remit that punishment. Now, if an officer could prove that a person was in possession of unlawful arms—arms which could not be possessed for any lawful purpose—it was proposed that in that case such person should for the first, as for every other offence, be liable to punishment, depending on the judgment and discretion of the court, being either transportation for seven years or imprisonment with or without hard labour for any period not exceeding three years. Then there were some alterations proposed in the the law with regard to the importortation and keeping of gunpowder. The restriction at present did not extend to all retail dealers. But it was quite clear that there was more danger through means of retail dealers than merchants, manufactures, and wholesale dealers. It was therefore proposed to extend the same restrictions to retail dealers which were now in force upon wholesale dealers. It was provided by the existing law that no person should at one time purchase more than 2lb. of gunpowder, but there was no law to prevent his going to any number of dealers whatever and purchasing the same quantity of powder from each. It was proposed, therefore, to remove that restriction, and provide that licensed persons might purchase any quantity they pleased. But the dealer in gunpowder would be liable to a penalty if he sold to a person not provided with a license. Many restrictions that now existed as to the removal of arms were omitted, and he thought it would be found that the provisions proposed in place of them would not be in any degree more vexatious. He thought the house ought to be satisfied that the provisions of the bill were necessary, but at the same time he wished the house to understand that they were not at that moment called upon to express any opinion on the provisions of the bill. They were only called upon then to express an opinion upon the necessity of a measure relating to the possession of arms in Ireland, as the present law upon that subject was about to expire. If any gentleman objected to any particular clauses in this bill, he might propose any amendments he thought proper ; but he (Lord Elliot) did think the house would incur great responsibility if, after the statements he had read, not upon his own authority, but upon that of official returns, they allowed the possession of arms in Ireland to be hereafter altogether unrestricted. For his own part, he should not shrink from proposing a measure which he believed to be essential to the maintenance of order and the law, and to the security of life and property in Ireland (hear.)

Mr. S. **CRAWFORD** opposed the bill. After dealing with some considerations of a more general nature, he came to the repeal agitation, which he supposed would be relied on as a main reason for the measure. But if that agitation had lately been revived, England was herself the cause of its revival, by breaking all her promises of redress for Irish grievances. He was friendly to British connexion, but even that connexion might be purchased at too dear a rate. This bill was a degradation to the magistracy and gentry. It was indeed founded on precedents ; but to none of them had he been a party, and he felt himself therefore free to move that it should be read a second time, on that day six months.

Lord **CLEMENTS** seconded Mr. S. Crawford's amendment. He regretted that it was so moderately worded ; for he would gladly have supported a proposal that the serjeant should be ordered to kick the bill out of those doors. He thanked Lord Elliot, however, for having introduced the monster in its proper shape ; for, in former years, the course had been to bring in a mere continuation bill of half-a-dozen lines, whereas now the abomination appeared entire on the face of the bill. There were a variety of measures needed for Ireland, none of which were brought forward by government ; tolls, grand juries, registrations, manor courts, and many other subjects required legislation ; but nothing useful would ever be enacted while the government of Ireland was left in the hands of the clerks in Dublin castle. The present measure, if it passed, would pass against the sense of the majority of the Irish members. Sir R. Peel had declared himself generally adverse to extraordinary measures of coercion, as widening the breach between the higher and lower classes, and weakening the efficacy of the ordinary law. Now all these evils would be produced by the present bill, and a milder measure would have effected all the really legitimate objects of it. Since the year 1792, there had never been a period when Ireland was so long without coercive measures as she had now been. There had been times at which the Arms Act was suffered to expire, and to lie unrenewed for two or three years together ; and she did not find that in those intervals all Ireland had been shot. Lord Clements, at very great length, went on through the list of the enactments passed from time to time for the preservation of the public peace in Ireland, marking the circumstances under which each had been respectively passed, its date, and its duration ; but it was difficult, in this maze, to find the clue of the argument. This bill, he said, contained a clause respecting the arms of the Yeomanry Corps. There corps, though they called themselves loyal protestants, had refused to give up their arms at the order of government when disbanded. They had since, in many cases, sold those arms into the worst hands ; and thus it was that an arms bill had now come to be thought necessary.

Mr. **SHEIL** condemned the measure. He contended, speaking particularly of Tipperary, with which he is well acquainted, that the want is, not an Arms Bill, but a less impotent administration of justice. Offences of a class which are prosecuted by the local solicitor before the Assistant Barrister have greatly decreased : but at the Assizes the prosecutions are conducted by a gentleman of great ability, it is true, but one quite unacquainted with local circumstances and with the witnesses ; and, hurried about from town to town, he is unable to do otherwise than hastily prepare briefs for counsel : on the other hand, they are met by counsel amply instructed by local solicitors, by whom every imaginable expedient for the frustration of the Crown is employed. Another want is, adequate protection for witnesses : spies are employed by government, but honest witnesses have no protection. Some years ago, the house of a person of the name of Crawford was attacked, and he was beaten almost to death : he was afraid to prosecute : he lived in the neighborhood of Mr. Shiel, who obtained from the government an undertaking that he and his family should be sent to one of the colonies, and should be provided for : he was prevailed on to prosecute, justice was done, and a most useful example was made. Again, the attendance of Protestants and Roman Catholics of station and influence on Petit Juries should be enforced. Such means would be better than an Arms Bill, for an Arms Bill will not deter the wretch who is not appalled at murder ; and if murder be lucrative, he will easily evade the law that deprives him of the more noisy implements of his trade. But his main objection to the bill was founded on the distinction between Ireland and England which it established. " 'Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy !' Thus exclaimed George Canning, and stamped his foot as he gave utterance to what he regarded as a comparison in absurdity which has been often cited. But that exclamation may be turned to an account different from that to which it is applied. Restore the Heptarchy—repeal the Union. Good. But take up the map of England, and mark the Saxon subdivisions into which this your noble island was once distributed ; and then suppose that in this assembly of wise men—this Imperial Parliament—you were to ordain that there should be one law in what once was the kingdom of Kent, and another in what once was the kingdom of Mercia ; that in Essex there should be one municipal franchise, and in Sussex there should be another ; that among the East Angles there should be one Parliamentary franchise, and in Wessex there should be another ; and that while through the rest of the island the Bill of Rights should be regarded as the inviolate and inviolable charter of British liberty, in the kingdom of Northumberland an Arms Bill, by which the elementary principles of British freedom should be set at nought, should be enacted : would you not say that the restoration of the Heptarchy could scarcely be preposterous !" Nor would the English endure such a measure. In 1819, an English Army Bill, one of the Six Acts, was proposed by Lord Castlereagh : it was comprised in a single page ; while Lord Eliot's bill was a whole volume of coercion : in the English act no penalty was was inflicted for the possession of arms : under the Irish bill an Irishman could be transported for seven years for having arms in his possession. Yet when the English bill was proposed, Lord Grey entered a strong protest against it in the House of Lords ; and in the House of Commons, Henry Brougham — not Lord Brougham—asked if he was an Englishman, and offered up an aspiration that the people would rise up in a simultaneous revolt and sweep away the Government by which a great sacrilege upon the constitution had been perpetrated. What would he have said—how would Lord Castlereagh have been blasted by the lightning and appalled by the thunder of his eloquence, if a bill had been brought forward, under which the blacksmiths of England should be licensed, under which the registry of arms was made dependent on a bench of capricious Magisterial partisans, under which an Englishman might be transported for seven years, for exercising the privilege secured to him by the Bill of Rights ? Lord Eliot said that the measure originated with the Whigs : the Whigs prepared a measure of coercion and relief ; the Tories turned them out on the measure of relief, and of the measure of coercion took a conservative care. Alluding to Sir Robert Peel's use of the Queen's name, Mr. Sheil read a letter from Lord John Russel, written by command of the Queen on her accession to the throne, to Lord Normanby, approving of his policy ; and he contrasted the spectacle which Ireland now presents with that which it then offered to the contemplation of the Sovereign. He concluded by exhorting Sir Robert Peel to follow out in Ireland the policy which he had pursued in Canada.

Mr. T B. C. **SMITH** defended the measure.

Mr. **SHEIL** did not oppose the similar bill when it was introduced by Lord Morpeth ; and though Mr. Hume did, only one Irish member supported him. Remarking that the year after the letter which Mr. Sheil had read was written the Precursor Society was formed in Dublin, Mr. Smith called for a definition of " Justice to Ireland." According to the claims of the Repealers, it includes " manhood suffrage," abolition of the tithe, rent-charge or spoliation of the Established Church, " fixity of tenure," or transfer of the fee-simple from the landlord to the occupying tenant, abolition of the Grand Jury cess, shortening of Parliaments, and confiscation of the property of absentees.

Lord John **RUSSELL** took occasion to compare the policy of the late Government and of the present :—" No doubt, a bill was introduced in 1838 in many respects similar to the present, and continued in 1840 and 1841 ; but the whole policy with which those bills were connected was different. The late Government had to deal with a country which had long been misgoverned—in which not only the laws, but the habits and opinions of their administrators, were at variance with the maintenance of order, and with the social happiness of the people. The change which was to be produced was to be a change inducing the people of that country to confide in the law for the redress of their injuries. Such a change—a change the most desirable in itself—was not to be effected by any single act of the Legislature, or by one, or two, or three years of administration It must be the work of various measures—of a considerable lapse of time—of the greatest caution, and I must add, of the kindest disposition of those who were intrusted with the administration of the law in Ireland. Lord Normanby and Lord Morpeth deemed it their duty from time to time to continue the laws relative to the possession of arms, though they did not regard them as constitutional : but they did not think that it was consistent with their duty, that while more beficial changes were going on, those who were dishonest, those who were accustomed to disregard the law, should be allowed to continue active in assaults upon life and property, until the ultimate effects of these changes should have been realized." Many measures were begun by his late lamented friend Sir Michael O'Loghlen, whose views were directed to an effectual and constitutional enforcement of the law : one change was, not to deprive the people of any party or religion from serving on the Jury by which the wrongs of their countrymen were to be redressed ; another was, placing in the commissions of the peace men who had the confidence of the people, who would induce them to repose more trust in the law and to leave off faction fights. Beyond that, the Marquis of Normanby had so governed, by the command of the Queen, as to win the good feelings and sympathies of

Ireland. "Why, sir, by such methods we might gradually, but surely, induce the Irish people to confide in the ordinary administration of the law, to confide in the administration of the law as it is usually administered in England, until from time to time you could let go and part with these extraordinary measures, which must be a reproach to this country, and which must be an ungrateful task to any person—I am sure it is to the present government—to bring forward." But when Mr. Smith talked of this measure as one of the late government's, had the majority of their measures been persisted in? Had the sympathies of the people of Ireland been gained? had persons been selected for the bench who felt for and with the majority? and even now, were Ministers not pressing forward measures, with respect to the magistracy which would add to that feelling of alienation which their predecessors had done something to do away with. "If you deprive some men of their powers as magistrates because they heve attended meetings which the highest law authority in Ireland seems to declare not to be illegal—if you thereby invite martyrdom upon the part of the others for the similar acts—if you place the popularity of men known to the people upon being deprived of the commission of the peace—you will again widely separate all those who have to administer justice from the people among whom it is to be administered. Don't tell me that the Arms Act rests entirely upon any precedent afforded by the late government. If you take this as a specimen of the doings of the late government, I wish you would imitate them in other respects." After expressing his confidence in the good motives of Lord Elliot and Lord De Grey, (of whom, however he knew less,) he asked whether it did not somehow happen, with respect to the mass of the Administration, that the government of Ireland is the government of a small minority, from which the great majority are excluded; and that the Irish have not a government equally impartial with that of Canada? Seeing the continued necessity for the measure, he did not intend to vote against the second reading; but if it was a sample of the measures by which Ireland was to be governed, he thought that before long the house should address the Crown or take some other mode of expressing its opinion as to the government of Ireland. As to the Union, he thought the arguments in its favor so strong that he had no fear of their being discussed. Lord John alluded to the unfair conduct which the late government received from the party opposed to them, when every news of fresh outrage in Ireland was hailed with a sort of cheer; though now it is confessed that those outrages were not the effect of any party or political movement, but belonged to the social condition of Ireland. The ministers were defeated: but the Irish people did not withdraw their confidence. "I do think," said Lord John, as he drew to a conclusion, "it a remarkable proof of the generous disposition of that people, that although our legislative measures were defeated, yet by means of our administation—by the novelty of a fair and impartial administration of affairs in Ireland—that confidence and support was never withdrawn from us while we remained in power. I do believe that in the course of a considerable period those reforms which we began did much to improve the social condition of the people, and most disappointed I shall be if I find that the present government show not only a disposition to refuse the measures which they consider inconsistent with their principles, but if I find that beside this, they are going back toward the point from which we commenced—and that withou any fear, (for I have no fear,) of civil war or of insurrection, the result of their government is, that the people of Ireland and England are alienated from each other, and the union which by act of Parliament is established is not established in the heart of the peopte." (Loud cheers in which the Irish Members vehemently joined.)

Sir R. PEEL defended the judicial appointments of the Irish government; and then proceeded to say, "I shall confine myself to the particular question before the house. I must say that the hon. baronet the member for Waterford has not answered the question which was put to those hon. members opposite who have denounced this bill—I mean the question:—If you entertain the opinion you profess to entertain respecting this bill, why did you abandon your parliamentary duty in 1841, and give your sanction to precisely the same measure in that year? You say that we found Ireland in a state of tranquillity, that outrage was suspended, that there was then no necessity for vigorous measures, and yet you, the representatives of Ireland, considering that this insult had been offered to Ireland, and believing, as you state, that in the year 1841 there was no necessity for vigorous measures, did, out of complacency to the then government: consent to allow this infringement of the law. And what says one hon. gentleman—an hon. gentleman who is one of the chief opponents of this measure? Why, it appears on his own showing, that unless we had done him the favour to apprise him of the provisions of this measure, he was totally ignorant of them. He, as a legislator. agreed to the passing of an act of three lines only, that was to continue another act with which he admits he was wholly unacquainted; and, as a magistrate, he has been executing the law without knowing the provisions of it (cheers and laughter). That is the way in which the hon. gentleman acted with regard to the bill. But the government acted differently. We thought it right that the house should have the bill before it, and therefore we printed the original bill with the additional clauses. The hon. gentleman, however, this worthy legislator and magistrate, helped to pass a law, and helped to execute a law, of which he knew nothing till we explained it to him in this house. And that is your zeal for the liberties of Ireland (hear, hear.) It is very well to talk of general principles and and of general rights; but bear in mind the position of that man who, with a family, is liable to the attack of the assassin. And rest assured that you can do nothing that is more calculated to retard the progress of improvement in Ireland than to banish from their residences those who are placed in dangers of their lives. Remember the murders that have been committed of late in Ireland. Read the details of any one of the murders that have been committed, beginning with the murder of Lord Norbury, and coming down to the last case. In that case, where the dying man said, almost with his last words, that he consoled himself with the reflection, "that he had taken the best security he could against assassination, but that it was impossible to watch every bush that was on the road aide, (hear, hear.) Take the details of such cases into account, and then say whether you can refuse your assent to some measure of this description. If the hon. baronet the member for Waterford, instead of referring to scraps of newspapers, had carefully considered these things, he would not have fallen into as many mistakes as he has done.—He says that the Protestant yeoman will be expempted from the operation of this bill, while the Roman Catholic will be prevented from possessing arms.—To prove that we have no disposition to extend peculiar favour to one class of her Majesty's subjects above another, I will state to the house, that by the existing law, it is expressly provided, that "nothing in this act contained shall affect any person serving in any yeomanry corps." Persons serving in a yeomanry corps are exempt from the liability to register. By the act which we propose, the yeomanry will be placed on the same footing as their fellow-subjects, and the exemption which they now possess will no longer be extended to them. The speech of the hon. member for Dungarvon, was a complete vindication of this bill, which he so strenuously opposed. In that speech the right hon. gentleman, once the member for the county of Tipperary, one of the principal scenes of outrage in Ireland, and now, I believe, a resident, certainly a proprietor, in that county, gave a picture of the state of Tipperary which establishes that distinction between the circumstances of England and of Ireland which justifies the house in prolonging the duration of the measure now before them. He said the state of that country was such that he thought crime could not be effectually repressed unless landed proprietors came forward to serve upon petty juries; and he advised that, as it was found difficult to induce persons to undertake the voluntary performance of such important functions, the landed proprietors should supersede the class of ordinary petty jurors, being compelled to serve under a fine of 500l. or 600l. What must be the state of this district when the right hon. gentleman, a privy councillor, an eminent lawyer, considers it necessary, under a penalty of 500l. or 600l. to require the landed proprietors to perform such duties? 'Then,' says the right hon. gentleman, 'it is necessary, for the purpose of facilitating the detection of crime, that you should give full security to the witnesses' These engagements to provide for the witnesses unless entered into with the utmost caution, partake of the character ef an inducement to give evidence. Sir, there are many things which whig and liberal lawyers will say, were they uttered by conservative politicians, would excite suspicion, and meet with grave condemnation. There are some who, when a whig government administered the affairs of this country, could reconcile it to themselves to give an unanimous vote for the second reading of this bill, but who, when the same measure is proposed by us, denounce it as an outrage, and an insult to Ireland (cheers). I am sure the right hon. gentleman, in applying his principle, would, as far as possible, guard it against the possibility of abuse. He would, I am convinced, as far as possible take care that this promise to provide comfortable appointments and subsistence in distant colonies should not degenerate into an encouragement of false testimony (hear). I am convinced that if the right hon. gentleman's will could prevail, none but the honest witness—the witness determined to declare the truth—would be selected by him for this mark of favour—favour, at least, as compared with the consequences of continued residence in his own country. But, speaking not of honest and truth-telling witnesses, what is the state of a country as to the commission of crime, and as to the administration of justice, when he who is disposed to bring the assassin to punishment is obliged to flee his native country, and to seek refuge for himself and his family in a distant land? 'And his family,' says the right hon. gentleman, very significantly. No, no, it will not be sufficient to provide the man with employment; you must remove his innocent wife and children with him, or they will be the victims of the assassin's confederates (hear hear.) It is an easy matter to talk very lightly of this way of providing for witnesses; but I ask you to consider what is the attachment of a peasant to his native land. You take this unoffending man—this man disposed to co-operate with you in the execution of the law, in the furtherance of justice; you bring him to the witness box; you ask for his testimony against an assassin. Compare the number of committals with the number of convictions, and is it improbable that the trial may result in the acquittal of the prisoner? He is restored to his family; he retires triumphantly from the dock, in full possession of his liberty, leughing at the administration of justice. What, then, is to become of the honest man who gave unavailing testimony? He is not to remain in the country. The farm that he has cultivated he is to relinquish, and you think it will be a compensation to him, perhaps advanced in life, to offer an asylum in Canada or some other colony. That is the scheme of the right hon. gentleman; and he too says he would apply the same laws to England and to Ireland (hear, hear). But I say, cannot we find better means of giving security to that witness, by facilitating the registration of fire-arms and preventing the improper use of them, than by admitting him to give his evidence in the expectation of our afterwards facilitating his expatriation to one of the colonies? It is with deep regret that I propose such a bill. I am sorry to establish a distinction between England and Ireland in this respect. The measure was brought on at a period of the session which was too early to allow of its having been framed with reference to the present state of Ireland: in fact, the bill was prepared last year, and, therefore, I again repeat, was not brought forward with reference to the agitation that is now going on in Ireland."

The house then divided, when there appeared—for the second reading, 270; against it, 105—majority, 165.—Adjourned.

House of Commons, June 2.

AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

Lord J. RUSSELL said,—Sir, I take the opportunity of entering into some explanation on a matter which certainly is not new, but which has been published, and under different versions, in some of the daily newspapers. I find it stated that the late government made an offer to Mr. O'Connell of the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer of Ireland, which that learned gentleman declined. The facts, as they occurred, were these: The late government offered, through the Marquis of Normanby, to Mr. O'Connell, the office of Master of the Rolls, which Sir M. O'Loghlen, it was understood, was then about to resign.—I mention this now, sir, for the purpose of putting the fact as it occurred, and not with any intention of entering into the policy which directed the offer, though I shall be ready to defend it. Another subject to which I shall briefly allude, is the extraordinary state of affairs in Ireland. We are told every day of new regiments going over to Ireland, of large reinforcements being under orders for that country, and also that active military preparations are going on at the Castle of Dublin and at the Piegeon-house. To these accounts are added a statement made in an Irish paper received to-day, that Admiral Bowes in the Malabar has been ordered to the Irish coasts, and that he is forthwith to have several war steamers under his command. The other day a question was put to the right hon. baronet the secretary of the Home Department, on the subject of these armaments, which he declined to answer. Sir, I am not about to find fault with the right hon. gentleman for his silence on that occasion; and if he maintained it in the exercise of his discretion, and believing that the public service required that he should not then give the information sought, I think he was justified in withholding it; but, sir, let me add, that the question of these armaments will form a subject on which this house must have hereafter full and explicit information from the government, or proceed itself to make full inquiry into it. In the first place considerable alarm had been excited, not alone in Ireland, but in England also, and I must be permitted to say, that the conduct which her Majesty's government have thought it right and expedient to pursue is calculated to add immensely to the excitement now prevailing upon the subject of a repeal of the union, and to aggravate the agitation which it should be the object of every government to discourage and repress. Of course, I do not at the present moment press for any statement from the right hon. gentleman at the head of the government; but thus much I must take leave to say, that I have heard nothing which seems to call for these extraordinary precautions and this great expenditure of naval and military power. I trust that her Majesty's ministers will feel the urgent necessity which exists for their laying before parliament a full and satisfactory statement, and that at no distant day, of all the measures which they have taken and are about to take in Ireland, and of the grounds on which they deemed it right to base their policy with respect to that part of the United Kingdom. If, however, I find that nothing more is proposed to the house than the Arms Bill and the Registration Bill, I propose, in no long time after the recess, to move an address to the crown, conveying the advice of the house at this important juncture in public affairs.

Sir R. PEEL.—I am rather disposed to consider the observations which the house had just heard from the noble lord as something more in the nature of a notice than of a speech introductory to a debate; and I am sure the house will feel, after three nights of continued debating on the state of Ireland, that it is now neither expedient nor desirable that I should address them upon topics which not even the noble lord himself wished me to touch. I am also sure that the house will feel that the first duty of the government was to provide for the preservation of the public peace. Although I am altogether disinclined to enter into any debate or discussion at present upon the affairs of Ireland, I still think it right to guard the house against giving too ready a credence to many reports which get into circulation, as if they rested upon some solid foundation. With respect to the magistrates especially, there was a great deal of misinformation. On these points I shall, however, say no more; but I cannot sit down without reminding the noble lord and reminding the house that the late government attached the greatest possible importance to the maintenance of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. So much importance did they attach to it, that the Lord Lieutenant of the late administration gave a public notification of a peculiar and unusual character. Lord Fortescue publicly announced that the favour of the crown would in no case be shown to any one who actively encouraged measures tending to a repeal of the union, or who attended meetings for the purpose of promoting that object; that in fact, civil disability should be the consequence of any active promotion of that object, and that parties guilty of it should receive no appointment from the crown. I hope, therefore, it will always be borne in mind that the repeal of the legislative union is a question of a very peculiar character: that the active encouragement of proceedings connected with it was viewed in such a light by the late government, and that they pronounced a sentence of civil disability on every one who participated in those proceedings (hear, hear.) He trusted, whenever the question fully came under the consideration of parliament, that the present government would be prepared to vindicate the course which they had pursued, and also fully to justify the conduct of the Irish government.

The Army.

Whitehall, May 18.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Knight of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Lieut.-Col. Henry Webster.

Downing Street, May 19.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Patrick Stnart to be Governor and Com.-in-Chief in and over the Island of Malta and its dependences; Francis Burgess, Esq., to be Chief Police Magistrate in the Island of Van Dieman's Land; the Rev. George Giles to be Chaplain of the Female Penitentiary in the Island of Van Diemen's Land; and Wm. Walter Ralnigh Kerr, Esq. to be Assist.-Auditor Gen. to the Government of the Island of Mauritius.

War Office, May 19.—1st Drag. Guards—Cornet T. Jones to be Lieut. by p. v. David F. Jones, who retires; H. J. W. King, Gent., to be Cornet by p. v. T. Jones. 7th Foot—Ens. G. C. Wilson, from 38th Ft. to be Lieut. by p. v. Thurlow, promoted. 10th—Quartermaster Joseph Goodfellow, from 26th Ft. to be Quartermaster v. Daines, who exchanges. 21st—Lieut. B. L. Lye, from h.-p. 11th Lt. Dragoons, to be Lieut. repaying the difference, v. Mortimer, appointed to Royal Canadian Rifle Reg.; Sec. Lieut. W. J. Firebrace to be First Lieut. by p. v. Lye, who retires; H. P. T. Woodington, Gent, to be Sec. Lieut. by p. v. Firebrace.

22d—Ens. C. Dakres to be Lt. without p. v. Macpherson, dec., May 4, 1842; Ens. R. E. Blake to be Lieut. without p. v. Dakers, whose promotion, on May 27, 1842, has been cancelled; Ens. J. F. Hyde, from 38th Foot, to be Ens. v. Blake. 26th—Quarterm. C. Daines, from 10th Ft. to be Quarterm. v. Goodfellow, who exchanges. 29th—Capt. J. D. Young, from 44th Ft. to be Capt. v. Browne, who exchanges, Feb. 18; Lt. E. Durbin to be Capt. p. v. Palariet, who retires; Ens. T. H. Breedon to be Lt. by p. v. Durbin; J. M. Lyle, Gent., to be Ens. by p. v. Beedon. 33d—Ens. G. Swaby to be Lt. without p.; J. Cassidy, Gent., to be Ens. v. Swaby; Lt. C. Mills to be Adj. v. Erskine, prom. 38th—C. F. Browne, Gent., to be Ens. without p. v. Hyde, appointed to 22d Ft. 44th—Capt. G. Browne, Gent., from 29th Ft. to be Capt. v. Young, who exchanges, Feb., 28 87th—Lt. C. T. Graves, to be Capt. without p. v. Hassard, dec., Sec. Lt. J. K. E. Holmes to be First Lt. v. Graves, Dec. 8; H. F. Williams, Gent., to be Sec. Lt. v. Holmes, Dec. 19.

Unatt.—To be Lt. Col. without p. Bt.-Col. H. Balneavis, from hf-pay Maj. Unattached. To be Majors without p.—Bt.-Col. T. E. Napier, from half-pay Capt. late Chasseurs Britanniques; Brev. Lt. Col. R. Fraser, from half pay Capt. 93d Ft. To be Capt. by p.—Lt. G. S. Jenkinson, from 68th Ft.

Memorandum.—Capt. E. Templeton, upon half-pay 47th Ft., has been allowed to retire from the Army, by the sale of his commission, he being about to become a settler in Canada.

MILITARY GAZETTE.

War-Office, May 30.—13th Light Drags.—Surg. J. Young, M.D., from the 19th Foot, to be Surg. vice D. Perston, M.D. who retires upon half pay. Coldstream Regt. Foot Guards—Brevet Col. C. A. F. Bentinck to be Major, by purchase, vice G. Bowles, who retires upon half pay unattached; Brevet Col. H. Stisted, from half pay unattached, to be Capt. and Lieut.-Col. vice Bentinck; Lieut. and Capt. J. C. Clitherrow to be Capt. and Lieut.-Col. by purchase vice Stisted, who retires; Ensign and Lieut. the Hon. T. V. Dawson to be Lieut. and Capt. by purchase, vice Clitherow; L. D. Mackinnon, Gent. to be Ensign and Lieut. by purchase, vice Dawson, 22d Foot—Ensign H. G. Bowden to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Coles, who retires; J. T. Ussher, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Bowden, 38th Foot—G. Hume, Gent. to be Ensign by purchase, vice Wilson, promoted in the 7th Foot. 44th Foot—H. A. Porter, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Gronow, who retires. 48th Foot—Major W. Bruce, from half pay unattached, to be Major, vice W. Codd, who exchanges 51st Foot—Lieut. G. E. E. Warburton, from the 78th Foot, to be Lieut. vice H. M'Farlane, who retires upon half pay of the 49th Foot; Sydney Darling, Gent., to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Warburton, promoted in the 78th Foot. 61st Foot—Major H. Burnside to be Lieut.-Col. without purchase, vice Forbes, deceased; Capt. R. N. Verner to be Major, vice Burnside; Lieut. W. Ward to be Capt. vice Verner 68th Foot—Ensign A. Tipping to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Jenkinson, promoted; F. C. P. A. Stuart, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Tipping. 71st Foot—Lieut. J. T. J. English, from the 72d Foot, to be Lieut. vice Peel, who exchanges. 72d Foot—Lieut. L. C. L. Peel, from the 71st Foot, to be Lieut. vice English, who exchanges. 78th Foot—Lieut. J. W. Collins to be Capt. by purchase, vice Mitchell, who retires. To be Lieuts. without purchase, Ensign G. E. E. Warburton, from the 51st Foot, vice Fox, deceased; Lieut. G. D. Prettejohn, from the 49th Foot, vice Warburton, appointed to the 51st Foot. To be Lieut.—Lieut. L. P. Bouverie, from the 2d West India Regt. To be Lieut. by purchase—Ensign R. H. Rocke, vice Collins To be Ensign, by purchase, J. Davidson, Gent. vice Rocke. 82d Foot—Ensign O. F. Timins to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Pratt, who retires; C. M. Fraser, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Timins. 95th Foot—Lieut. and Adjt. C. A. Cobbe, from the Ceylon Rifle Regt. to be Lieut. and Adjt. vice Rogers, promoted.

Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Second Lieut. H. Skinner to be First Lieut. without purchase; E. F. Tranchell, Gent., to be Second Lieut. vice Skinner; Lieut. H. G. Remmett to be Adjt. vice Cobbe, appointed to the 95th Foot; Quartermaster Sergt. C. Macdonald to be Quartermaster, vice J. Black, who retires upon half pay.

Unattached—To be Lieut.-Col without purchase, Brevet Col. J. Freeth, from half pay Major Royal Staff Corps. To be Majors, without purchase—Brevet Lieut.-Col. C. H. Smith, from half pay Capt. 40th Foot. Brevet Major A. A. O'Reilly, from half pay Capt. 21st Light Drags.

Brevet—Major W. Bruce, of the 48th Foot, to be Lieut. Col. in the Army.

War-Office, June 2.—1st Life Guards—Assist.-Surg. A. E. Cambell, M.D., to be Surgeon, v. W. Bromet, M.D., who retires upon half-pay; Assit.-Surg. A. C. F. Colclough, M.D., from the 3d Drag. Guards, to be Assist.-Surg. v. Cambell. Royal Regt. of Horse Guards—Assist.-Surg. G. Gulliver to be Surg. v. A. Hair, M. D., who retires upon half-pay; Assist. Surg. J. Cockburn, from the 30th Foot, to be Assist.-Surg. v. Gulliver. 4th Drag. Guards—Lieut. C. P. Ibbetson to be Capt. by purchase, v. Tait, who retires; Cornet H. A. Alleu to be Lieut. by purchase, v. Ibbetson; F. G. Nicholls, Gent., to be Cornet, by purchase, v. Allen. 4th Light Drags.—Capt. A. P. G. Cumming from the 71st Foot, to be Capt. v. Campbell, who exchanges. 2d Foot—J. T. Sadleir, Gent., to be Ensign, by purchase, v. Leeson, who retires 15th Foot.—Sir W. C. Morshed, Bart., to be Ensign, by purchace, v. Bolland, who retires. 28th Foot—J. G. Maycock, Gent., to be Ensign, by purchase, v. Graves, who retires 46th Foot—Staff.-Surg. of the Second Class W. I. Breslin to be Surg., v. Duncanson, dec. 56th Foot—Ensign J. S. H. Farrer to to Lieut., by purchase, v. Sutherland, who retires; A. G. Woodford, Gent., to be Ensign, by purchase, v. Farrar. 61st Foot—Ensign J. Massey to be Lieut., without purchase; Quartermaster-Serg. A Grant to be Ensign, v. Massey; Lieut. Chs. Clement Deacon to be Adjutant, v. Ward, promoted. 65th Foot—Lieut. the Honourable Augustus George Charles Chichester, from the 71st Foot, to be Lieut. v. Sutton, who exchanges. 71st Foot—Capt. R. D. Campbell, from the 4th Light Drags. to be Capt., v. Cumming, who exchanges; Lieut. C. W. Sutton, from the 65th Foot, to be Lieut. v. Chichester, who exchanges. 87th Foot—Assist.-Surg. G. Ledingham, from the 5th Foot, to be Assist.-Surg. v. Lawson, promoted on the Staff. 97th Foot—Ensign F. Cornish to be Lieut., by purchase, v. Douglas, who retires; S. M. Hawkins, Gent., to be Ensign, by purchase, v. Cornish. 3d West India Regt.—To be Lieuts., without purchase—Ensign T. M'Curdy, R. Magrath, G. Muttlebury, and A. Geary. To be Ensigns, without purchase—T. Mills, gent., v. M'Curdy; G. A. Auquetil, gent., v. Magrath; C. Willocx, gent., v. Muttlebury,; W. Cooper, gent., v. Geary. Hostal Staff—Assist.-Surg. S. Lawson, from the 87th Foot, to be Staff-Surg. of the Second Class, v. Breslin, appointed to the 46 Foot.

Memoranda.—The names of the gentlemen appointed to an Ensigney, by purchase, in the 99th Foot, on the 16th Aug., 1843, are B. H. O'Reilly.

IRELAND.—MOVEMENTS, STEAMERS, TROOPS, &C.

Public Prayers for O'Connell.—We understand that some, if not the majority, of the Bishops of Ireland, are about addressing pastoral letters to their clergy, directing the insertion of the name of Mr. O'Connell in the public prayers after the name of her Majesty, before the commencement of the holy sacrifice of the mass.—Athlone Sentinel.

Woolwich, May 29.—The Cyclops steam vessel has been completed, is now ready for sea, and will sail for Ireland at 2 o'clock A. M. to-morrow. Lieut. Col. Burton, of the Woolwich division, and Sergeant Cooper, to act as sergeant major, are to embark in the Cyclops, and a number of royal marines to the amount of 800 will be taken on board at the other stations of the corps. There are no less than 1700 royal marines in the afloat list at Chatham, and 1100 at Portsmouth—consequently there will be plenty to spare from these quarters.

The Rhadamanthus steam vessel called at Purfleet on her way down the river yesterday, and took on board a large quantity of ammunition. The quantity of arms shipped on board of her from the Tower is said to be 25,000 muskets.

The steam frigate Alban, Captain King, got her steam up, and left Deptford for Ireland, at half past five o'clock this afternoon, with stores and ammunition. Several ships and steamers have been already chartered for the purpose of conveying more troops and stores to Ireland.

Chatham, Monday.—On Sunday morning, the 26th inst., an official order had arrived at the Commandant Office of the Chatham division for a certain number of the Royal Marines to proceed to Ireland to strengthen the military force established in that country. The following mustered on parade ground this morning, Monday, at half past 10 o'clock—3 captains, 3 lieutenants, 12 sergeants, 12 corporals, 3 drummers, and 238 rank and file. The above three companies are to be under the command of Captain Clenden. The troops embarked during the day on board of her Majesty's steamer Cyclops, lying off the dockyard, and proceeded forthwith to Plymouth, and thence to Ireland. The like number of men proceed from the other three divisions.

Devonport, May 29.—*Marines for Ireland.*—The Malabar, 74, Captain Sir George R. Sartorius, Knt., is having her defects made good in a great hurry.—She will be paid advance immediately on being reported ready for sea, and take marines from this division to Ireland. The Gyclops steam-vessel is expected to touch at this port from Woolwich, Chatham, and Portsmouth, on her way to Ireland, with marines from the other divisions. The whole number, including officers, non-commissioned officers, and marine artillery, will be about 1000. It is, perhaps, not generally known that there are no Irishmen in this remarkably fine corps.

From the London Spectator, June 3d.

Very vigourous efforts have been made to send more forces to Ireland. The Cyclops steamer, lying dismantled at Woolwich, was hastily commissioned on Sunday morning, was made ready for sea in 36 hours, and sailed with the Woolwich division of royal marines; proceeding to take up at Sheerness a detachment of marines from Chatham. The steam frigate Alban, with stores and amunition, sailed for Ireland on Monday. The Rhadamanthus steamer, arrived at Portsmouth on Tuesday, and embarked a party of sixty gunners, with four six-pounders, and two howitzers; sailing immediately for Dublin. A detachment of marines was put under orders for embarkation. It is said that Rear-Admiral Bowles will hoist his flag in the Malabar (74) at Plymouth and proceed to Cork. The second dragoon guards at Hulme, in Lancashire, marched for Liverpool and Ireland on Monday.

Rebellion.—We shall have some "crumbs of comfort" for the rebels on Friday. In the meantime, among other preparations, we may announce that Rear Admiral William Bowles, C. B., is ordered over to hoist his flag as naval commander-in-chief on the coast of Ireland, and that a large fleet of war steamers and other vessels of war will be placed under his orders.—Dublin Orange Print.

Extract from a letter written at Dublin on the 28th of May.

The Repeal Magistrates.—The Lord Chancellor has increased the list of dismissed justices to 15, against 13 of whom writs of supersedeas have been issued, and the other two, the Hon. Thomas and M. French have received a preliminary letter, which will no doubt be followed by a writ of suspension. The following is a list:—Lord French, the Hon. T. T. and M. J. French, the

Hon. Col. Butler, M. P.; Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P.; Maurice O'Connell, Esq, M. P.; J. P. Somers, Esq., M. P.; R. D. Browne, Esq., M, P.; Sir M. D Bellew, Bart.; Daniel Clanchy, Esq of Charleville; Nicholas Boylan, Esq.; R. A. Fitzgerald, Esq.; James Rae, Esq.; Pierce S. Butler, Esq.: Alexander Sherlook, Esq.; all these go to the ground for attending the late repeal meetings. John Barton, Esq., of the county Cork, was this day superseded, but upon grounds unconnected with the repeal agitation.

DR. PUSEY'S LATE SERMON.

On the fifth Sunday after Easter, the Reverend the Regius Professor of Hebrew, being called on to preach before the University, in the Cathedral of Christ Church, took for his subject the Doctrine of the Eucharist. An impression was made on some of his audience, that the Doctrine of Transubstantiaton and of the Mass were advanced and defended in a tone altogether sonant from that of the standards of the Church of England; and the result was, than an official demand was made on the Vice-Chancellor to appoint a Board to examine the sermon. In compliance with this call, a board was constituted of the following members of convocation: the Rev. Dr. Fausett, Margaret Professor of Divinity; the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology; the Rev. Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol; the Rev. Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel; the Rev. Dr. Symons, Warned of Wadham; the Rev. Dr. Jelf, Cannon of Christ Church. The report handed in by these divine was of such a nature as to induce the Vice-Chancellor to suspend the Regius Professor of Hebrew from preaching within the precincts of the University for two years. Against this sentence Dr. Pusey has strongly protested.

Dr. Pusey.—The great stir and commotion which this Rev. Doctor has created amongst the theological world at Oxford in particular, and through the country in general, will render the following full-length portrait of him interesting to the reader, more especially as it appears to have been drawn by an eye-witness, and on the occasion too, of his delivering his last memorable sermon wherein he asserted his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, or consubstantiation as he called it, which has long been a cause of difference between the churches of England and Rome. "I turned my eyes," says the writer, "towards the door, and saw one or two official persons opening a way of approach down the aisle by where I was sitting. Immediately following them came Doctor Pusey, wearing a gown or robe of some other name, half black and half red. He appeared to be of short stature, five feet four or five inches high, and somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age. Perhaps he is no so old. Perhaps the austere self-denial which he is said to exercise has fastened on him marks which in other faces are accepted as the *indices* of years. But whether so or not, his thin features, seen through a shrivelled skin, bare and brown, contrasted forcibly with the full-fed rosy faces of most of the other doctors of divinity present. I do not recollect to have ever seen a head in the lower part of its fabric so insubstantial, with a brow so full, so lofty, so dome-like as Doctor Pusey's, save that of a hand-loom weaver, locally known in my native county as Sandy Doughty, of Pinkerton-hill. When Doctor Pusey had ascended the pulpit, one of the audience, who was a stranger like myself, whispered to me if I recollected having seen Mr. Cobden, and if I did not think Dr. Pusey resembled him. I answered with an unqualified no; but this was hastily said perhaps, because he was about to speak, and because I was eager, as the death-like stillness of the thousands there showed them all eager, to hear him speak—to hear what sound the voice of that man had of whom recently the world had heard so much. Doctor Pusey has no remarkable developement of the reflective faculties as seen phrenologically; but he is strong in the higher regions of the brain—in veneration, hope, wonder, ideality, and so on. The *largely* developed regions of wonder and veneration so visible to the eye, will leave no one who sees him at liberty to doubt that he is under the influence of those sentiments.

From the Courier and Inquirer.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

An Arrest under the late Treaty with England.—The particulars of the following case have been within the knowledge of our Reporter for the past three weeks, but he has withheld them from publication at the particular request of Mr. Barfett, the Deputy U. S. District Attorney. The accused party was brought to the city at an hour when all the public offices were closed, and in consequence our Reporter did not learn of the arrest until yesterday morning.

It appears that Mr. John Gilmour, a young farmer of Inchinnon, in the shire of Renfew, Scotland, was married in December last to a young woman named Christiana Cochran, and the parents of each party settled £1000 each upon the young couple, with which to start in the world. After living apparently happily for five weeks, Mr. Gilmour died suddenly, after a short illness on the 11th of January last. The conduct of Mrs. Gilmour, after the death of her husband, excited suspicion that all was not right, and in April last, at the request of the friends of the deceased, the body of Mr Gilmour was exhumed, and the contents of the stomach being analysed, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that he had come to his death by poison, considerable quantities of arsenic having been found in the stomach.

While these proceedings were going on, Mrs. Gilmour suddenly absconded, and at the same time a man named Spear, a shoemaker, to whom it is said she was attached before her marriage, disappeared also, and after a long search, it was ascertained that they had sailed for New York in the brig Excel, she having changed her name three times since her departure from Inchinnon, passing first as Mrs. Jamieson, then as Mrs. Simpson, and lastly as Mrs. Spear, the wife of the man who accompanied her in her flight.

Application being made in the proper quarter, Mr. Geo. McKay, a rural policeman, as he is termed, from Renfrewshire, was despatched here, and arrived at Boston in the Acadia, furnished with the documents necessary to effect the arrest of the supposed murderess. Mr. Price was retained by the British Consul to act in behalf of the British Government, and at his instance an officer has been stationed at the Narrows for several weeks awaiting the arrival of the Excel. The brig reached here last evening, and on being boarded by the U. S. officer and the British Policeman, the latter immediately recognized Mrs. Gilmour, who was accompanied by Spear, she passing as his wife. She was terribly distressed at the idea of being arrested, and protested her innocence most vehemently. She made no denial of her identity, however, and being landed, was brought up by the officers and lodged in the Tombs.

What possible motive could have instigated the commission of the dreadful deed, it is not easy to conjecture. The parties had been married only five weeks at the time the husband met his untimely end, and they had apparently lived in the most harmonious and happy manner, having every thing about them to render life comfortable.

The circumstances which first tended to fix suspicion upon Mrs. Gilmour as being the murderess of her husband, we have learned from Mr. McKay, the Superintendant of Police, and they are of so extraordinary a nature as to be worthy of notice.

A day or two before Mr. Gilmour was taken sick, his wife came in, having a bag on her arm, which she laid down in the room, and while her attention was drawn another way, a little pet dog seized it and carried it off into one of the out-houses, without her having observed what was done. One of the servants took the bag away from the dog, and thinking it must belong to some of the female servants, carried it into the kitchen, and some one inspected its contents, among which was noticed a paper labelled "arsenic, poison." At that moment Mrs. Gilmore came into the kitchen, and observing the bag in the hands of the servatns, snatched it away from them. In two or three days thereafter Mr. Gilmour died, and was buried in his own parish. His father took possession of his farm, and Mrs. Gilmour went back to her parents to live.

One of the servants (the one who had taken the bag from the dog) conceived the idea that something was wrong, and was determined not to rest until it was sifted out, but no person at first appeared willing to join in his suspicions.—Eventually the neighbourhood became so much excited by the various reports afloat, that the Sheriff granted permission to exhume the body, which was done, and four physicians called in to examine it. As already stated, they at once discovered that he had been poisoned, and the Police were then set to work to ascertain, if possible, by whom.

By perseverance, one witness was discovered, who testified that on the day in which the arsenic was seen in Mrs. Gilmour's bag by the servants, she was seen in an apothecary shop in a neighbouring town, purchasing the poison, and upon that occasion the witness heard her give a fictitious name and place of residence. Another servant testified that Mr. Gilmour before he died, had said he believed his wife had given him something, and the deceased had requested another of the servants, shortly before he died, to have his body opened and examined, as he believed he had been poisoned.

These circumstances combined, tended to fix suspicion on Mrs. Gilmour, and her arrest was ordered, but she had absconded, while the authorities were engaged in ferreting out evidence. Mr. McKay traced her to Lancashire, whither she had gone in a gig, and there she had taken the stage for Liverpool. The police at the latter place were set on the alert, but as they stated their inability to discover her, Mr. McKay posted there himself, and before he had been in the city two hours, he found out the house where she had lived for ten days in company with Spear. He there learned that she had taken passage in the brig Excel, for this port, and although she had then been out 17 days, he determined to come over after her.

The necessary documents being procured from the proper authorities, Mr. McKay sailed the same day in the Acadia, and had been in this country twenty-two days before the Excel arrived, and had it not been for his perseverance, the criminal would probably have escaped, as few men would have thought of anticipating a vessel, which had seventeen days start.

Mr. Gilmour was 27 years old, and Mrs. Gilmour is about 24,—rather good looking and interesting in her appearance.

An examination will be held before Mr. Rapelje, U. S. Commissioner, on Saturday, and if he shall judge the evidence sufficiently full to warrant her commitment in Scotland for the offence, he will so certify and forward the evidence taken to the President, who will thereupon grant an order for her return to Scotland for trial. Mr. Spear, who was on board the Excel, was not arrested, there being no warrant out against him, nor any official application for his arrest.

Married.—May 8th, at Clifton, by the Rev. John Taddy, jr. M. A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, Charles, second son of the Rev. John Taddy, M. A., Rector of Northill, Bedfordshire, to Margaret, second daughter of the late George Barclay, Esq., of the Island of Barbadoes.

Died.—At Utica, N. Y., on the 16th inst., of consumption, Mr. Thomas Davies, aged 20 years and 5 months.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 108 1-4 a 108 1-2.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1843.

The intelligence by the steamer at Boston, is of very considerable importance, but not of the alarming character that many seem to suppose. The dissentions in the Scotch Church, the Irish Repeal question, and Canada affairs are the main topics, and upon each of these we should say a few words.

The dreaded secession of Dr. Chalmers and his party from the established Church of Scotland has at length taken place. The act was consummated peaceably at Edinburgh, on the 18th ult., by the Doctor and his adherents getting up, deliberately walking out of the Assembly, proceeding elsewhere and establishing a new and "Free Assembly"

Thus has been accomplished a great event, which had it taken place in a less enlightened age or among a less enlightened people, might have been attended with discord and bloodshed appalling to humanity. Without pretending to participate in the opinions of either party—Intrusionists or Non-Intrusionists—we cannot conceal our great satisfaction at the peaceful issue of this contest—a contest which has agitated Scotland from one extremity to the other for several years, and which at one period did appear truly formidable. Nor can we withhold the expression of our admiration of the decorum, good sense, and eminently pious and patriotic feelings of the whole Scottish people in this momentous affair. It is most honourable to them as a people, as a nation, and as Christians.

But a body of people led by such men as Chalmers, Gordon, and Welsh—men of high talents, vast acquirements, and deeply imbued with piety and love of country—could not proceed to any excesses; they, therefore, followed their leaders, and with such lights, they could not go far astray. The whole number of seceders, ministers, and elders, amount to between three and four hundred, or about one-third of the whole body; but have they gone as rampant political and religious mal-contents? No! Have they departed carrying with them hatred and animosity to those left behind? No! Have they proceeded on their way in any manner unworthy the name of Christians and Scotchmen!—No! Then what danger to the state or to religion is to be apprehended? None! Let our readers peruse the speech of Dr. Chalmers, which he uttered in the New Assembly, the moment it was organised, and they will there find nothing but the purest sentiments of piety and benevolence. "We are not Voluntaries," said he, "we are a part of the National Establishment, and we look to the government for protection and support." This is not the language of a demagogue, or of one seeking to turn men's minds from the paths of truth.

That the speech of Dr. Chalmers was not palatable to all his followers is probable; indeed signs of dissent were manifested during its delivery; but could it be expected that some of the more heated, excited, and less thinking partizans would not betray uneasiness at his moderation? Did any reformer ever go far enough to satisfy all reformers? The dissent then, such as it was, was natural, and at the next meeeting it had nearly if not entirely subsided.

In this dissenting spirit the article which we have coped from *Tait's Magazine* is in some degree written; but we chose opinions from that source because it is known to be somewhat ultra in all opinions connected with civil and religious liberty; and it is satisfactory to learn that even from such a source we are assured that no danger, commotion, or injurious consequences will flow from the separation that has just taken place. Congratulating the people of Scotland and those of the Empire at large on the peaceful course of this great event we proceed the subject of—

IRISH REPEAL.

The intelligence from all parts of Ireland manifest no abatement of the *repeal* mania, but on the contrary an increase of it. Mr. O'Connell is marching in triumph through the country, attended by hundreds of thousands, who obey his very nod. The demand for *repeal* was never so general and vehement as at this time. The government, however, seem determined to act upon its declarations in the legislature, and to resist the demand with all its energies. Troops are pouring into Ireland at every point, and the war steamers already hover around the coast, ready to convey troops from one place to another with rapidity, or to act in any emergency. All the garrisons and fortified places are reinforced and put in a state of defence. The energy of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Henry Hardinge is everywhere visible.

We have given insertion to the long and animated debate which took place on the "Arms Bill," in the House of Commons. The bill, it will be observed, passed its second reading by a large majority, notwithstanding the opposition was rather a trial of strength of the ministry, than of a vote on the merits of repeal. Were the simple question of repeal put to the House of Commons, it would only be sustained by Irish votes. The call for it is confined to Mr. O'Connell's party in Ireland. In England, Scotland, and Wales, it has no supporters.

But the question is hourly asked, will there be a revolution in Ireland—or will there be a collision between the soldiers and the people? Some partial collisions may possibly occur, but as to any attempt at revolution, or any general measures on the part of Mr. O'Csnnell to present open resistance to the authorities, we do not for a moment believe it will occur. All Mr. O'Connell's words are words of peace; he inculcates obedience to the laws and loyalty to the Queen. What is gained, he avers, must be gained *peaceably, and by the force of public opinion.* We do not believe that he will precipitate the country into any scenes of bloodshed; and we have the strongest reason for thinking that when the critical hour arrives he will call off his people, and the storm will pass away. If there be any truth in his words he must take this course. It may be well enough to endeavour to frighten *John Bull* and to bully him into submission to repeal, and the demonsration making in this country is a part of the scheme; but when it is found that England will not be bullied or frightened, the business will end until a better opportunity occurs for rekindling the flame.

What indeed can Mr. O'Connell do in the way of physical resistence? What are his unarmed and undisciplined thousands against the well appointed armies of England? What can Ireland do even if unanimous, against England, Scotland and Wales? The empire at large sees the folly, the hopelessness and the dangers attending any effort to destroy the union between Great Britain and Ireland. Without a party in England no country ever made any impression upon England; and Ireland has no party there for *repeal.* Not a leading journal—not a public man—not a town, village or hamlet in Great Britain stand forward for repeal; but on the contrary the whole island will rise up and arm against it if needful. Can it be supposed then that Mr. O'Connell does not know all this, and knowing it will be foolishly, recklessly, wickedly and fatally for himself bring on a collision? If the repealers take up arms Mr. O'Connell must be with them, and the moment he so commits himself he becomes amenable to the law—will be pronounced a rebel and traitor, be seized and dealt with accordingly. No: Mr. O'Connell's strength lies in keeping himself within the limits of the law; and the moment he transcends these he is lost. These are in fact his own words and sentiments, and he inculcates them in all his writings and speeches. Let any one point out a single line or expression in which Mr. O'Connell contemplates *real and armed resistance*; and yet Mr. O'Connell is the leader and director of the entire repeal party. We hear of no military man—no desperate leader—no person possessing the commanding influence, energy and character necessary to lead a people against an army.

We repeat then, that although we fear partial conflicts may occur between the troops and the people, there is no plan or intention on the part of Mr. O'Connell to attempt what is called a REVOLUTION IN IRELAND.

DISMISSAL OF IRISH MAGISTRATES.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Sir Edward Sugden) has deprived Lord Ffrench and others of their commissions as justices of the peace for attending repeal meetings. The circumstance has caused much comment and difference of opinion; but if the ministers intended to act upon their declaration in Parliament, that repeal should be resisted, could they do less? The assembly of very large masses of people, for whatever purpose, is pronounced *illegal*, when the magnitude of the numbers tend to disturb the public peace. This opinion was pronounced quite recently by the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, in the House of Peers. Magistrates, then, who are, or who ought to be, the conservators of peace, have no business at meetings which tend to disturb the peace, and those in question, we apprehend, were rightly dismissed. Besides the language and resolutions at some of the late repeal meetings are in the highest degree seditious and treasonable. Witness the following, which comes from the Council Chamber of Repeal. Can it be supposed that any officer under the Crown, attending such meetings and adopting such sentiments, ought to be retained a single moment in the service of the Crown?

> "First—Self-government—the making of *our own laws* suited to the wants and wishes of *our own people*—the interpretation and administration of *our own laws—the filling of all offices in the state with Irishmen.*
>
> Secondly.—*The freedom of religion* and the *extinction* of a heavy and unjust impost, and of *all compulsory payments by one body of Christians to the* teachers of the doctrines of any other persuasion.
>
> Thirdly.—The improvement of the condition of all occupiers of land by a well-considered plan of *fixity of tenure*, which, while it would secure to the landlord a *moderate and adequate rent for his land*, would at the same time insure to the tenant the benefit of *all his own labour and expenditure* in permanent improvements.
>
> Fourthly.—The *total abolition* of the oppressive grand *jury cess*, and the present iniquitous system of *poor laws*, and the substitution of well-regulated institutions."

*** We have received a well written communication from a "Native American," on the subject of Irish Repeal and the part taken in this question by the President and his family. The communication we cannot insert, because it enters too generally into American politics; but we extract the following passage which it is averred was a part of the President's reply to the repealers of Philadelphia.

> "I am the decided friend of the repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. I ardently and anxiously hope that it may take place, and I have the utmost confidence that Ireland will have her own Parliament in her own capital in a very short time. On this great question I am no half-way man."

The *Journal of Commerce* of yesterday, has the following remarks on the course taken by the President's son:—

> *Robert Tyler and Repeal.*—We are greatly surprised that a son of the President of the United States, whatever may be his personal predilections, should lend himself publicly in favor of the Repeal agitation. Still more, that he should stand forth as a speaker at Repeal meetings. The influence which he gains by virtue of the station held by his father, is in a sense public property; and he has no right to use it in a manner offensive to the nation, or prejudicial to its interests. It can hardly be imagined that President Tyler would desire his son, or sons, to assume such an attitude toward the British government: nay, that he would not regret to have them do so. The part taken by Robert Tyler on a a previous occasion in one of the Repeal meetings, created much dissatisfaction in England, and his repetition of the act, after the public expression of that dissatisfaction, cannot fail to be deemed inconsistent with the friendly relations existing between the two governments. It is true he has no official connexion with the government, unless his being private secretary to his father may be called such, but he is a son of the President, and this gives a degree of consequence to his proceedings, to which they would not otherwise be entitled.

THEODORE HOOK.

One of the most remarkable men of the day, was the late Mr. Theodore Hook. As a writer, a wit, and a partizan editor, he had no superior, if even an equal;—as a table companion, and in powers of repartee, he was inimitable, while as a practical joker, a lover of fun, and a promoter of it in others, he immeasurably excelled all his companions and associates. But these were not the highest qualities of Mr. Hook, for his novels prove him to have been a man of the keenest observation, and possessing a deep and rigid insight into the motives and actions of the human breast. No man could so easily detect imposition, and certainly none so thoroughly and effectually expose it. He was, indeed, during the many years that he presideed over the *John Bull* newspaper, the terror of all *humbugs*, political, literary, and miscellaneous. When Dr. Granville, we think it was, had engaged in some newspaper squabble, dreading the irony of Hook, he wrote to the editor of the *John Bull*, begging him to suspend his judgment in the matter, until he, the Doctor, could make a counter statement to his opponent. "Certainly," quoth Bull, "for impatient as we are, it is but fair that we should suspend our judgment twenty-four hours, since it is very clear that the Doctor has suspended his throughout the whole case."

His attacks on Henry Brougham, then in hot opposition to the government; on Denman, Alderman Wood, and others of Queen Caroline's supporters, can never be forgotten by those who read them The Ramsbottom Letters, too, many of which may be found in the early volumes of his journal, are unrivalled specimens of that style of attack on a political opponent.

The Quarterly Review contains an extended notice of this remarkable man, and as it forms almost a biography, we have determined to transfer it to our pages. The first part will be found to-day, and we shall complete the transfer in two subsequent instalments.

Mr. Alison and the Battle of Waterloo.—We insert another article from the London Quarterly Review on this subject. It is from the pen of Sir Francis Head, who was an officer of Engineers, and on the ground at the period of the action. As the Duke of Wellington occupied an extensive line of level country, intersected with half a dozen good roads, by either of which Napoleon could advance at any hour of the day or night; as it was necessary for him to keep open his communications with the sea at Ostend, through which he received all his supplies and reinforcements from England—a glance at the map will show how easy it was for the French Emperor to choose his point of attack, and how impossible it was for the Duke to have his army concentrated at any given point; consequently, the attack, whenever made by such a consummate general as Napoleon, whose rapidity of movements in all his campaigns was proverbial and almost miraculous—must be more or less a surprise; but to say that Wellington and Blucher were "out-generalled and out-manœvred," is certainly going too far, and we trust Mr. Alison will in a future edition modify his opinions.

The article referred to by the Quarterly, in No. CXL. was copied into the Albion of the 29th Oct. last.

The subject in that article is well treated, and should be studied by all those who take any interest in the great military events which closed the bloody struggle of 1815.

The Queen of the Isles.—We have been deterred from bringing out this paper in consequence of the uncertain state of the regulations in the British colonies, in regard to *copy right*. The new act of Parliament on the subject, goes into effect on the 1st of July ensuing, when the colonial officers will be furnished by the Imperial government with their final instructions—the list of actual copy rights, &c. Until these be made known it is difficult, and in many cases impossible, to say what is a copy right work and what is not; and a knowledge of this is essential in establishing a journal that will probably circulate extensively in those colonies. It is, of course, our intention to conform to the law; but until the law and the construction intended to be put upon it be promulgated, we are acting in the dark. The 1st of July is close at hand, when we shall lose no further time; and we pledge ourselves that the "Queen of the Isles" when it does appear, shall be of a character that will not disappoint its already numerous subscribers.

A new packet ship.—We are called upon to notice another addition which has just been made to the admirable line of packet ships plying between this port and England. It is the ship Victoria, intended for the old line of London packets, of which Mr. John Griswold is the agent. Her full length figure head, is a good likeness of Her Majesty, and her stern is ornamented with a happy device; on the one side is seen the United States, with the American Eagle, and on the other, Britannia and the British Lion. Between the two are the shields of the two nations and clasped hands, emblematic of the friendship happily subsisting between them.

It is difficult to detail the many additions, which the construction of each succeeding packet ship introduces to our notice, and which have in view increased comfort and convenience to passengers—steerage as well as cabin; besides improvements in the model, with a view to greater speed and security.—Suffice it to say, the Victoria combines all the advantages possessed by her predecessors, with many novel ones, and that the skill and taste of our mechanics has been employed on her completion, apparently without regard to the cost. She has, too, the high recommendation of being under the command of one of our most popular ship masters, Capt. Morgan, who has crossed the Attantic one hundred and twelve times, without any accident befalling him. May the same good fortune continue to attend him in the noble vessel he will take to sea on the first of the ensuing month.

⁂ The President of the United States passed through this city on Thursday, on his return to Washington. His Excellencys return to the capital was hastened by ill health and the sudden and lamented death of Mr. Legare, one of his cabinet. The President, however, took part in all the ceremonies at Bunker Hill, as was his his intention and his object in visiting New England.

⁂ We are requested to state that the "Lecture on Music," delivered by Mr. Geo. Loder, at the Apollo Rooms, a short time since, was written by H. C. Watson, Esq.

We beg to call the attention of the public to one of the greatest luxuries enjoyed at this season of the year, viz. the Franklin *Salt-water Bath*, which now lies moored on the north side of the bridge between the Battery and Castle Garden. The superior style of the arrangements of this establishment particularly recommends it to the patronage as well of the invalid as of the healthy who may wish for the benefit of a refreshing, healthy, and useful recreation.

In another part of our impression will be found the advertisement of the proprietor of the Pavillion at the Elysian Fields. The advantage possessed by citizens of New York in having so delightful and convenient a retreat from the oppressive heat of the city, is universally admitted. From the ferry the walk is beautifully picturesque to the Elysian Fields, where a band of excellent music adds materially to the attractiveness of the scene.

"Clontarf, or the Field of the Green Banner," an historical romance and other poems, by J. Augustus Shea—with a vignette representing Briam Boiroimhe, Monarch of Ireland, A. D. 1014. For sale by D. Appleton & Co.

"*Vale's Globe and Transparent Celestial Sphere.*"—This curious and original instrument is found to have realized the wishes of many scientific persons, and is highly worthy the examination of eminent teachers and mathematicians; and yet, from its extreme simplicity, invites the attention of the most humble lover of science. The outside is a transparent Celestial Globe, used in sections of one-eighth each. One or more sections are used at a time, and are attached by a clasps to a frame of brass, representing the great circles in the heavens as an annulary sphere. The inside is a terrestrial globe with a singular, yet simple meridian of ingenious mechanical contrivance. In the zenith of this meridian is a small figure representing a traveller, and at the distance of 90 degrees attached to the meridian is a broad surface of thin brass representing the horizon of the figure or traveller. The meridian is so contrived that it admits the traveller to pass to any part of the globe, and the horizon moves with him as in nature, and thus represents the exact aspect of the heavens in every possible situation.

We have seen some interesting problems performed in the most simple manner:—For instance place the traveller over New York, and you can see at once the various points at which the sun will rise and set for the whole year, the length of each day, and the meridian altitudes—remove the traveller within the frigid zone, and you see at once that the sun does not set to such traveller during a part of the year, or rise to him during another part. Mr. Vale has copied the whole of the problems, on both globes, from Keith, and shown how those problems can all be performed *naturally* on this single instrument. By changing the action of the instrument, it is made to represent real as well as apparent astronomy,—either the earth or the heavens can be moved,—and it successively represents an annulary sphere, both globes, a planetarium, or universal sun-dial, and also resolves the most difficult cases of spherical trigonometry.

It is open to the inspection of all, at 94 Rosevelt-st., where orders for its construction will be received.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—Mr. Booth commenced an engagement on Friday of last week, taking, as usual, the part of Richard for his first night of appearance.—The applause at the close of the piece was sufficient evidence of the satisfaction he afforded to the great number of his admirers. His acting on Friday, with all the correctness of former representations, seemed to possess more vigour, which we were glad to perceive, as it indicated that he still possessed the stamen adequate to such arduous representations.

On Wednesday last he took a benefit, and enacted the part of Reuben Glenroy, in the interesting drama of "Town and Country." The chief feature in this play is the ardent and romantic attachment of Reuben Glenroy to Rosalie Summers; and the pure and lofty sentiments in which it is often expressed, were given by Mr. Booth with a force and depth of feeling which found ready sympathy on the part of the audience. His extremity of grief and desolation on learning that Rosalie had fled with another, was admirably represented.

The change that is afterward wrought in his character, and the sincerity of affection which even compels him to resign her whose happiness he had sworn should be his constant thought, were enacted in a manner that afforded the highest pleasure.

Bowery Theatre.—The "Last of the Barons" has been the principal piece for the last week.—The house has been well filled, and the audience seemed generally satisfied with the representation. For our own part, we do not think the "Last of the Barons" as dramatised possesses the same interest that the reading of the work would lead us to anticipate.

The general impression was materially impaired on Monday evening by the lovenly manner in which some of the scenes were represented—as for instance in the battle between the troops of Edward and the Earl of Warwick, those who acted the part of soldiers had no correct idea of what they had to do, but were amusing themselves rather than the audience by pushing, and rolling and tumbling each other in the most ridiculous manner—and the Earl of Warwick who was to close the scene by his death was so long in coming out and appeared so awkward that he seemed to deserve extermination at the hands of his nearest neighbour.

Chatham Theatre.—Mrs. G. Jones has been playing an engagement here this week. This lady's conception of character is tolerably correct, and if better supported than she sometimes is in the interesting dramas in which she takes the leading part, would appear to much better advantage. Mrs. Thorne, a few years since a great favourite at the Richmond Hill Theatre, has been lately been performing with good effect in drama and comedy.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.

There has not been much novelty here the present week. On Monday Auber's "Ambassadrice" was performed, Mlle. Calvé taking the part of Henriette; and although suffering from indisposition, sang with her usual sweetness, and left another good impression on the minds of her numerous admirers. On Tuesday evening Mr. Burton appeared as Jemmy Ominous in the laughable entertainment of the "Thumping Legacy," and also as Jem Bags in the "Wandering Minstrel," in which piece Miss Ayres also appeared to advantage.

On Wednesday the French company gave the popular opera of "Le Postillion," and on Thursday Mr. Burton, Miss Ayres, and others of the English vaudeville company, gave the burletta of "A Pleasant Neighbourhood" and "John Jones." Friday evening was set apart for the benefit of Mlle. Calvé, the prima donna, who enacted the principal part in the new opera entitled "L'Eclair."

This latter production we shall report on next week. The weather is very propitious for this delightful establishment.

NEW WORKS.

"Facts and arguments on the transmission of intellectual and moral qualities from parents to offspring." This is the title of a neat volume, the production of a lady of this city, who from long and mature reflection and observation, endeavours to establish the theory which the title of the work indicates. The object of the authoress appears to be the improvement of mankind by means the superior mental cultivation of "Woman," who, from the facts brought forward, appears to act the most important part in transmitting to her offspring both mental and moral excellencies. In all ages the influence of woman in the various affairs of men, has not been without its effect. It was to the strong mind and quick penetration of Isabella of Spain, that Columbus was indebted for the assistance which enabled him to undertake the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the Western World;—and in the Crusades the ostensible object of the knight was to expel the moslem from the Holy Land, yet the secret, if not the principal motive, was, by feats of chivalrous daring, to render himself more worthy of the favour of his "Ladye Love,"

From the numerous facts adduced in the work, it would seem that the disposition and character of the child is mainly dependent upon the amount of good qualities possessed by the mother. One of the many examples brought forward in support of this theory is the case of Lord Bacon, the power of whose gigantic intellect is universally admitted. The mother of this distinguished individual was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, who for his proficiency in every department of erudition was selected as the most appropriate person as instructor for Edward VI;—he superintended, himself, the education of his daughters, whose classical abilities were of the highest order. Anne, the mother of Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and as a theologian. One of the essentials requisite for the successful transmission of good qualities to offspring is that mothers should not be labouring under the disadvantages of early marriages, which the author particularly discountenances.

In the appendix at the end of the book, are many physiological facts, and opinions of medical writers, which makes the work more suitable for the perusal of matrons. It is for sale at Wiley & Putnam's, Broadway.

The London *Punch*, as usual, makes itself merry at the expense of the politicians. His repeal sketch, which we give below, possesses all the cleverness and point of that publication. The debate on the 9th May, inscribed on the Dukes baton, was that in which Repeal agitation was denounced in the House of Lords.

HOBOKEN.—This delightful place of summer resort presents advantages over all others in the vicinity for a short excursion. The facility with which it can be visited by the Barclay, Canal, and Christopher street ferries, renders the walks and grounds very accessible. Those which are open to the public are considered to be unequalled by any devoted to this purpose for their extent, diversified scenery, and superb prospects. No pains have been spared this season to increase, as much as possible, the natural beauties of the place. As an additional attraction, an excellent German band led by Mr. Myers, will give a series of free Concerts at the Elysian Fields, on the afternoon of Mondays', Wednesdays' and Saturdays', during the summer.
a je17 2m

Dr. ELLIOTT
OCULIST
and
OPHTHALMIC SURGEON.
261 Broadway, entrance in
Warren Street.
Confines his Practice to
DISEASES OF THE EYE
and
Ophthalmic Surgery in General.

THE NEW LINE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.
To Sail from New York on the 16th, and from Liverpool on the 5th of every Month:

Ships.	Captains.	tons	Days of sailing fm. N. Y.	Days from Liverpool.
NewShip Great Western	Woodhouse	1200	May 16, Sept. 16, Jan. 16	July 5, Nov. 5, March 5
Ship Rochester	Britton	850	Jun. 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 5, Dec. 5, April 5
N. S. Hottinguer	Bursley	1050	July 16, Nov. 16, Mch 16	Sep. 5, Jan. 5, May 5
N. S. Liverpool	Eldridge	1150	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, Apr. 16	Oct. 5, Feb. 5, June 5

These are new, elegant, subtantial, fast-sailing, First Class Ships, all built in the city of New York; are commanded by men of experience and ability, and will be despatched punctually on the 16th of each month from New York, and the 5th of each month from Liverpool.

Their Cabins are elegant and very commodious, and are furnished with whatever can conduce to the ease and comfort of the Passengers.

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For freight or passage apply to
WOODHULL & MINTURN'S,
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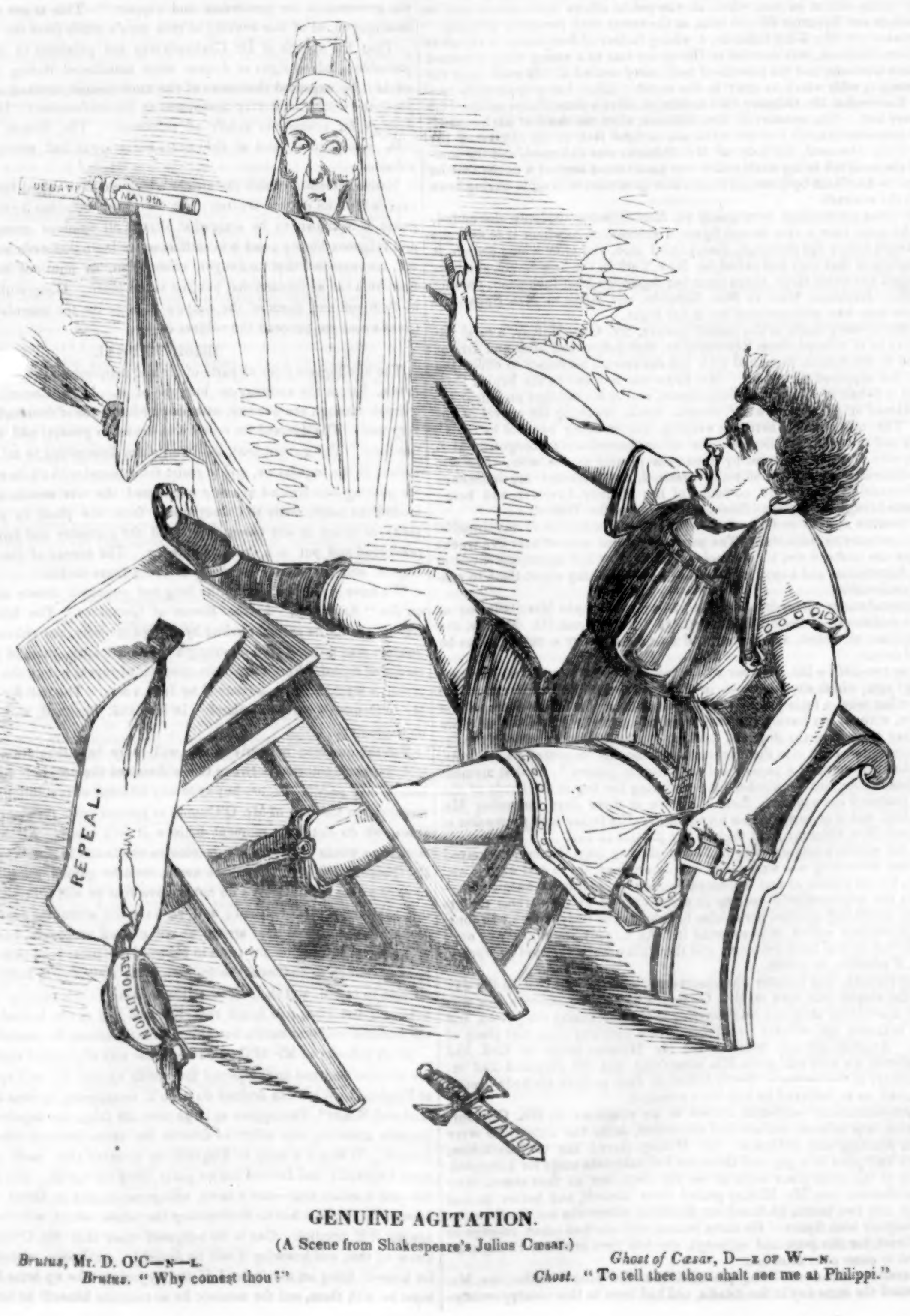
Liverpool.
Apr. 22.—1 yr.

FRANKLIN SALT WATER BATHS, CASTLE GARDEN.—The proprietors, having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them, and the public in general, the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing. Shower baths upon an improved principle, and the best boys' swimming school, that ever was offered to public patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of salt water, all surface matter is completely excluded.

The Franklin Bath is now ready at its usual station, the north side of Castle Garden Bridge. Books are open for the season subscriptions, and the inspection of citizens and strangers is respectfully solicited.
jun9 3m

DR. JAMES SYME has removed his residence to 72 Walker St., (one door east of Broadway,) and may also be found at his Office 63 Bowery.
May 27.—2m.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. LXXIX.



GENUINE AGITATION.

(A Scene from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.)

Brutus, Mr. D. O'C—n—l.
Brutus. "Why comest thou?"

Ghost of Cæsar, D—e of W—n.
Ghost. "To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi."